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# Male Chorus

## No. 2

Louis G. Palmquist

1188 Edgetan St

# MALE CHORUS

## No. 2.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY

IRA D. SANKEY

AND

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

---

For use in Christian Associations, Gospel Meetings, and other Religious Services.

Also Department of Secular and Patriotic Songs for Special Occasions.

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PUBLISHED BY

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

5707 W. LAKE ST.
CHICAGO

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# PREFACE.

With feelings of gratitude for the kindly reception accorded our first "**Male Chorus**" book, we now send forth a second volume.

A few of the most useful and popular Gospel Songs from the former collection have been incorporated in this one, but a large majority of the pieces are entirely new.

To these have been added a fine selection of secular and patriotic pieces for special occasions.

We trust the collection will prove acceptable to all who may have occasion to use it.

IRA D. SANKEY,

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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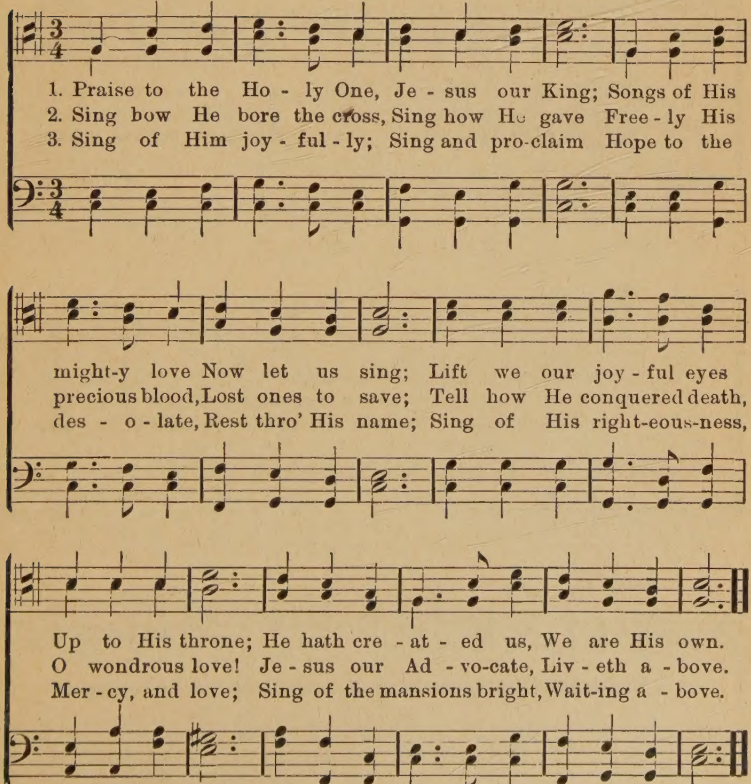
# MALE CHORUS

## No. 2.

### No. 1. Praise to the Holy One.

LYMAN E. CUYLER. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Praise to the Ho - ly One, Je - sus our King; Songs of His
2. Sing how He bore the cross, Sing how He gave Free - ly His
3. Sing of Him joy - ful - ly; Sing and pro-claim Hope to the
might-y love Now let us sing; Lift we our joy - ful eyes
precious blood, Lost ones to save; Tell how He conquered death,
des - o - late, Rest thro' His name; Sing of His right-eous-ness,
Up to His throne; He hath cre - at - ed us, We are His own.
O wondrous love! Je - sus our Ad - vo-cate, Liv - eth a - bove.
Mer - cy, and love; Sing of the mansions bright, Wait-ing a - bove.

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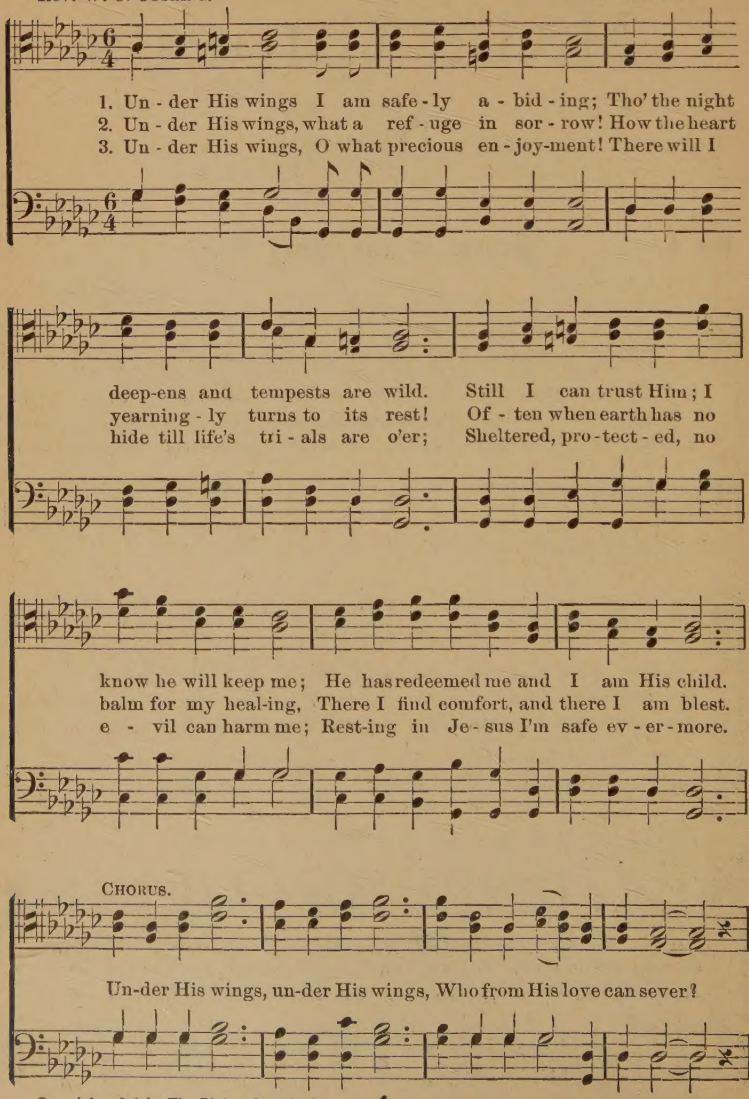
## No. 2. Under His Wings.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Un - der His wings I am safe - ly a - bid - ing; Tho' the night
2. Un - der His wings, what a ref - uge in sor - row! How the heart
3. Un - der His wings, O what precious en - joy-ment! There will I
deep-ens and tempests are wild. Still I can trust Him; I
yearning - ly turns to its rest! Of - ten when earth has no
hide till life's tri - als are o'er; Sheltered, pro - tect - ed, no
know he will keep me; He has redeemed me and I am His child.
balm for my heal-ing, There I find comfort, and there I am blest.
e - vil can harm me; Rest-ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.
Chorus.
Un-der His wings, un-der His wings, Who from His love can sever?

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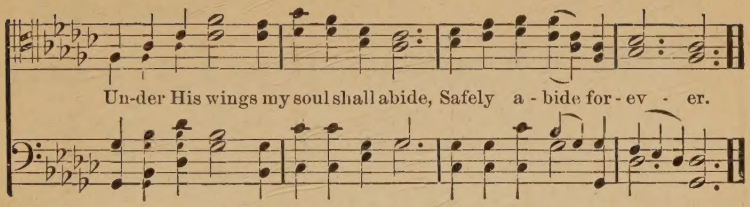
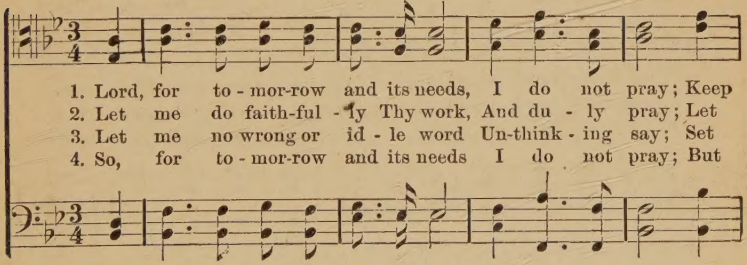
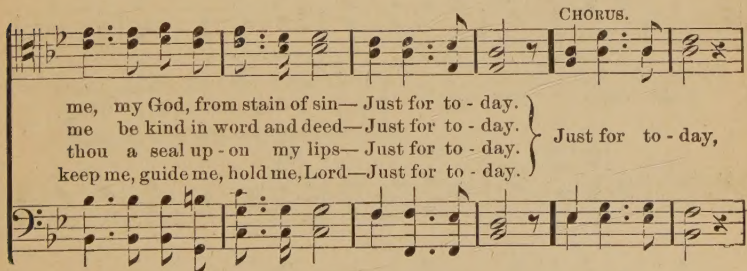
## Under His Wings.—*Concluded.*

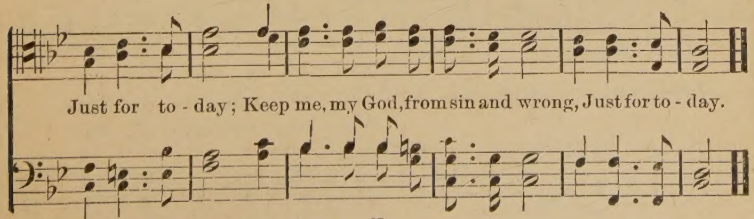



## No. 3. Just for To-day.

Ernest R. Wilberforce. Geo. C. Stebbins


1. Lord, for to - mor-row and its needs, I do not pray; Keep
2. Let me do faith-ful - ly Thy work, And du - ly pray; Let
3. Let me no wrong or id - le word Un-think - ing say; Set
4. So, for to - mor-row and its needs I do not pray; But


CHORUS.
me, my God, from stain of sin— Just for to - day.
me be kind in word and deed— Just for to - day.
thou a seal up - on my lips— Just for to - day.
keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord— Just for to - day.
Just for to - day,

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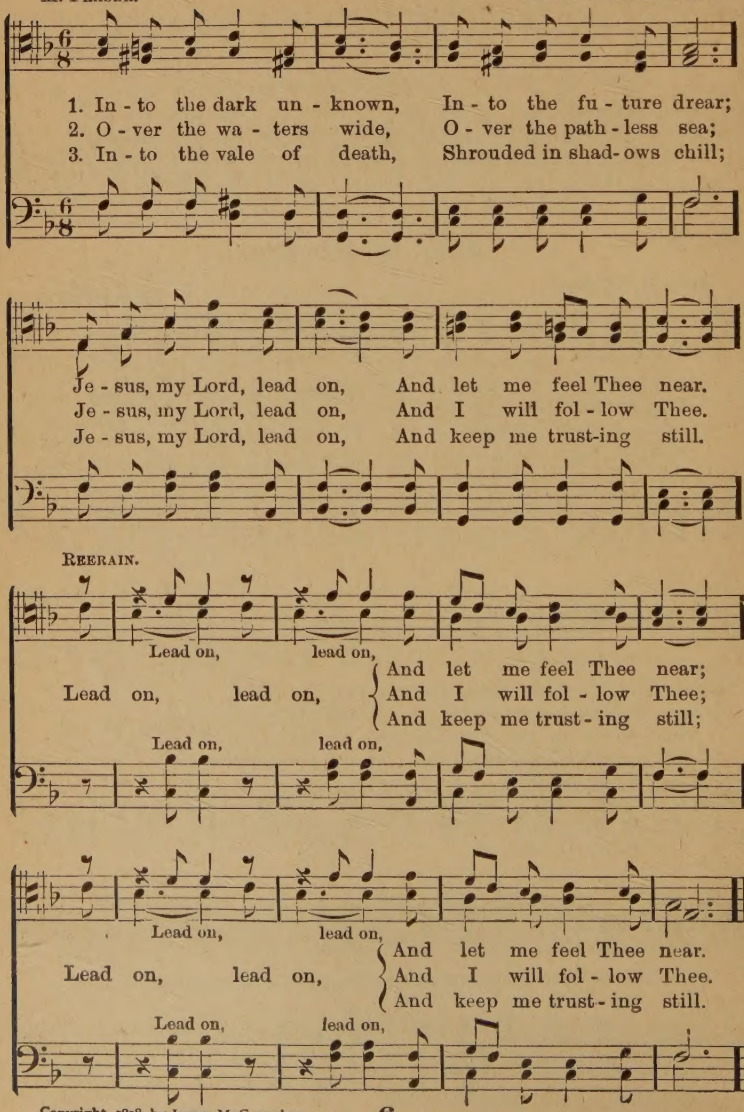
## No. 4. Lead On.

M. FRASER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. In - to the dark un - known, In - to the fu - ture drear;
2. O - ver the wa - ters wide, O - ver the path - less sea;
3. In - to the vale of death, Shrouded in shad - ows chill;
Je - sus, my Lord, lead on, And let me feel Thee near.
Je - sus, my Lord, lead on, And I will fol - low Thee.
Je - sus, my Lord, lead on, And keep me trust - ing still.
REERAIN.
Lead on, lead on,
Lead on, lead on, And let me feel Thee near;
And I will fol - low Thee;
And keep me trust - ing still;
Lead on, lead on,
Lead on, lead on,
Lead on, lead on, And let me feel Thee near.
And I will fol - low Thee.
And keep me trust - ing still.
Lead on, lead on,

Copyright, 1898, by James McGranahan.

## No. 5. Resting Just a Moment.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Rest - ing just a mo - ment By a fount-ain clear,
2. Rest - ing just a mo - ment From the toils of day,
3. Rest - ing, calm - ly rest - ing, How my soul is blest;
In its qui - et mur - mur, Lo! a voice I hear.
To a bliss-ful fu - ture Look-ing far a - way.
Trust-ing in the prom - ise Of e - ter - nal rest.
REFRAIN.
Hark! my Sav - iour call - eth, Sweet as words can be;
rit.
"I have borne thy sor - row, I will care for thee (for thee)."

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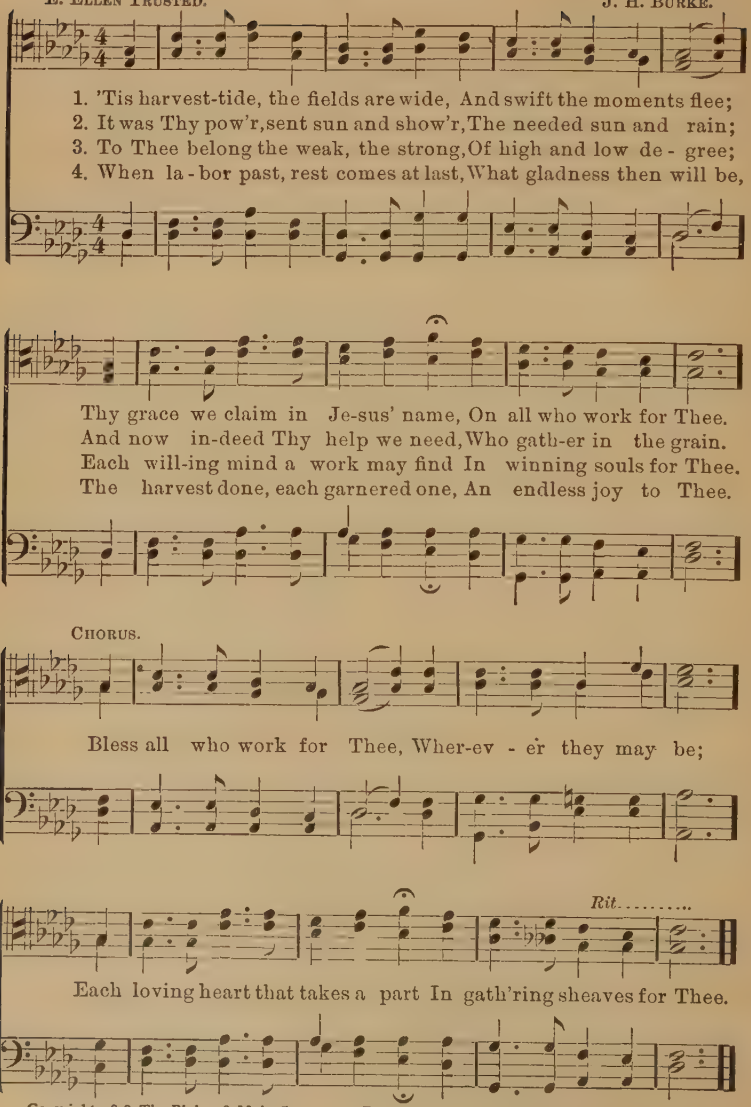
## No. 6. 'Tis Harvest-tide.

E. Ellen Trusted. J. H. Burke.


1. 'Tis harvest-tide, the fields are wide, And swift the moments flee;
2. It was Thy pow'r, sent sun and show'r, The needed sun and rain;
3. To Thee belong the weak, the strong, Of high and low de- gree;
4. When la- bor past, rest comes at last, What gladness then will be,
Thy grace we claim in Je-sus' name, On all who work for Thee.
And now in-deed Thy help we need, Who gath-er in the grain.
Each will-ing mind a work may find In winning souls for Thee.
The harvest done, each garnered one, An endless joy to Thee.
Chorus.
Bless all who work for Thee, Wher-ev - er they may be;
Rit.
Each loving heart that takes a part In gath'ring sheaves for Thee.

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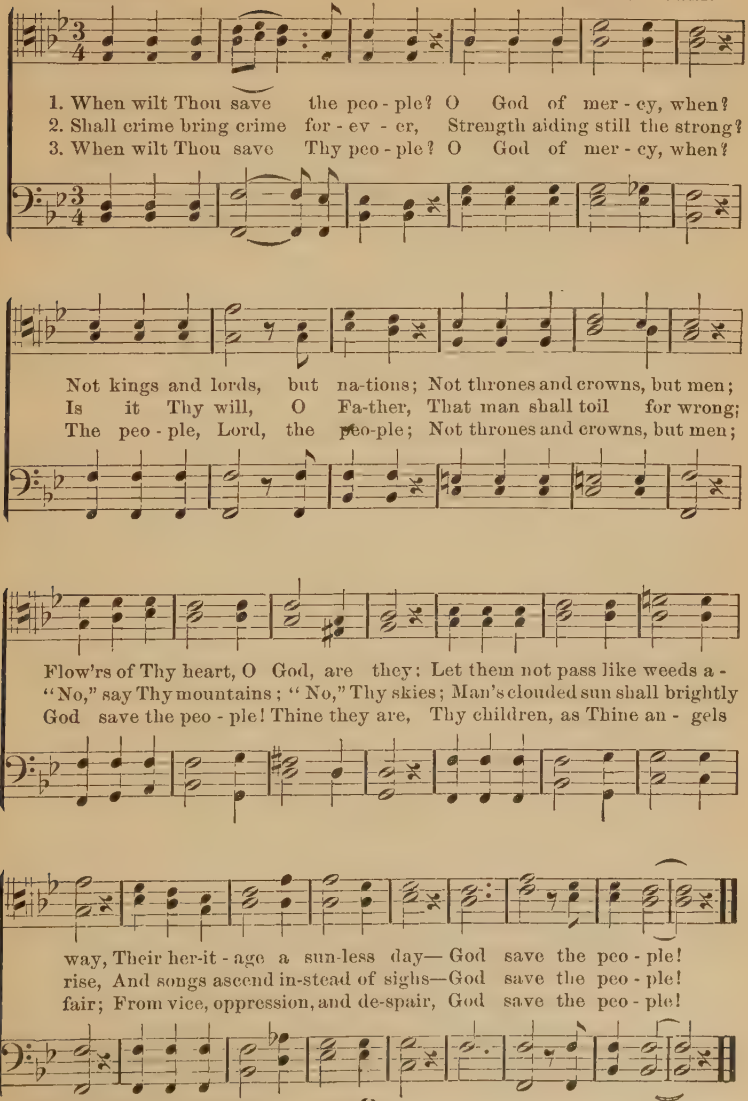
## No. 7. God Save the People!

EBENEZER ELLIOTT. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?
2. Shall crime bring crime for - ev - er, Strength aiding still the strong?
3. When wilt Thou save Thy peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?
Not kings and lords, but na-tions; Not thrones and crowns, but men;
Is it Thy will, O Fa-ther, That man shall toil for wrong;
The peo - ple, Lord, the peo-ple; Not thrones and crowns, but men;
Flow'rs of Thy heart, O God, are they: Let them not pass like weeds a -
"No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy skies; Man's clouded sun shall brightly
God save the peo - ple! Thine they are, Thy children, as Thine an - gels
way, Their her-it - age a sun-less day— God save the peo - ple!
rise, And songs ascend in-stead of sighs—God save the peo - ple!
fair; From vice, oppression, and de-spair, God save the peo - ple!

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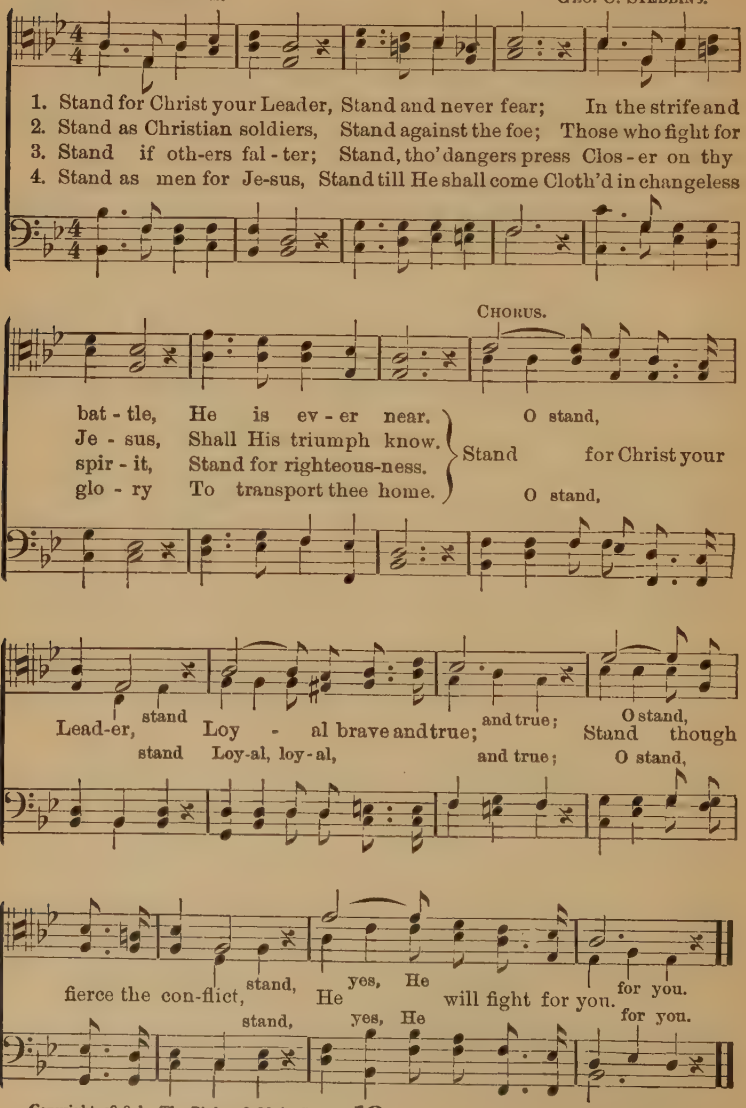
## No. 8. Stand for Christ your Leader.

GEO. A. WARBURTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Stand for Christ your Leader, Stand and never fear; In the strife and
2. Stand as Christian soldiers, Stand against the foe; Those who fight for
3. Stand if oth-ers fal-ter; Stand, tho' dangers press Clos-er on thy
4. Stand as men for Je-sus, Stand till He shall come Cloth'd in changeless
CHORUS.
bat-tle, He is ev-er near.
Je-sus, Shall His triumph know.
spir-it, Stand for righteous-ness.
glo-ry To transport thee home.
O stand, Stand for Christ your O stand,
Lead-er, stand Loy-al brave and true; and true; O stand, Stand though
stand Loy-al, loy-al, and true; O stand,
fierce the con-flict, stand, He yes, He will fight for you. for you.
stand, yes, He for you.

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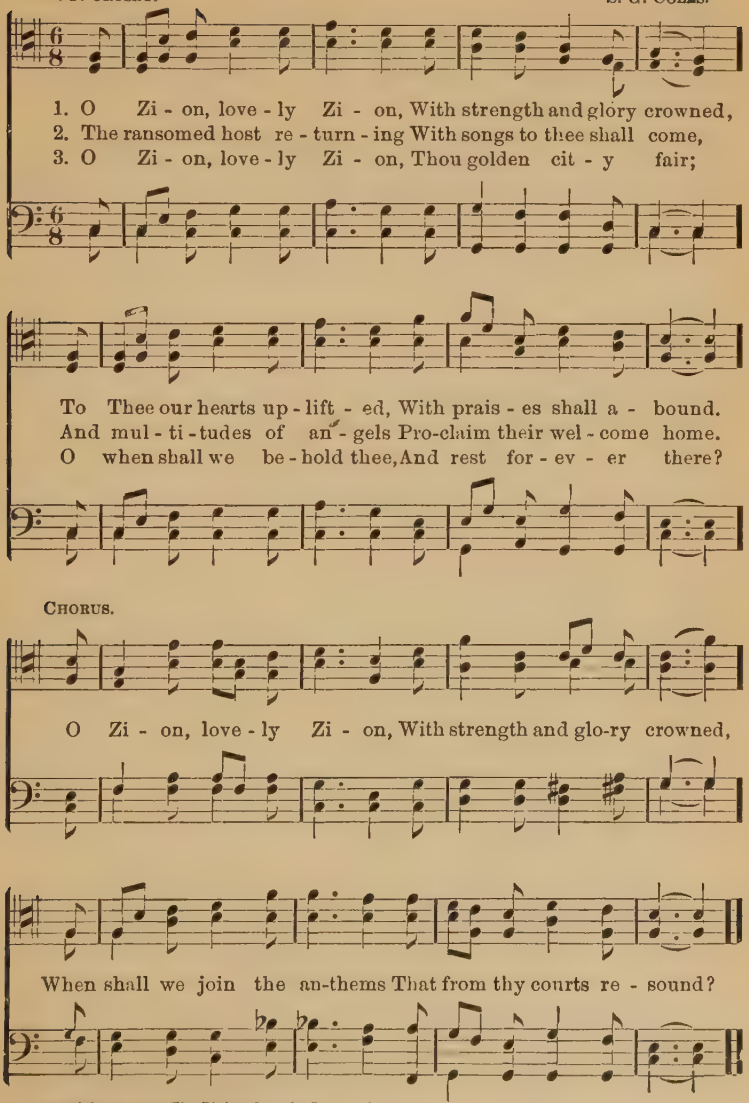
## No. 9. O Zion, Lovely Zion.

F. J. Crosby. S. G. Colles.


1. O Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on, With strength and glory crowned,
2. The ransomed host re - turn - ing With songs to thee shall come,
3. O Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on, Thou golden cit - y fair;
To Thee our hearts up - lift - ed, With prais - es shall a - bound.
And mul - ti - tudes of an - gels Pro-claim their wel - come home.
O when shall we be - hold thee, And rest for - ev - er there?
Chorus.
O Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on, With strength and glo-ry crowned,
When shall we join the an-thems That from thy courts re - sound?

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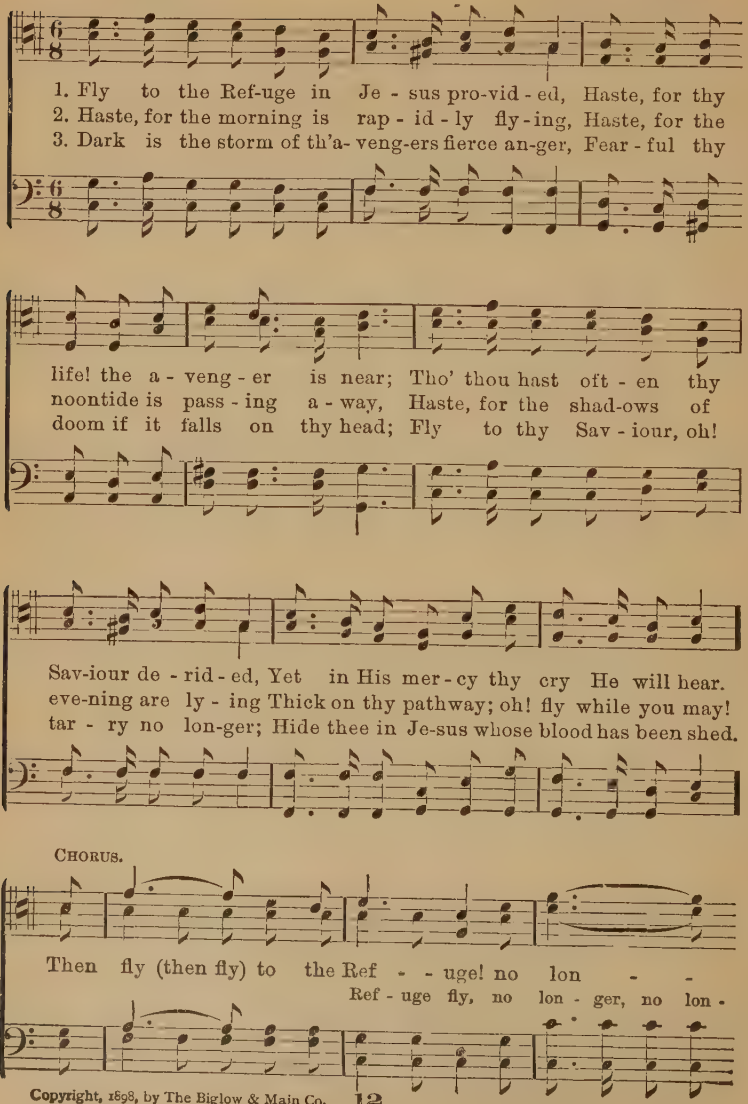
## No. 10. Fly to the Refuge.

GEO. A. WARBURTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Fly to the Ref-uge in Je - sus pro-vid - ed, Haste, for thy
2. Haste, for the morning is rap - id - ly fly - ing, Haste, for the
3. Dark is the storm of th'a- veng-ers fierce an-ger, Fear - ful thy
life! the a - veng - er is near; Tho' thou hast oft - en thy
noontide is pass - ing a - way, Haste, for the shad-ows of
doom if it falls on thy head; Fly to thy Sav - iour, oh!
Sav-iour de - rid - ed, Yet in His mer - cy thy cry He will hear.
eve-ning are ly - ing Thick on thy pathway; oh! fly while you may!
tar - ry no lon-ger; Hide thee in Je-sus whose blood has been shed.
CHORUS.
Then fly (then fly) to the Ref - - uge! no lon - -
Ref - uge fly, no lon - ger, no lon -

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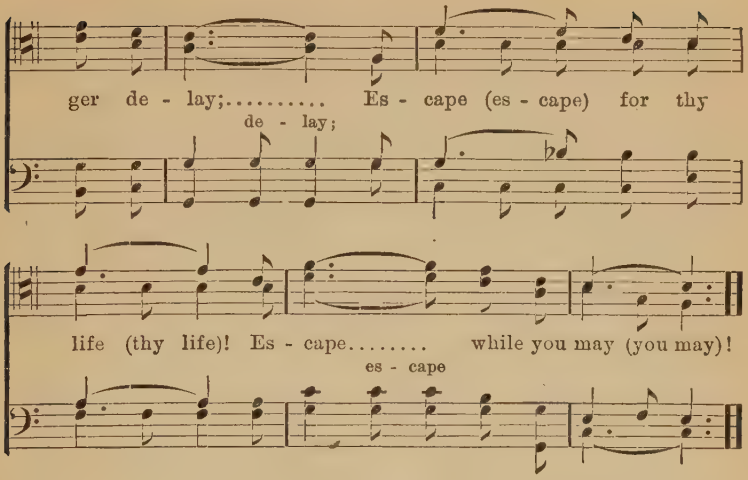
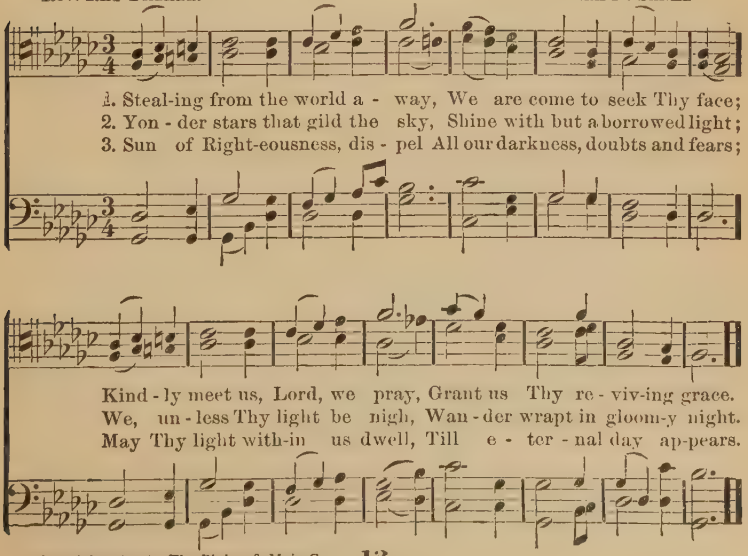
## Fly to the Refuge.—*Concluded.*




## No. 11. Evening Prayer.

Rev. Ray Palmer. Ira D. Sanke


1. Steal-ing from the world a - way, We are come to seek Thy face;
2. Yon - der stars that gild the sky, Shine with but a borrowed light;
3. Sun of Right-eousness, dis - pel All our darkness, doubts and fears;
Kind - ly meet us, Lord, we pray, Grant us Thy re - viv-ing grace.
We, un - less Thy light be nigh, Wan - der wrapt in gloom-y night.
May Thy light with-in us dwell, Till e - ter - nal day ap-pears.

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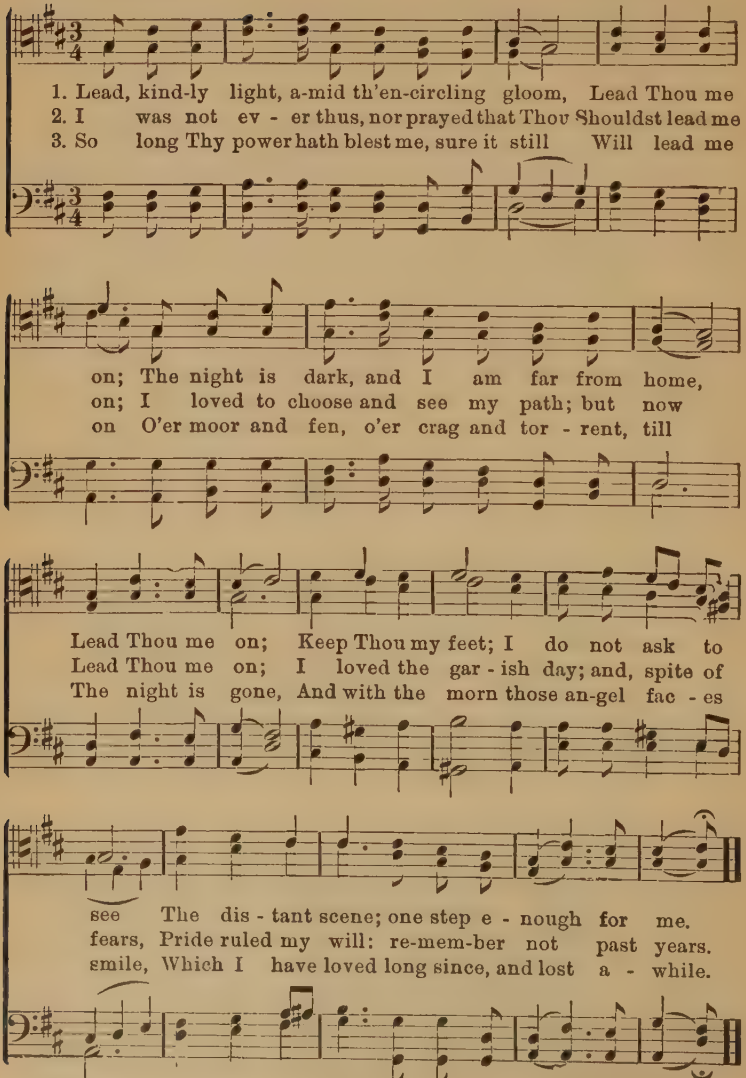
## No. 12. Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Lead, kind-ly light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me
3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me
on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,
on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till
Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of
The night is gone, And with the morn those an-gel fac - es
see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
fears, Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years.
smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

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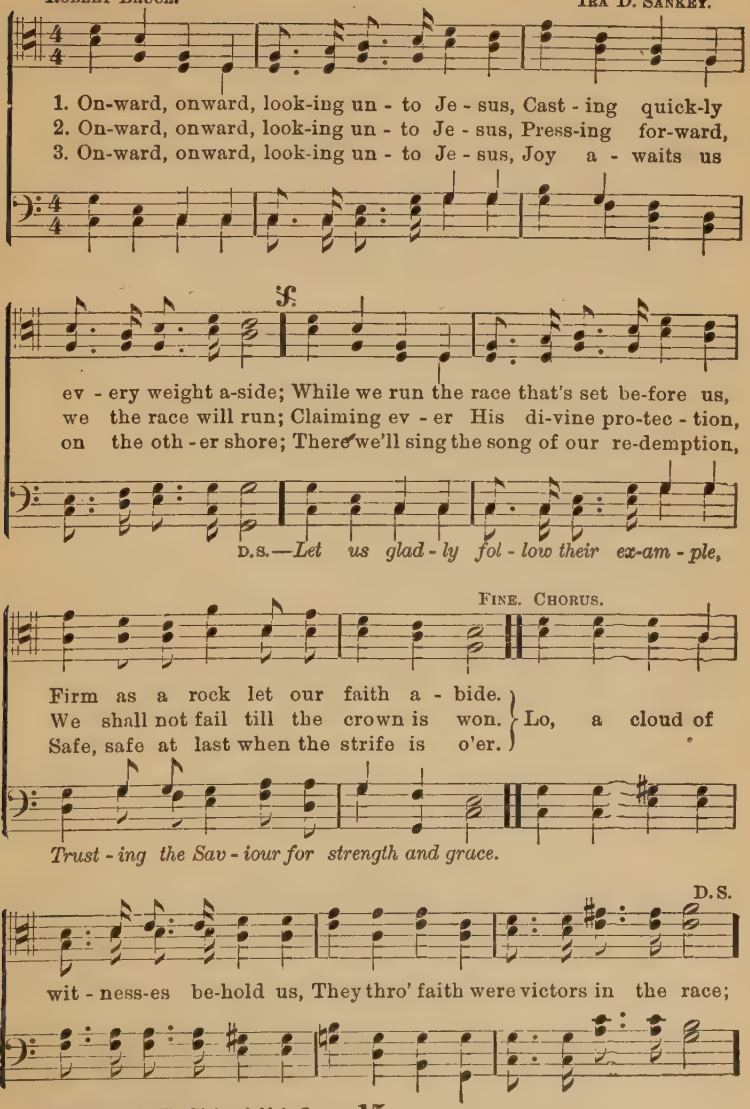
## No. 13. Onward! Onward!

ROBERT BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. On-ward, onward, look-ing un - to Je - sus, Cast - ing quick-ly
2. On-ward, onward, look-ing un - to Je - sus, Press-ing for-ward,
3. On-ward, onward, look-ing un - to Je - sus, Joy a - waits us
f.
ev - ery weight a-side; While we run the race that's set be-fore us,
we the race will run; Claiming ev - er His di-vine pro-tec - tion,
on the oth - er shore; There we'll sing the song of our re-demption,
D.S.—Let us glad - ly fol - low their ex-am - ple,
FINE. CHORUS.
Firm as a rock let our faith a - bide.
We shall not fail till the crown is won.
Safe, safe at last when the strife is o'er.
Lo, a cloud of
Trust - ing the Sav - iour for strength and grace.
D.S.
wit - ness-es be-hold us, They thro' faith were victors in the race;

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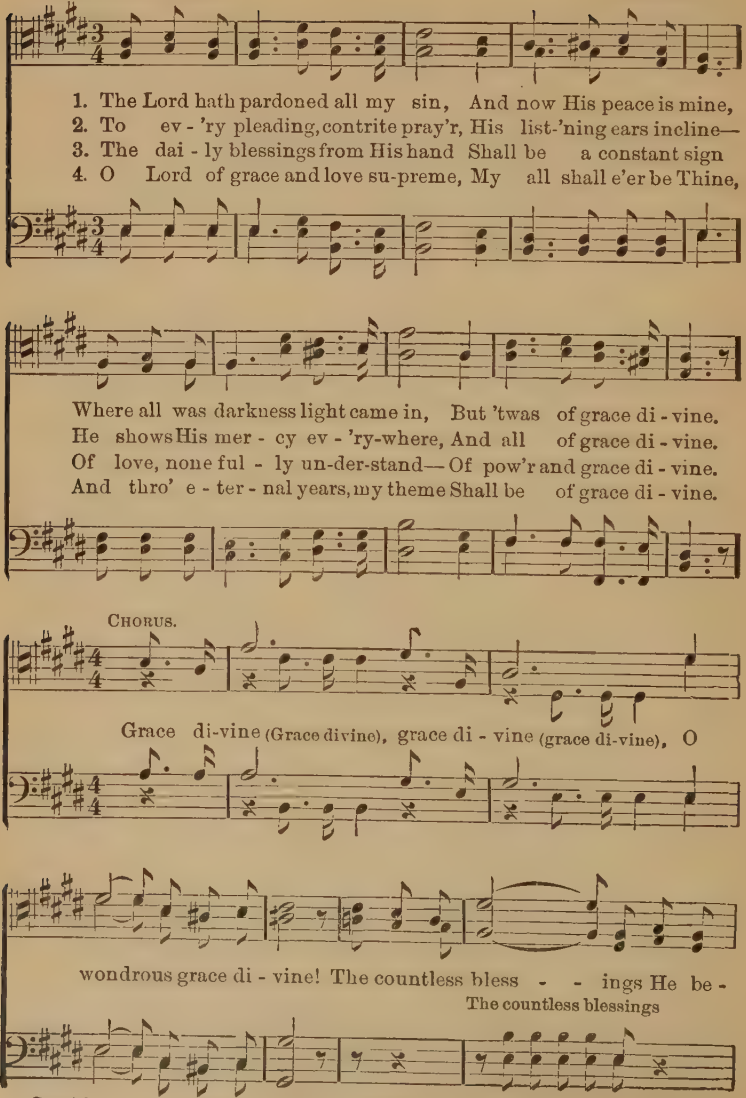
## No. 14. Grace Divine.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. S. G. Coles.


1. The Lord hath pardoned all my sin, And now His peace is mine,
2. To ev - 'ry pleading, contrite pray'r, His list-'ning ears incline—
3. The dai - ly blessings from His hand Shall be a constant sign
4. O Lord of grace and love su-preme, My all shall e'er be Thine,
Where all was darkness light came in, But 'twas of grace di - vine.
He shows His mer - cy ev - 'ry-where, And all of grace di - vine.
Of love, none ful - ly un-der-stand— Of pow'r and grace di - vine.
And thro' e - ter - nal years, my theme Shall be of grace di - vine.
Chorus.
Grace di-vine (Grace divine), grace di - vine (grace di-vine), O
wondrous grace di - vine! The countless bless - - ings He be -
The countless blessings

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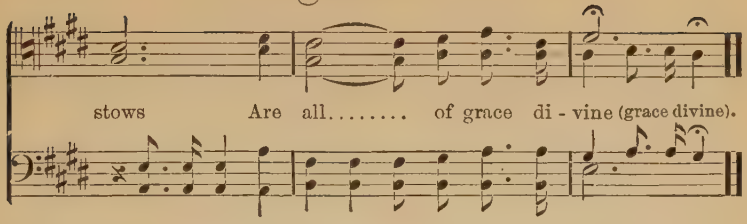
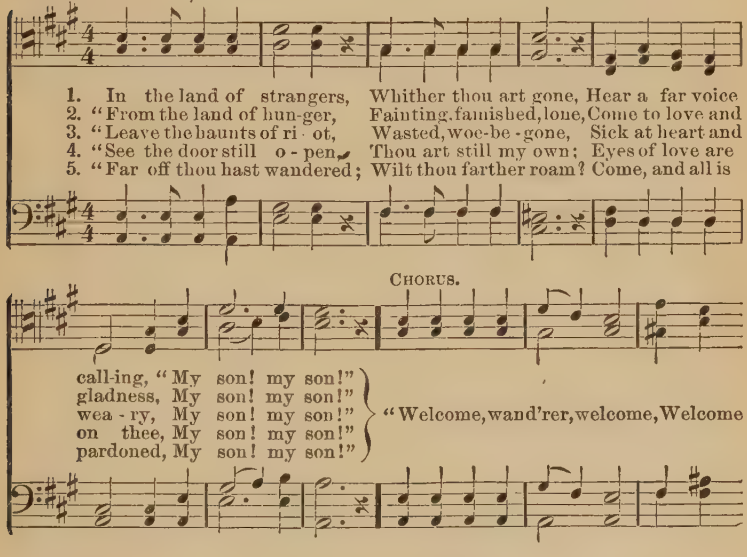



## No. 15. Welcome, Wanderer, Welcome.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. In the land of strangers, Whither thou art gone, Hear a far voice
2. "From the land of hun-ger, Fainting, famished, lone, Come to love and
3. "Leave the haunts of ri - ot, Wasted, woe-be - gone, Sick at heart and
4. "See the door still o - pen, Thou art still my own; Eyes of love are
5. "Far off thou hast wandered; Wilt thou farther roam? Come, and all is
CHORUS.
call-ing, "My son! my son!"
gladness, My son! my son!"
wea - ry, My son! my son!"
on thee, My son! my son!"
pardoned, My son! my son!"
"Welcome, wand'rer, welcome, Welcome
back to home! Thou hast wandered far away: Come home! come home!

6 "See the well-spread table
Unforgotten one!
Here is rest and plenty,
My son! my son!"

7 "Thou art friendless, homeless,
Hopeless, and undone;
Mine is love unchanging,
My son! my son!"

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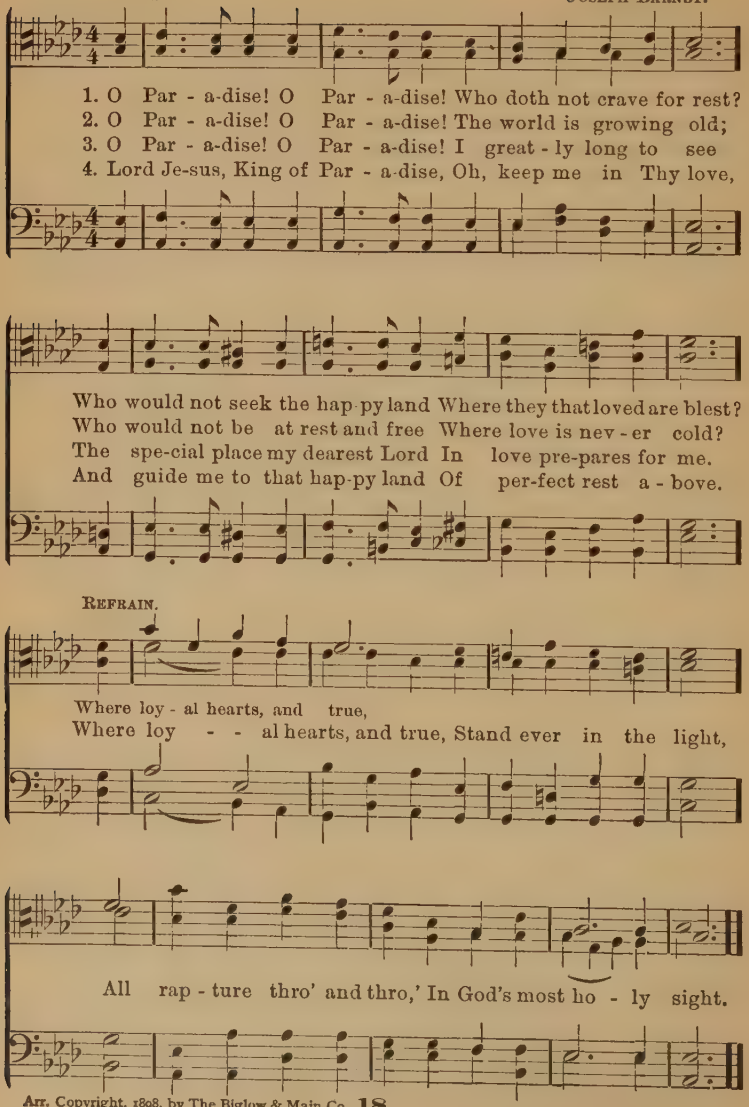
## No. 16. O Paradise!

F. W. FABER. JOSEPH BARNBY.


1. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! The world is growing old;
3. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! I great - ly long to see
4. Lord Je-sus, King of Par - a-dise, Oh, keep me in Thy love,
Who would not seek the hap-py land Where they that loved are blest?
Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?
The spe-cial place my dearest Lord In love pre-pares for me.
And guide me to that hap-py land Of per-fect rest a - bove.
REFRAIN.
Where loy - al hearts, and true,
Where loy - - al hearts, and true, Stand ever in the light,
All rap - ture thro' and thro,' In God's most ho - ly sight.

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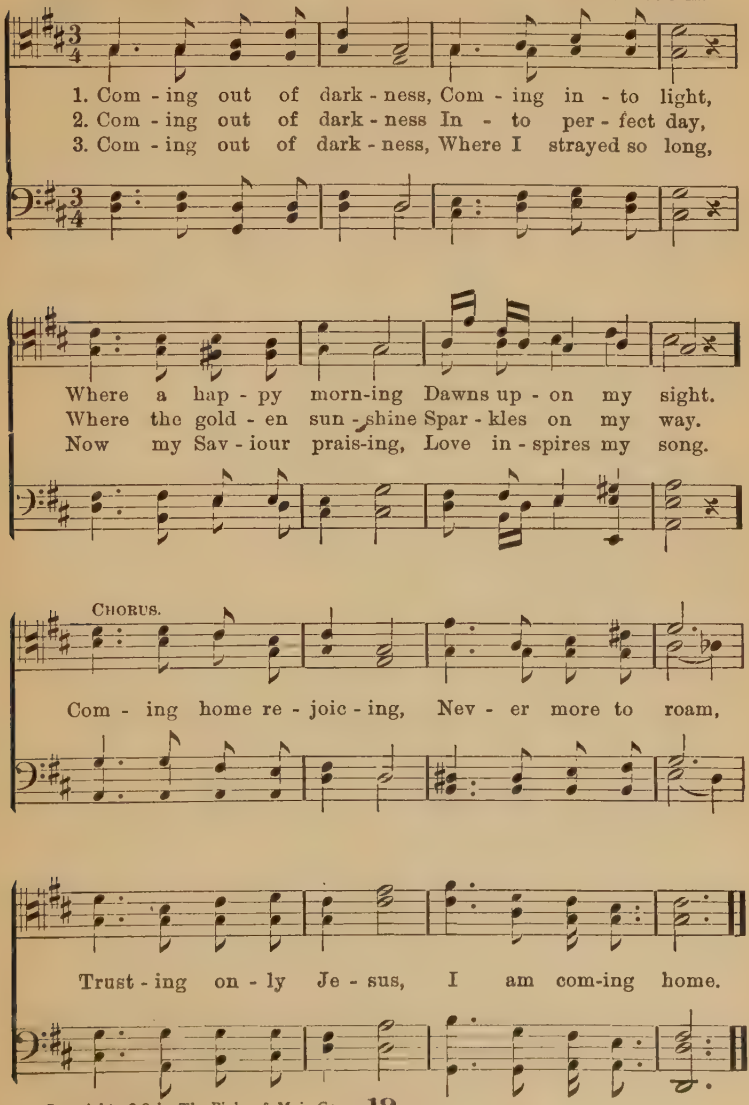
## No. 17. Coming Home Rejoicing.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. Com - ing out of dark - ness, Com - ing in - to light,
2. Com - ing out of dark - ness In - to per - fect day,
3. Com - ing out of dark - ness, Where I strayed so long,
Where a hap - py morn-ing Dawns up - on my sight.
Where the gold - en sun - shine Spar - kles on my way.
Now my Sav - iour prais-ing, Love in - spires my song.
CHORUS.
Com - ing home re - joic - ing, Nev - er more to roam,
Trust - ing on - ly Je - sus, I am com-ing home.

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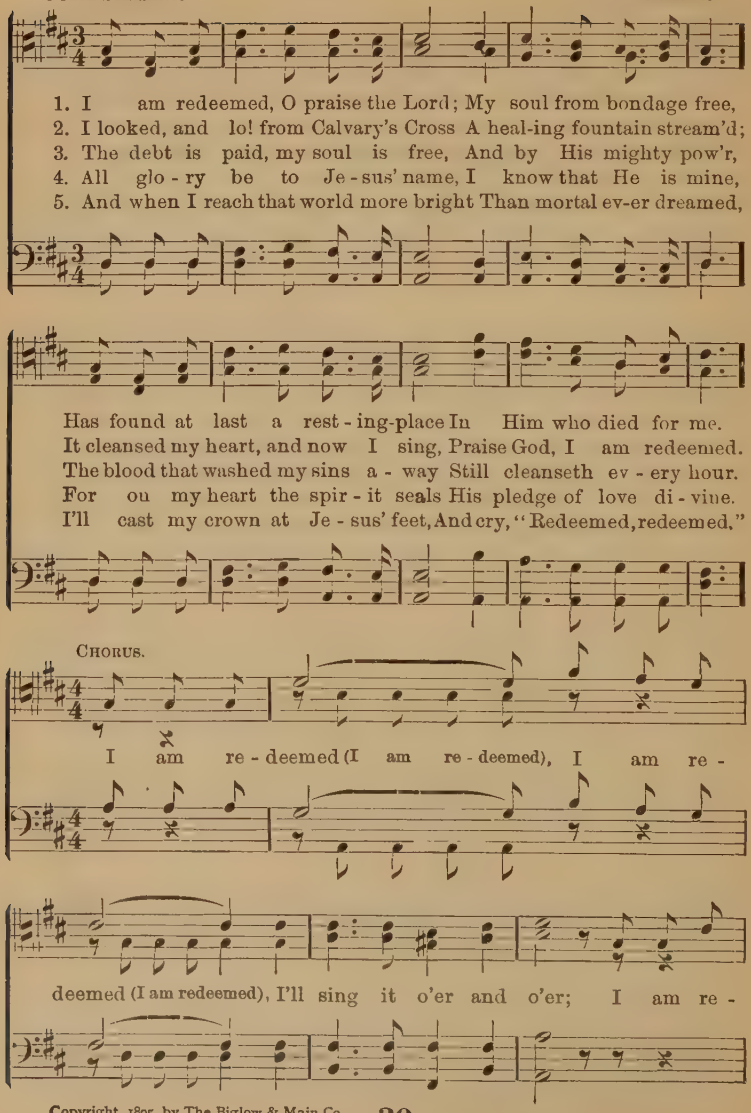
## No. 18. I am Redeemed.

JULIA STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. I am redeemed, O praise the Lord; My soul from bondage free,
2. I looked, and lo! from Calvary's Cross A heal-ing fountain stream'd;
3. The debt is paid, my soul is free, And by His mighty pow'r,
4. All glo - ry be to Je - sus' name, I know that He is mine,
5. And when I reach that world more bright Than mortal ev-er dreamed,
Has found at last a rest - ing-place In Him who died for me.
It cleansed my heart, and now I sing, Praise God, I am redeemed.
The blood that washed my sins a - way Still cleanseth ev - ery hour.
For on my heart the spir - it seals His pledge of love di - vine.
I'll cast my crown at Je - sus' feet, And cry, "Redeemed, redeemed,"
CHORUS.
I am re - deemed (I am re - deemed), I am re -
deemed (I am redeemed), I'll sing it o'er and o'er; I am re -

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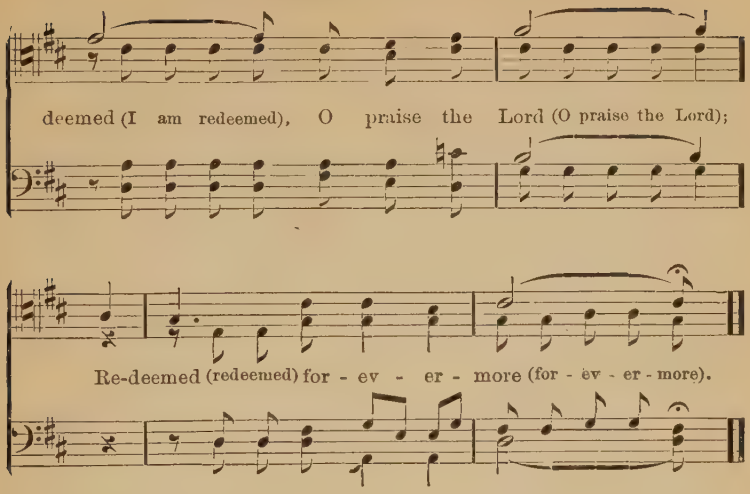
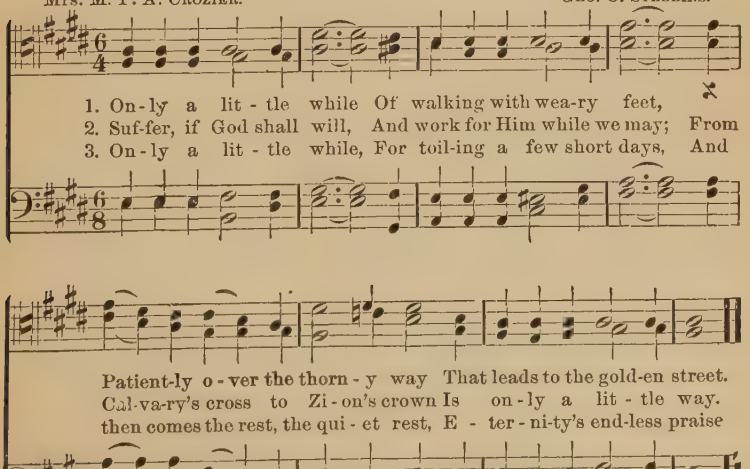



## No. 19. Only a Little While.

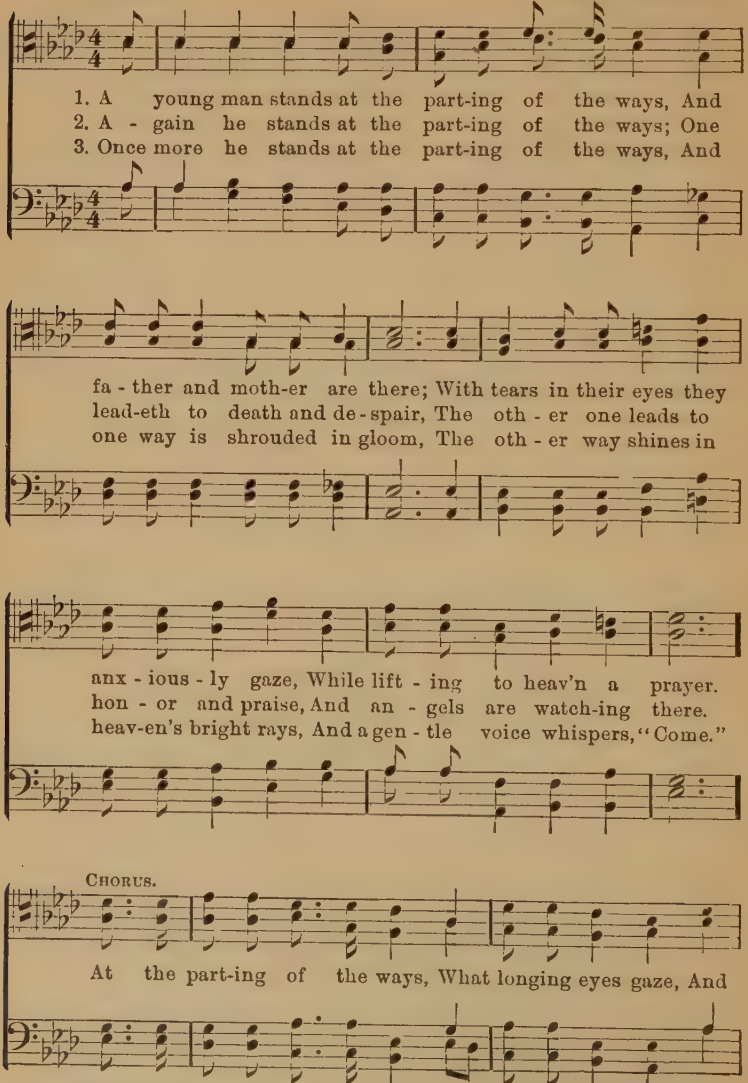
Mrs. M. P. A. Crozier. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. On - ly a lit - tle while Of walking with wea-ry feet,
2. Suf-fer, if God shall will, And work for Him while we may; From
3. On - ly a lit - tle while, For toil-ing a few short days, And
Patient-ly o - ver the thorn - y way That leads to the gold-en street.
Cal-va-ry's cross to Zi - on's crown Is on - ly a lit - tle way.
then comes the rest, the qui - et rest, E - ter - ni-ty's end-less praise

Copyright, 1880, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

## No. 20. The Parting of the Ways.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. A young man stands at the part-ing of the ways, And
fa - ther and moth-er are there; With tears in their eyes they
anx - ious - ly gaze, While lift - ing to heav'n a prayer.
2. A - gain he stands at the part-ing of the ways; One
lead-eth to death and de - spair, The oth - er one leads to
hon - or and praise, And an - gels are watch-ing there.
3. Once more he stands at the part-ing of the ways, And
one way is shrouded in gloom, The oth - er way shines in
heav-en's bright rays, And a gen - tle voice whispers, "Come."
CHORUS.
At the part-ing of the ways, What longing eyes gaze, And

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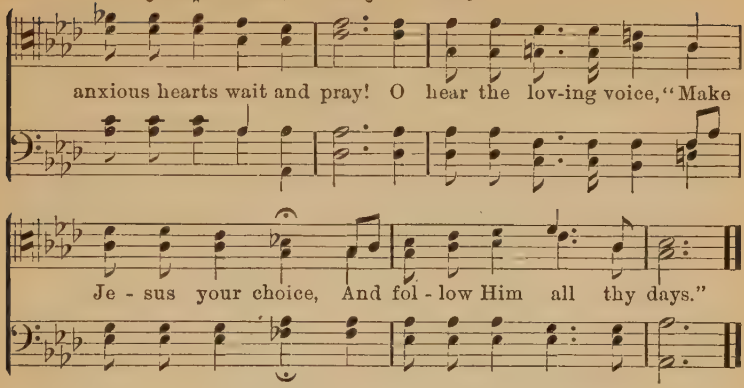
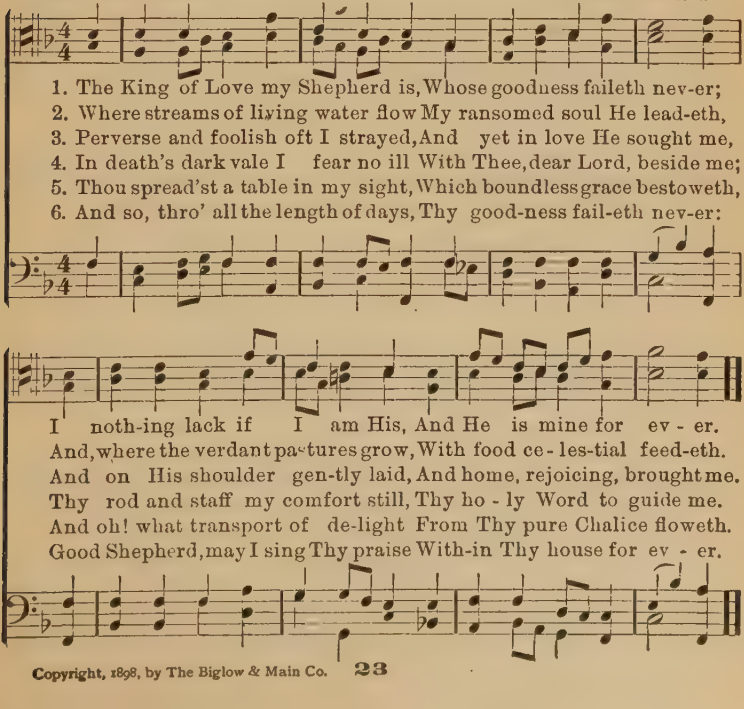
## The Parting of the Ways.—*Concluded.*




## No. 21. The King of Love.

HENRY W. BAKER. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. The King of Love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth nev-er;
2. Where streams of living water flow My ransomed soul He lead-eth,
3. Perverse and foolish oft I strayed, And yet in love He sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
5. Thou spread'st a table in my sight, Which boundless grace bestoweth,
6. And so, thro' all the length of days, Thy good-ness fail-eth nev-er:
I noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for ev - er.
And, where the verdant pastures grow, With food ce - les-tial feed-eth.
And on His shoulder gen-tly laid, And home, rejoicing, brought me.
Thy rod and staff my comfort still, Thy ho - ly Word to guide me.
And oh! what transport of de-light From Thy pure Chalice floweth.
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise With-in Thy house for ev - er.

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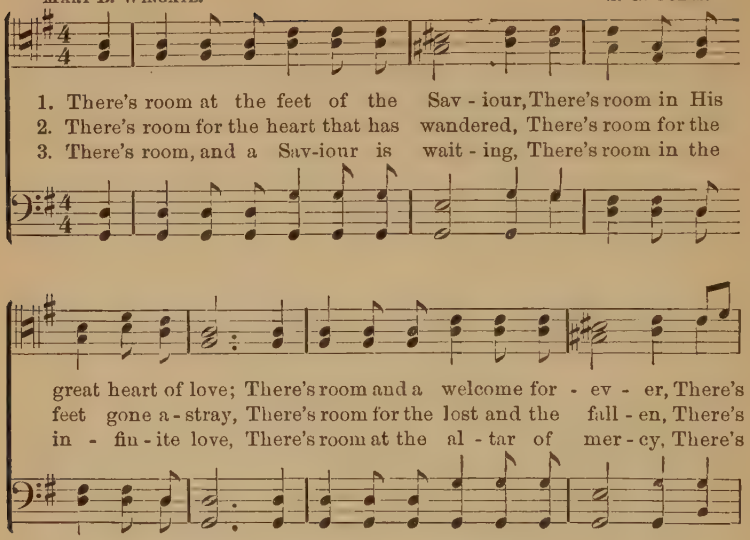
## No. 22. Room for All

MARY B. WINGATE. S. G. COLES.


1. There's room at the feet of the Sav - iour, There's room in His
2. There's room for the heart that has wandered, There's room for the
3. There's room, and a Sav-iour is wait - ing, There's room in the
great heart of love; There's room and a welcome for - ev - er, There's
feet gone a - stray, There's room for the lost and the fall - en, There's
in - fin - ite love, There's room at the al - tar of mer - cy, There's
CHORUS.
room enough for all,
room in the man-sions a - bove.
room and a wel - come to - day.
room in the pal - ace a - bove.
There's room for
room enough for all,
all, There's room for all,
room enough for all, room enough for all, room enough for all,

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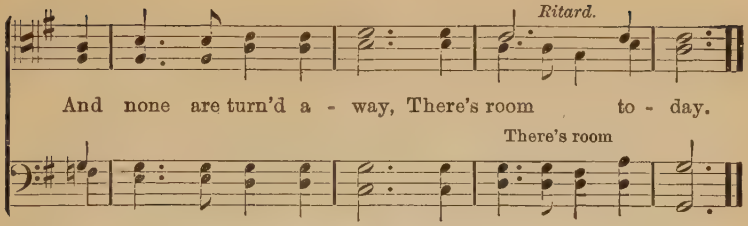
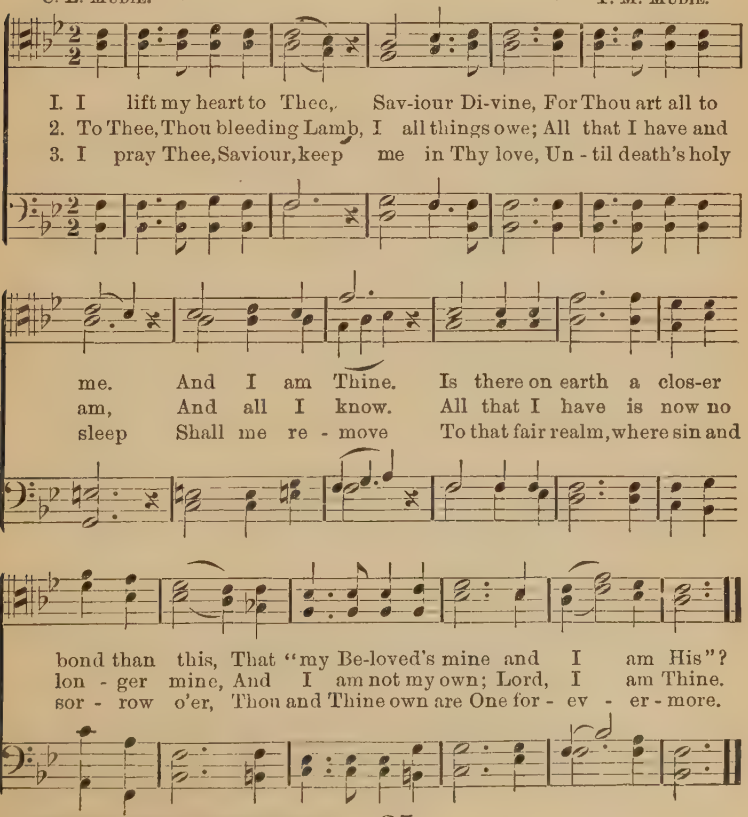



## No. 23. I Lift My Heart to Thee.

C. E. Mudie. T. M. Mudie.


1. I lift my heart to Thee, Sav-iour Di-vine, For Thou art all to
2. To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, I all things owe; All that I have and
3. I pray Thee, Saviour, keep me in Thy love, Un - til death's holy
me. And I am Thine. Is there on earth a clos-er
am, And all I know. All that I have is now no
sleep Shall me re - move To that fair realm, where sin and
bond than this, That "my Be-loved's mine and I am His"?
lon - ger mine, And I am not my own; Lord, I am Thine.
sor - row o'er, Thou and Thine own are One for - ev - er - more.

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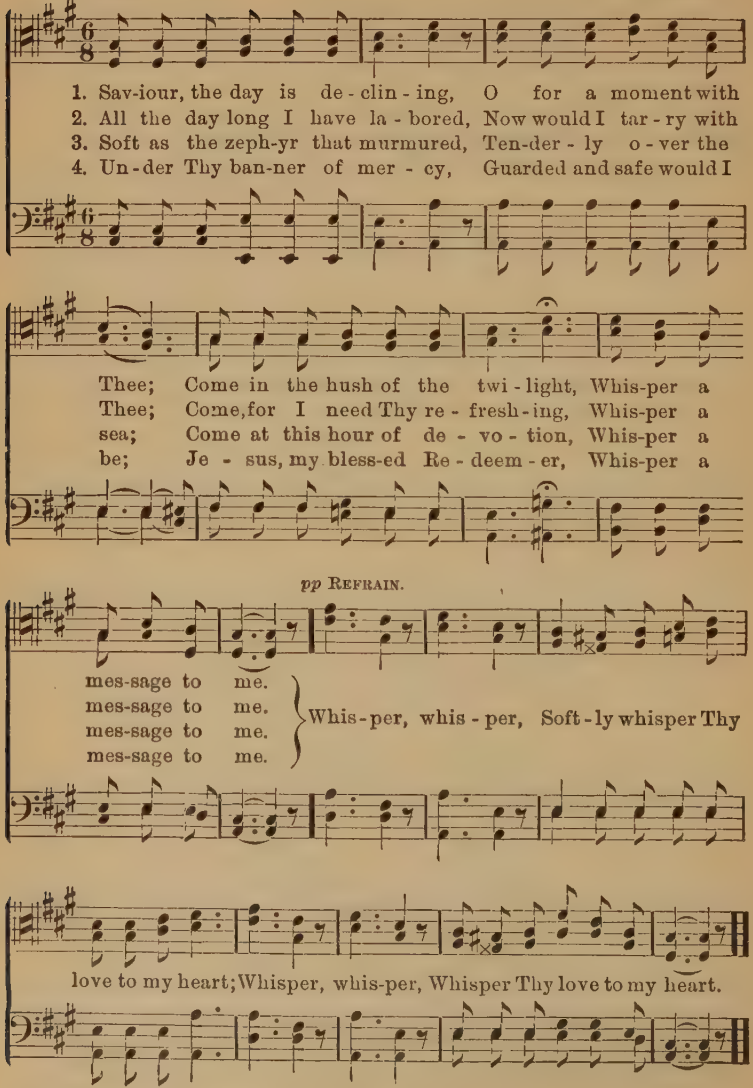
## No. 24. Whisper a Message.

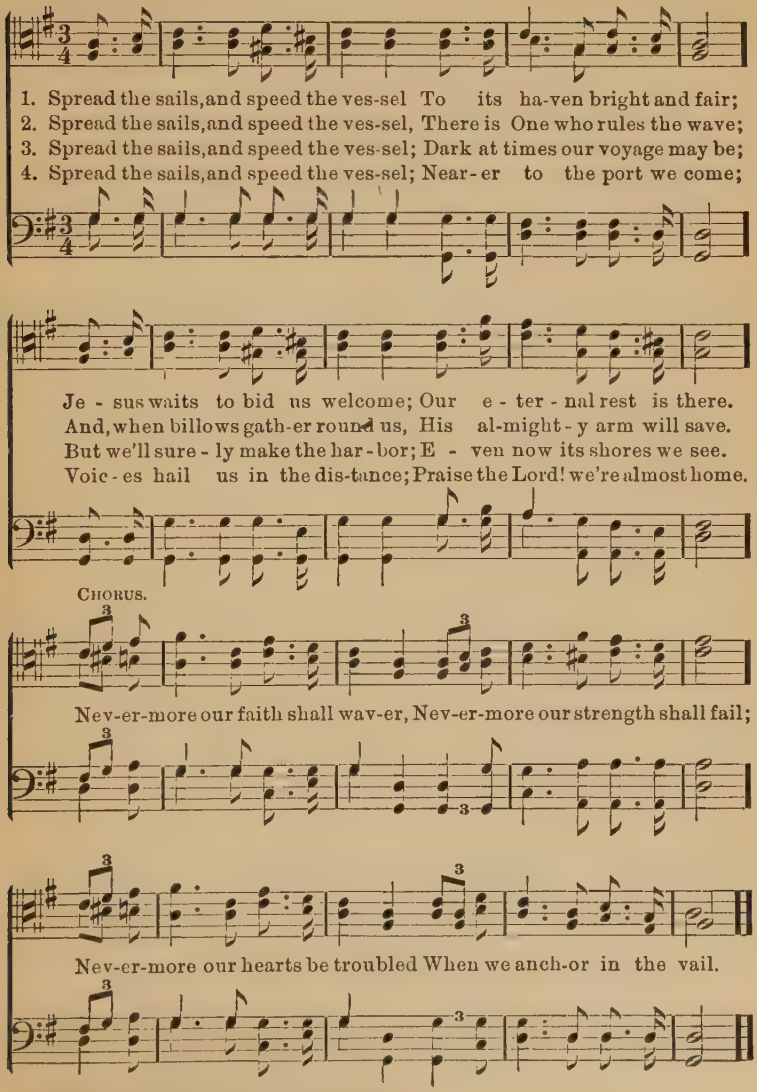
F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Sav-iour, the day is de-clin-ing, O for a moment with
2. All the day long I have la-bored, Now would I tar-ry with
3. Soft as the zeph-yr that murmured, Ten-der-ly o-ver the
4. Un-der Thy ban-ner of mer-cy, Guarded and safe would I
Thee; Come in the hush of the twi-light, Whis-per a
Thee; Come, for I need Thy re-fresh-ing, Whis-per a
sea; Come at this hour of de-vo-tion, Whis-per a
be; Je-sus, my bless-ed Re-deem-er, Whis-per a
pp REFRAIN.
mes-sage to me.
mes-sage to me.
mes-sage to me.
mes-sage to me.
Whis-per, whis-per, Soft-ly whisper Thy
love to my heart; Whisper, whis-per, Whisper Thy love to my heart.

Copyright, 1898, by W. H. Doane.

## No. 25. Spread the Sails.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Spread the sails, and speed the ves-sel To its ha-ven bright and fair;
2. Spread the sails, and speed the ves-sel, There is One who rules the wave;
3. Spread the sails, and speed the ves-sel; Dark at times our voyage may be;
4. Spread the sails, and speed the ves-sel; Near-er to the port we come;
Je - sus waits to bid us welcome; Our e - ter - nal rest is there.
And, when billows gath-er round us, His al-might - y arm will save.
But we'll sure - ly make the har - bor; E - ven now its shores we see.
Voic - es hail us in the dis-tance; Praise the Lord! we're almost home.
CHORUS.
Nev-er-more our faith shall wav-er, Nev-er-more our strength shall fail;
Nev-er-more our hearts be troubled When we anch-or in the vail.

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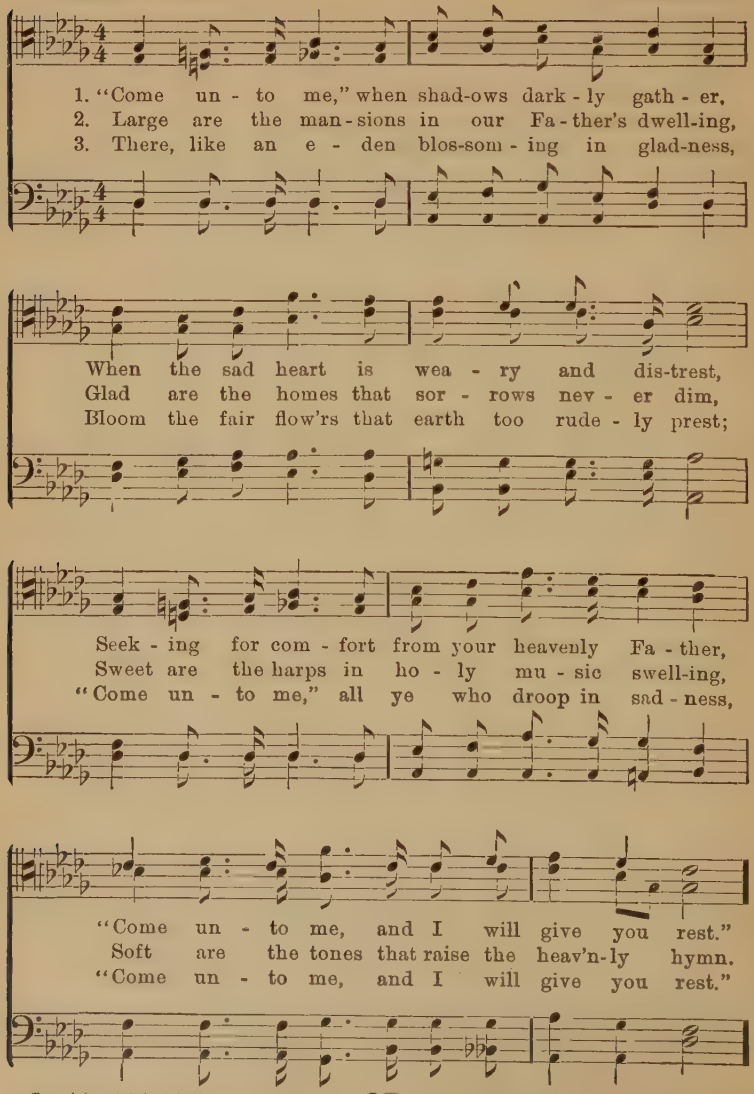
## No. 26. Come unto Me.

CATHERINE H. ESLING. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. "Come un - to me," when shad-ows dark - ly gath - er,
2. Large are the man - sions in our Fa - ther's dwell-ing,
3. There, like an e - den blos-som - ing in glad-ness,
When the sad heart is wea - ry and dis-trest,
Glad are the homes that sor - rows nev - er dim,
Bloom the fair flow'rs that earth too rude - ly prest;
Seek - ing for com - fort from your heavenly Fa - ther,
Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swell-ing,
"Come un - to me," all ye who droop in sad - ness,
"Come un - to me, and I will give you rest."
Soft are the tones that raise the heav'n-ly hymn.
"Come un - to me, and I will give you rest."

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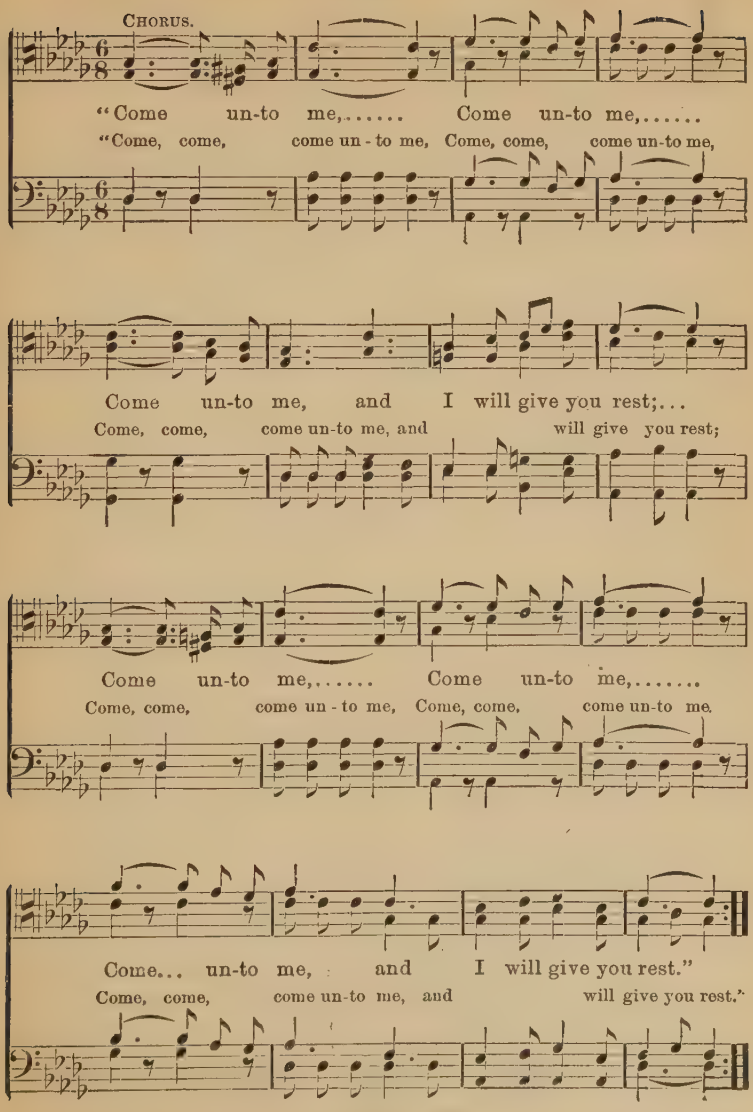
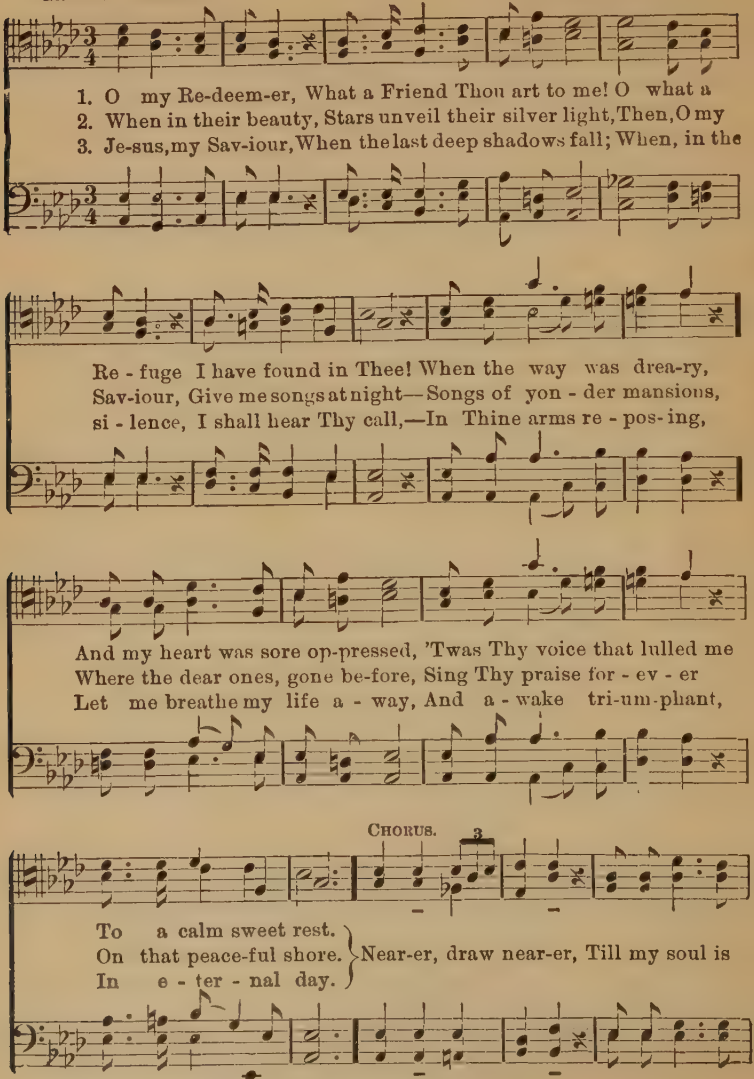

Chorus.
"Come un-to me,..... Come un-to me,.....
"Come, come, come un-to me, Come, come, come un-to me,
Come un-to me, and I will give you rest;...
Come, come, come un-to me, and will give you rest;
Come un-to me,..... Come un-to me,.....
Come, come, come un-to me, Come, come, come un-to me,
Come... un-to me, and I will give you rest."
Come, come, come un-to me, and will give you rest."

## No. 27. What a Friend Thou art to Me.

GRACE J. FRANCES. Har. by HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. O my Re-deem-er, What a Friend Thou art to me! O what a
2. When in their beauty, Stars unveil their silver light, Then, O my
3. Je-sus, my Sav-iour, When the last deep shadows fall; When, in the
Re - fuge I have found in Thee! When the way was drea-ry,
Sav-iour, Give me songs at night—Songs of yon - der mansions,
si - lence, I shall hear Thy call,—In Thine arms re - pos-ing,
And my heart was sore op-pressed, 'Twas Thy voice that lulled me
Where the dear ones, gone be-fore, Sing Thy praise for - ev - er
Let me breathe my life a - way, And a - wake tri-um-phant,
CHORUS.
3
To a calm sweet rest.
On that peace-ful shore.
In e - ter - nal day.
Near-er, draw near-er, Till my soul is

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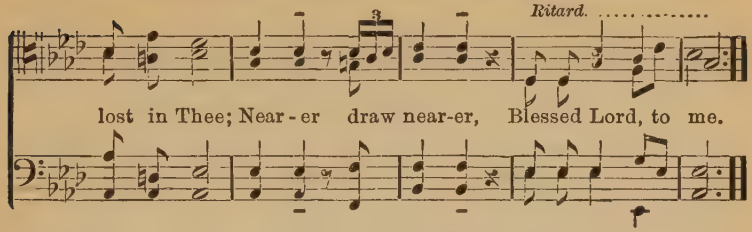
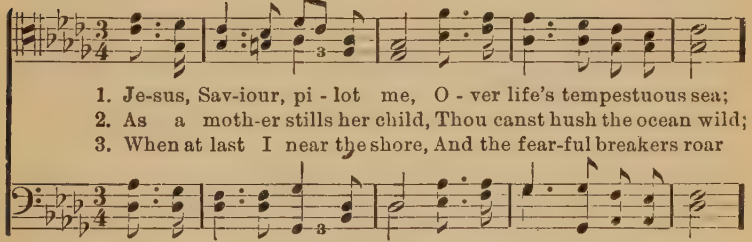
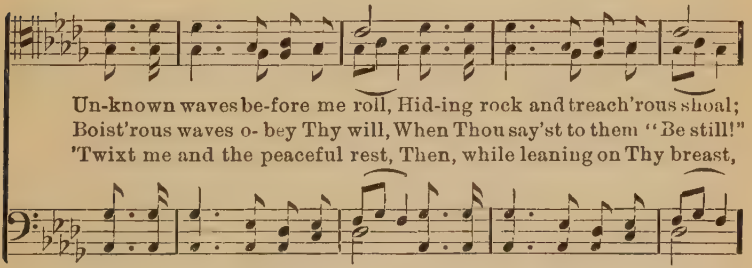



## No. 28. Jesus, Saviour Pilot me.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.


1. Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful breakers roar


Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o- bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

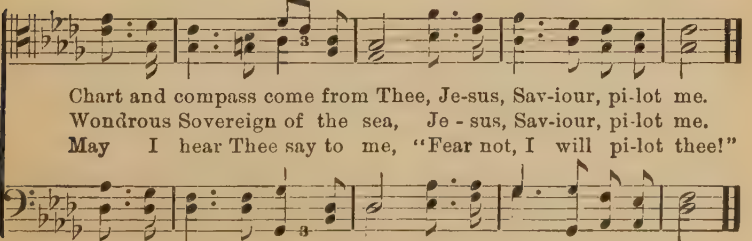
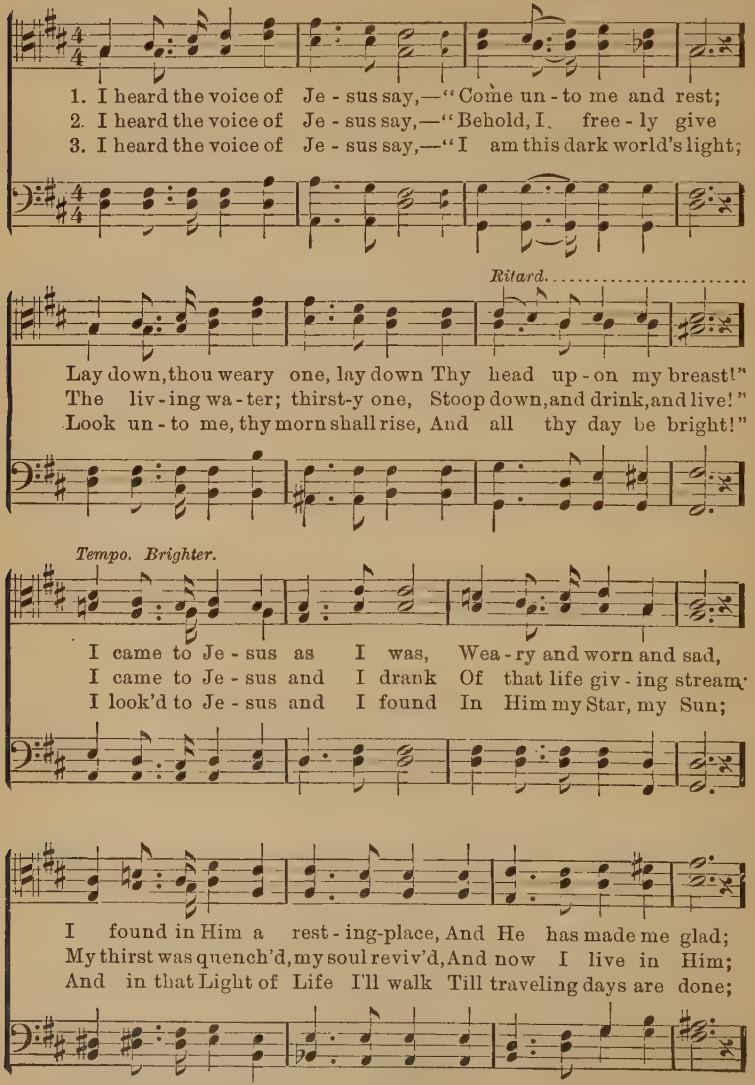


Chart and compass come from Thee, Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi-lot thee!"

Arr. Copyright, 1888, by Ira D. Sankey.

## No. 29. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Come un - to me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Behold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"I am this dark world's light;
Ritard.
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!"
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!"
Tempo. Brighter.
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad,
I came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life giv - ing stream;
I look'd to Je - sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;
I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul reviv'd, And now I live in Him;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk Till traveling days are done;

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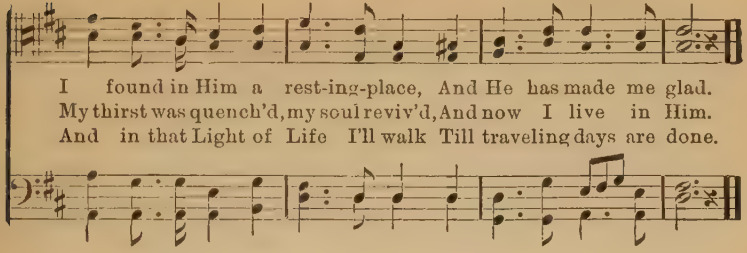
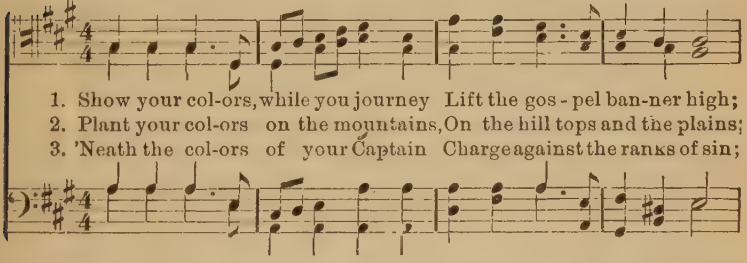
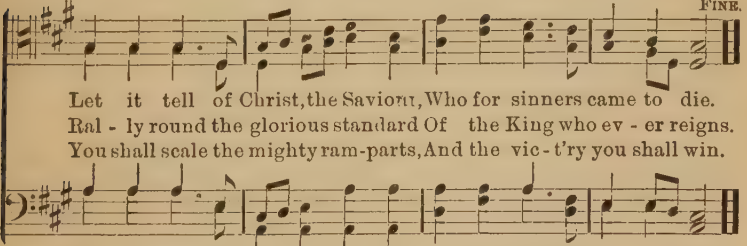
## I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.—*Concluded.*

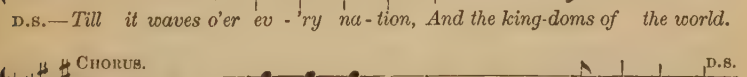

ritard.
I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quench'd, my soul reviv'd, And now I live in Him.
And in that Light of Life I'll walk Till traveling days are done.

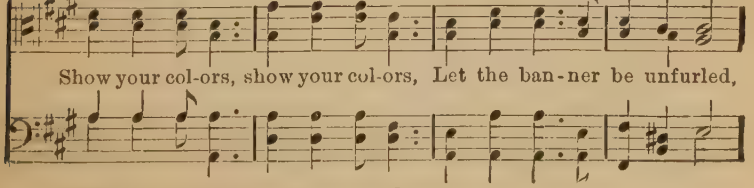
## No. 30. Show Your Colors.

Mrs. C. E. Breck. I. H. Meredith, arr.


1. Show your col-ors, while you journey Lift the gos-pel ban-ner high;
2. Plant your col-ors on the mountains, On the hill tops and the plains;
3. 'Neath the col-ors of your Captain Charge against the ranks of sin;


Fine.
Let it tell of Christ, the Saviour, Who for sinners came to die.
Ral-ly round the glorious standard Of the King who ev-er reigns.
You shall scale the mighty ram-parts, And the vic-t'ry you shall win.

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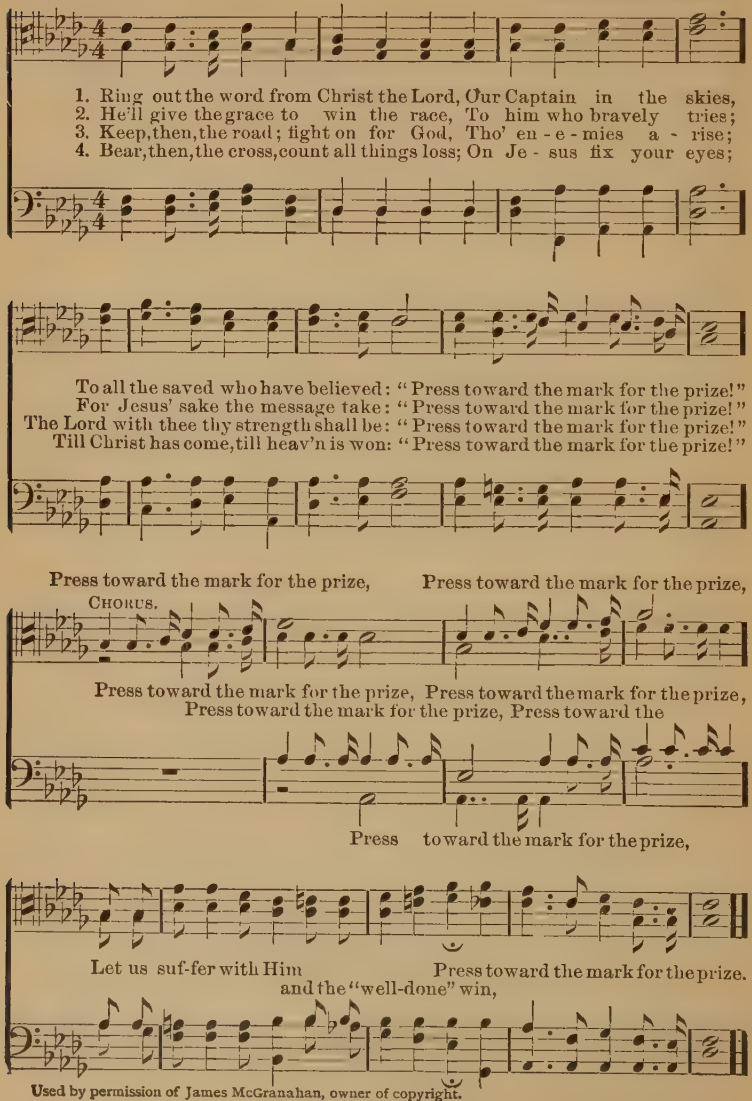
## No. 31. Press Toward the Mark.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Ring out the word from Christ the Lord, Our Captain in the skies,
2. He'll give the grace to win the race, To him who bravely tries;
3. Keep, then, the road; fight on for God, Tho' en - e - mies a - rise;
4. Bear, then, the cross, count all things loss; On Je - sus fix your eyes;
To all the saved who have believed: "Press toward the mark for the prize!"
For Jesus' sake the message take: "Press toward the mark for the prize!"
The Lord with thee thy strength shall be: "Press toward the mark for the prize!"
Till Christ has come, till heav'n is won: "Press toward the mark for the prize!"
Press toward the mark for the prize, Press toward the mark for the prize,
CHORUS.
Press toward the mark for the prize, Press toward the mark for the prize,
Press toward the mark for the prize, Press toward the
Press toward the mark for the prize,
Let us suf-fer with Him Press toward the mark for the prize.
and the "well-done" win,

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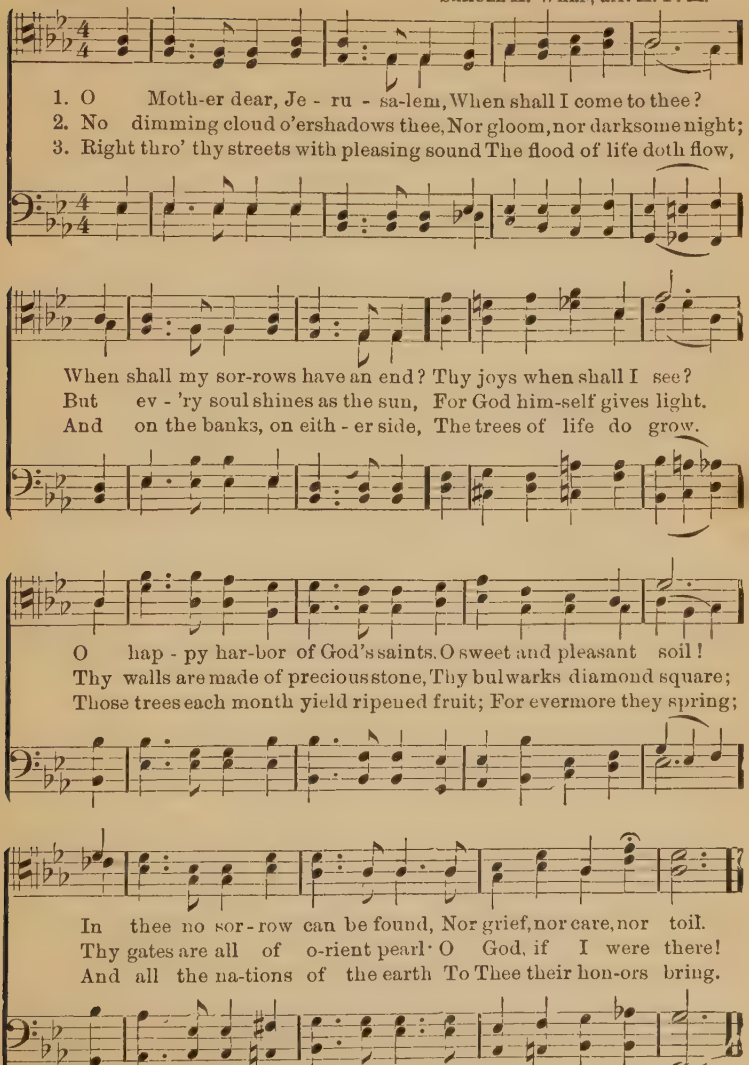
## No. 32. O Mother Dear, Jerusalem.

F. B. P. SAMUEL A. WARD, arr. H. P. M.


1. O Moth-er dear, Je - ru - sa-lem, When shall I come to thee?
2. No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee, Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
3. Right thro' thy streets with pleasing sound The flood of life doth flow,
When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
But ev - 'ry soul shines as the sun, For God him-self gives light.
And on the banks, on eith - er side, The trees of life do grow.
O hap - py har-bor of God's saints. O sweet and pleasant soil!
Thy walls are made of precious stone, Thy bulwarks diamond square;
Those trees each month yield ripened fruit; For evermore they spring;
In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
Thy gates are all of o-rient pearl. O God, if I were there!
And all the na-tions of the earth To Thee their hon-ors bring.

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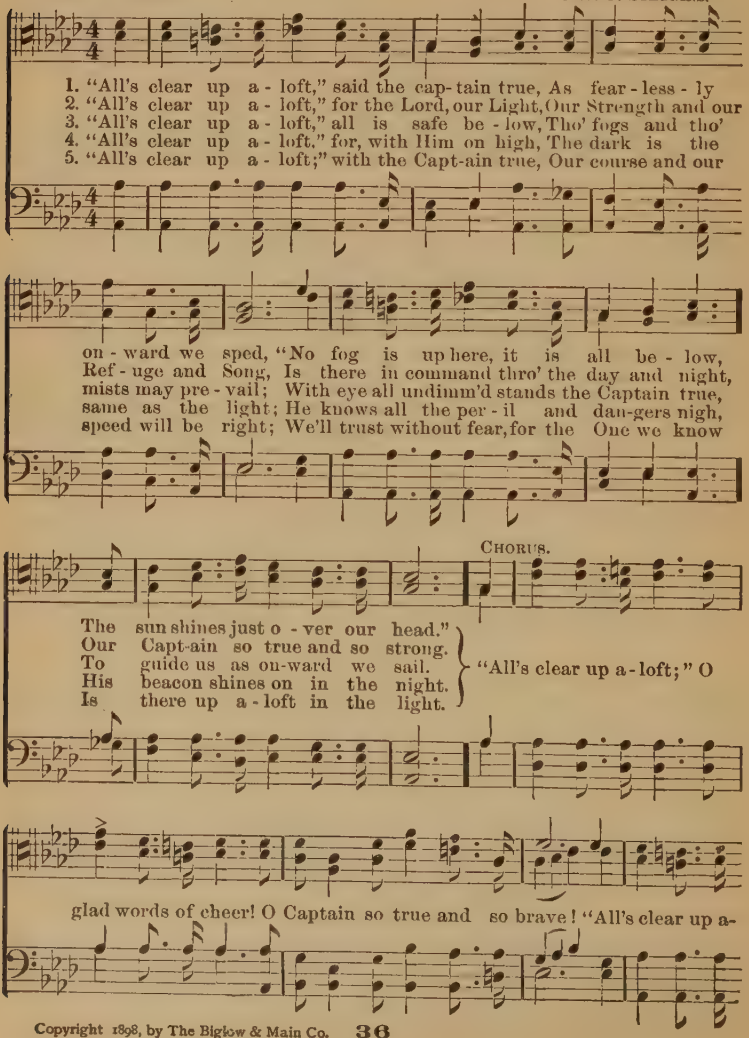
# No. 33. "All's Clear up Aloft."

A heavy fog had settled on the river Clyde. The passengers on a steamer became apprehensive at the rate of speed maintained. At length they went forward and remonstrated with the captain on the bridge. He replied, "All's clear up aloft; the fog is only on the surface; there is no danger."

D. W. WHITTLE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. "All's clear up a - loft," said the cap- tain true, As fear - less - ly
2. "All's clear up a - loft," for the Lord, our Light, Our Strength and our
3. "All's clear up a - loft," all is safe be - low, Tho' fogs and tho'
4. "All's clear up a - loft." for, with Him on high, The dark is the
5. "All's clear up a - loft;" with the Capt-ain true, Our course and our
on - ward we sped, "No fog is up here, it is all be - low,
Ref - uge and Song, Is there in command thro' the day and night,
mists may pre - vail; With eye all undimm'd stands the Captain true,
same as the light; He knows all the per - il and dan-gers nigh,
speed will be right; We'll trust without fear, for the One we know
CHORUS.
The sun shines just o - ver our head."
Our Capt-ain so true and so strong.
To guide us as on-ward we sail.
His beacon shines on in the night.
Is there up a - loft in the light.
"All's clear up a - loft;" O
glad words of cheer! O Captain so true and so brave! "All's clear up a-

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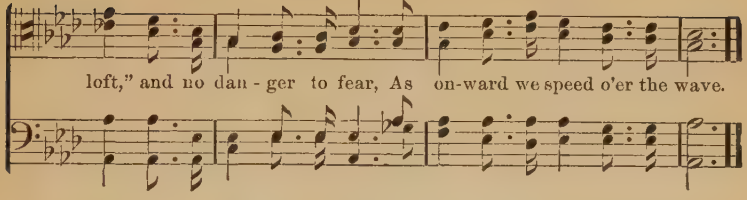
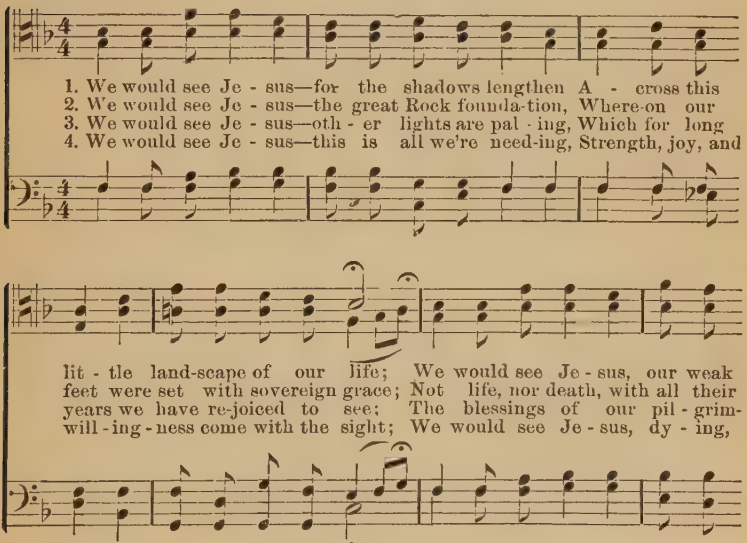
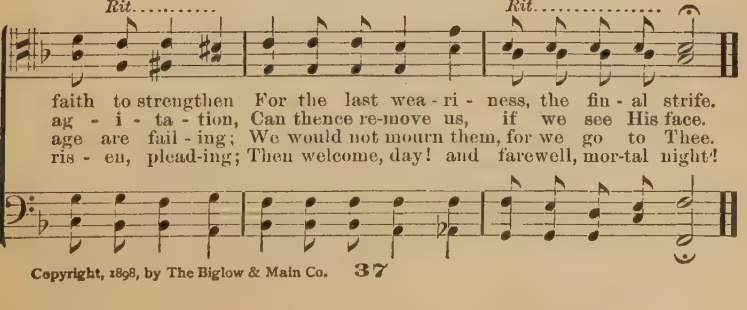



## No. 34. We would See Jesus.

ANNA B. WARNER. S. G. COLES.


1. We would see Je - sus—for the shadows lengthen A - cross this lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak
2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock founda-tion, Where-on feet were set with sovereign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
3. We would see Je - sus—oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long years we have re-joiced to see; The blessings of our pil - grim-
4. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're need-ing, Strength, joy, and will - ing - ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,


Rit.
Rit.
faith to strengthen For the last wea - ri - ness, the fin - al strife.
ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re-move us, if we see His face.
age are fail - ing; We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
ris - en, plead-ing; Then welcome, day! and farewell, mor-tal night!

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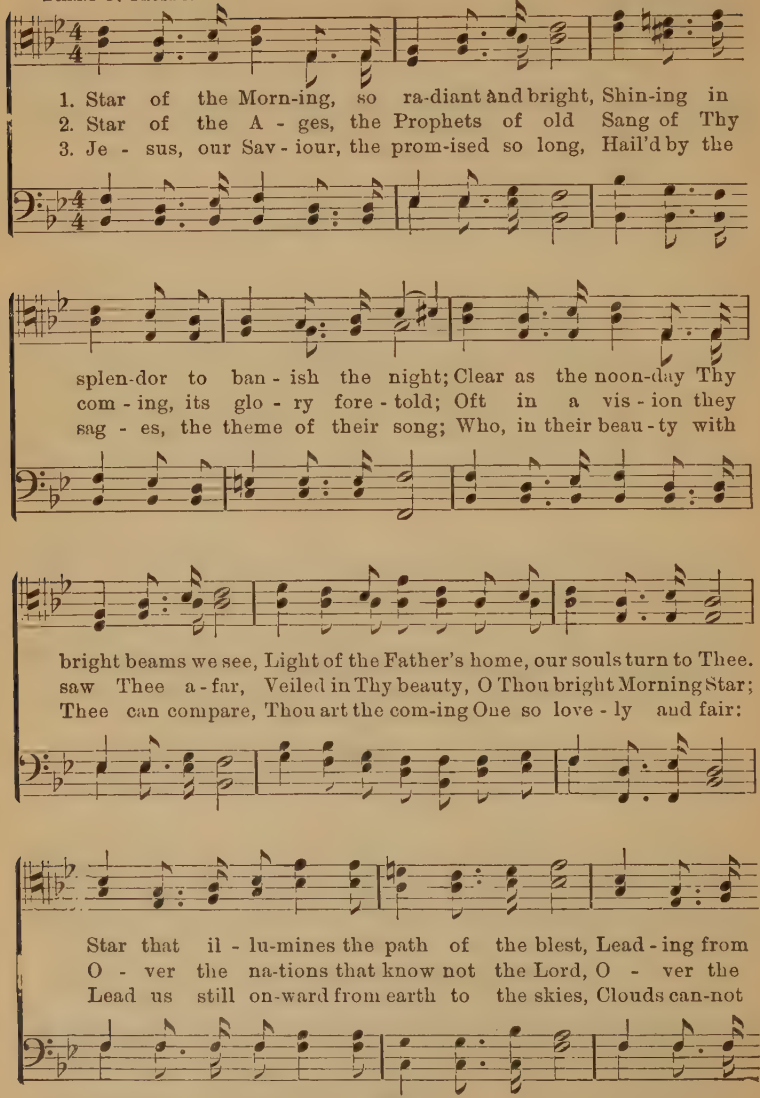
## No. 35. Star of the Morning.

FANNY J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Star of the Morn-ing, so ra-diant and bright, Shin-ing in
2. Star of the A - ges, the Prophets of old Sang of Thy
3. Je - sus, our Sav - iour, the prom-ised so long, Hail'd by the
splen-dor to ban - ish the night; Clear as the noon-day Thy
com - ing, its glo - ry fore - told; Oft in a vis - ion they
sag - es, the theme of their song; Who, in their beau - ty with
bright beams we see, Light of the Father's home, our souls turn to Thee.
saw Thee a - far, Veiled in Thy beauty, O Thou bright Morning Star;
Thee can compare, Thou art the com-ing One so love - ly and fair:
Star that il - lu-mines the path of the blest, Lead - ing from
O - ver the na-tions that know not the Lord, O - ver the
Lead us still on-ward from earth to the skies, Clouds can-not

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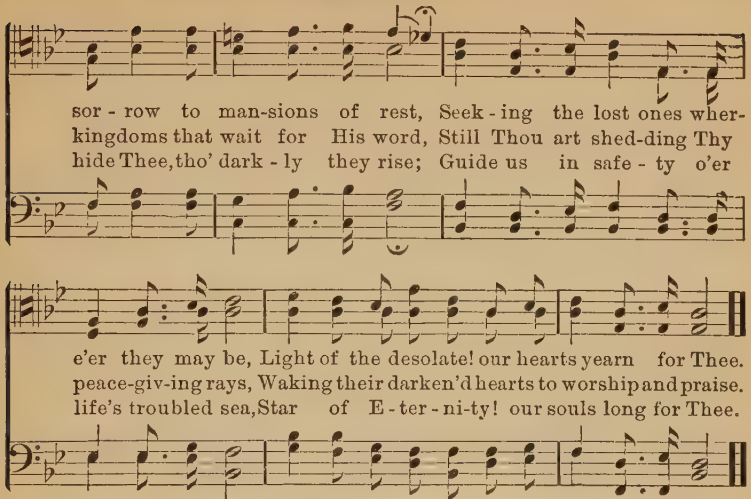
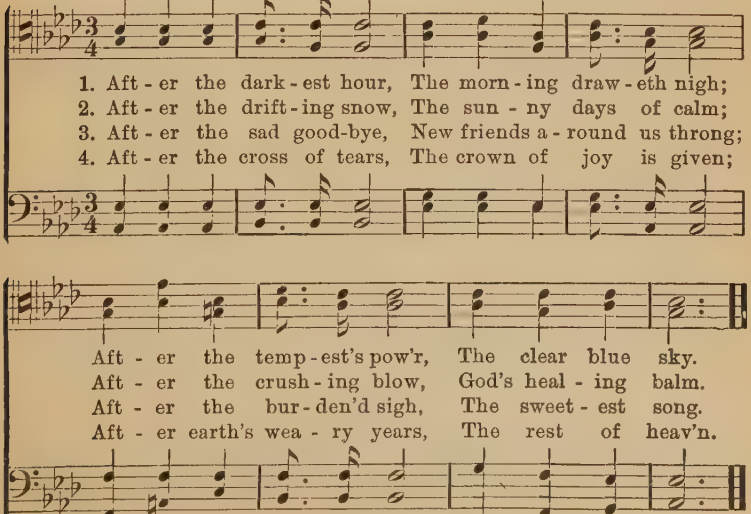

sor - row to man-sions of rest, Seek - ing the lost ones wher-
kingdoms that wait for His word, Still Thou art shed-ding Thy
hide Thee, tho' dark - ly they rise; Guide us in safe - ty o'er
e'er they may be, Light of the desolate! our hearts yearn for Thee.
peace-giv-ing rays, Waking their darken'd hearts to worship and praise.
life's troubled sea, Star of E - ter - ni-ty! our souls long for Thee.

## No. 36. After the Darkest Hour.

Mrs. M. R. Tilden. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Aft - er the dark - est hour, The morn - ing draw - eth nigh;
2. Aft - er the drift - ing snow, The sun - ny days of calm;
3. Aft - er the sad good-bye, New friends a - round us throng;
4. Aft - er the cross of tears, The crown of joy is given;
Aft - er the temp - est's pow'r, The clear blue sky.
Aft - er the crush - ing blow, God's heal - ing balm.
Aft - er the bur - den'd sigh, The sweet - est song.
Aft - er earth's wea - ry years, The rest of heav'n.

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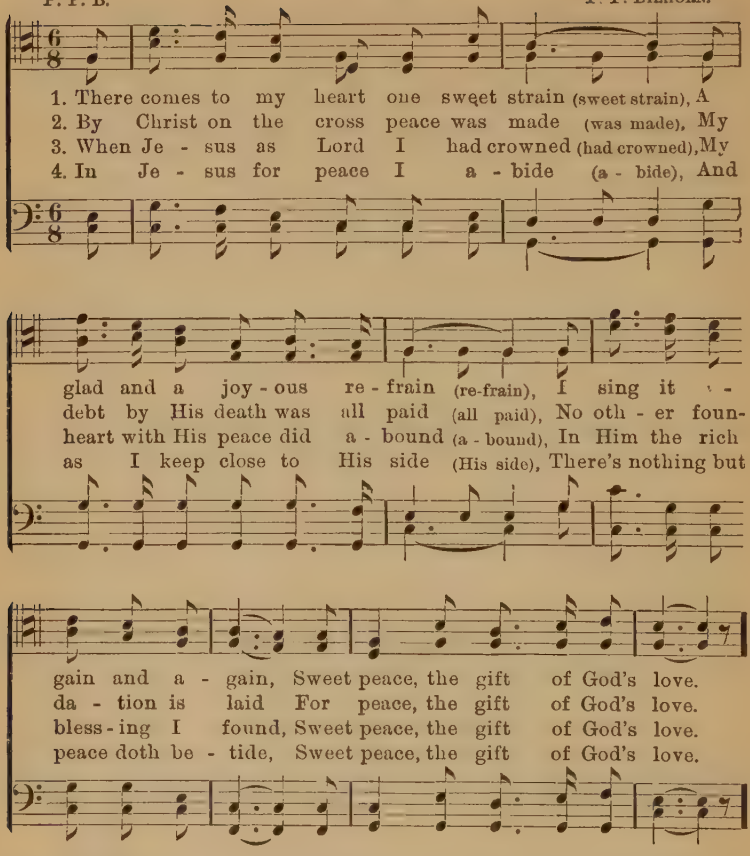
## No. 37. Sweet Peace.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.


1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain (sweet strain), A
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made (was made), My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned (had crowned), My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide (a - bide), And
glad and a joy - ous re - frain (re-frain), I sing it a -
debt by His death was all paid (all paid), No oth - er foun-
heart with His peace did a - bound (a - bound), In Him the rich
as I keep close to His side (His side), There's nothing but
gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
Chorus.
Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won-der-ful gift from a - bove (a - bove), Oh,

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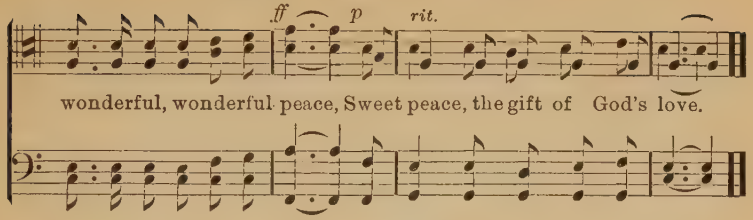
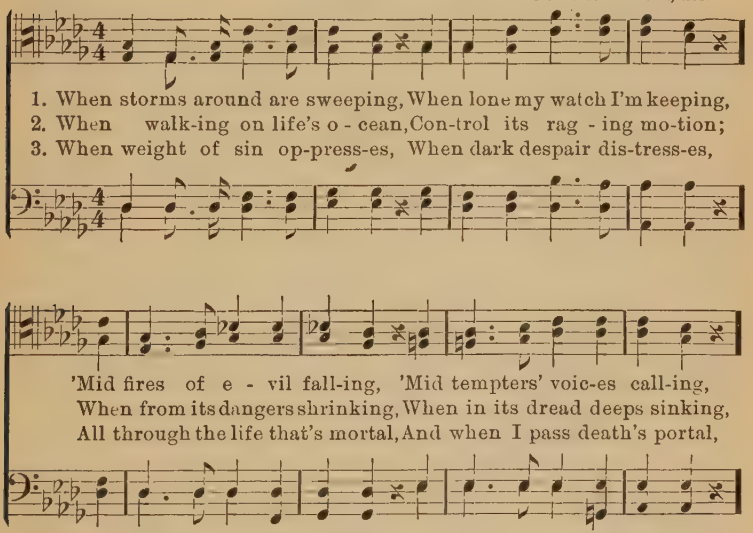


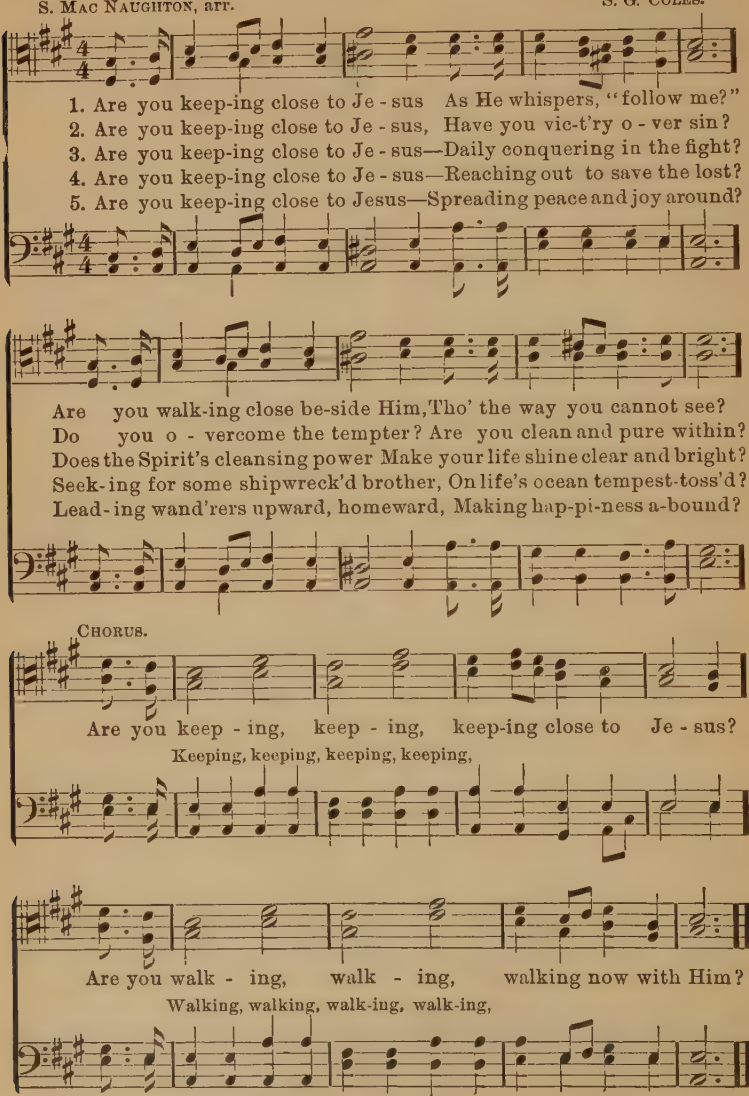

## No. 38. Remember Me, O Mighty One!

Anon. JOANNA KINKEL, arr.


1. When storms around are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keeping,
2. When walk-ing on life's o - cean, Con-trol its rag - ing mo-tion;
3. When weight of sin op-press-es, When dark despair dis-tress-es,
'Mid fires of e - vil fall-ing, 'Mid tempters' voic-es call-ing,
When from its dangers shrinking, When in its dread deeps sinking,
All through the life that's mortal, And when I pass death's portal,
CHORUS.
Re - member me, O Mighty One! Remember me, O Mighty One!

## No. 39. Keeping Close to Jesus.

S. Mac Naughton, arr. S. G. Coles.


1. Are you keep-ing close to Je - sus As He whispers, "follow me?"
2. Are you keep-ing close to Je - sus, Have you vic-t'ry o - ver sin?
3. Are you keep-ing close to Je - sus—Daily conquering in the fight?
4. Are you keep-ing close to Je - sus—Reaching out to save the lost?
5. Are you keep-ing close to Jesus—Spreading peace and joy around?
Are you walk-ing close be-side Him, Tho' the way you cannot see?
Do you o - vercome the tempter? Are you clean and pure within?
Does the Spirit's cleansing power Make your life shine clear and bright?
Seek-ing for some shipwreck'd brother, On life's ocean tempest-toss'd?
Lead-ing wand'rers upward, homeward, Making hap-pi-ness a-bound?
Chorus.
Are you keep - ing, keep - ing, keep-ing close to Je - sus?
Keeping, keeping, keeping, keeping,
Are you walk - ing, walk - ing, walking now with Him?
Walking, walking, walk-ing, walk-ing,

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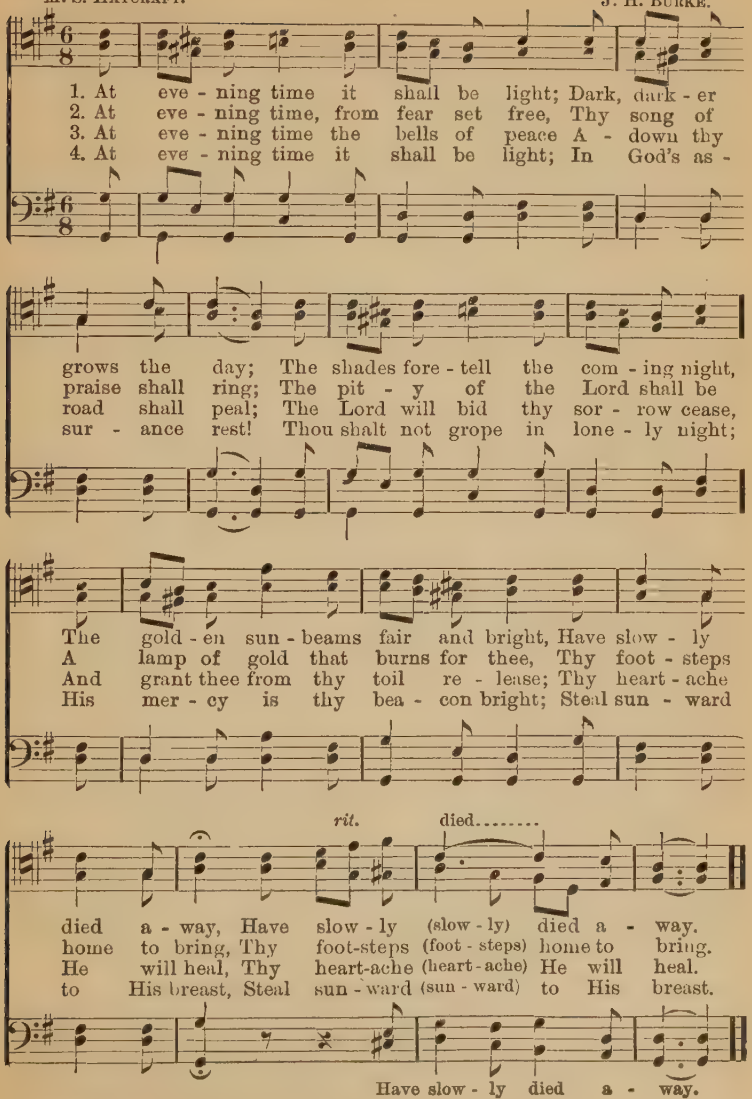
## No. 40. At Evening Time.

M. S. HAYCRAFT. J. H. BURKE.


1. At eve - ning time it shall be light; Dark, dark - er
2. At eve - ning time, from fear set free, Thy song of
3. At eve - ning time the bells of peace A - down thy
4. At eve - ning time it shall be light; In God's as -
grows the day; The shades fore - tell the com - ing night,
praise shall ring; The pit - y of the Lord shall be
road shall peal; The Lord will bid thy sor - row cease,
sur - ance rest! Thou shalt not grope in lone - ly night;
The gold - en sun - beams fair and bright, Have slow - ly
A lamp of gold that burns for thee, Thy foot - steps
And grant thee from thy toil re - lease; Thy heart - ache
His mer - cy is thy bea - con bright; Steal sun - ward
rit.
died.....
died a - way, Have slow - ly (slow - ly) died a - way.
home to bring, Thy foot-steps (foot - steps) home to bring.
He will heal, Thy heart-ache (heart - ache) He will heal.
to His breast, Steal sun - ward (sun - ward) to His breast.
Have slow - ly died a - way.

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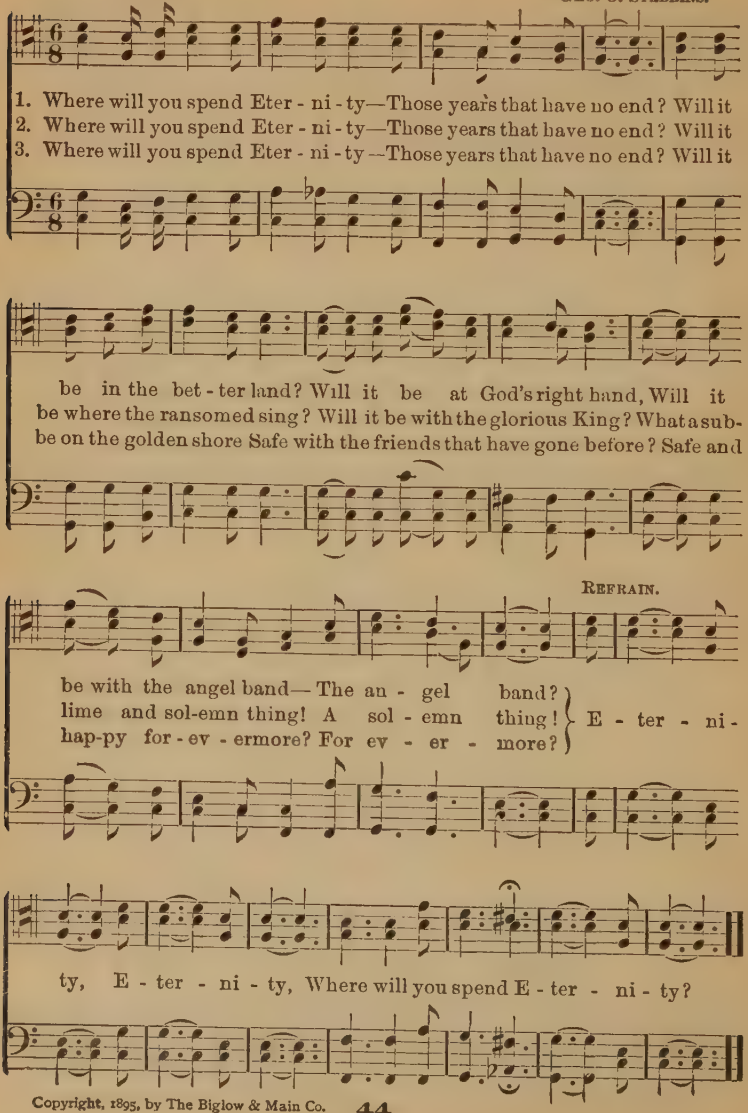
## No. 41. Where Will You Spend Eternity.

ANDREW SHERWOOD. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Where will you spend Eter - ni - ty—Those years that have no end? Will it
2. Where will you spend Eter - ni - ty—Those years that have no end? Will it
3. Where will you spend Eter - ni - ty—Those years that have no end? Will it
be in the bet - ter land? Will it be at God's right hand, Will it
be where the ransomed sing? Will it be with the glorious King? What a sub-
be on the golden shore Safe with the friends that have gone before? Safe and
REFRAIN.
be with the angel band—The an - gel band?
lime and sol-emn thing! A sol - emn thing!
hap-py for - ev - ermore? For ev - er - more?
E - ter - ni -
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, Where will you spend E - ter - ni - ty?

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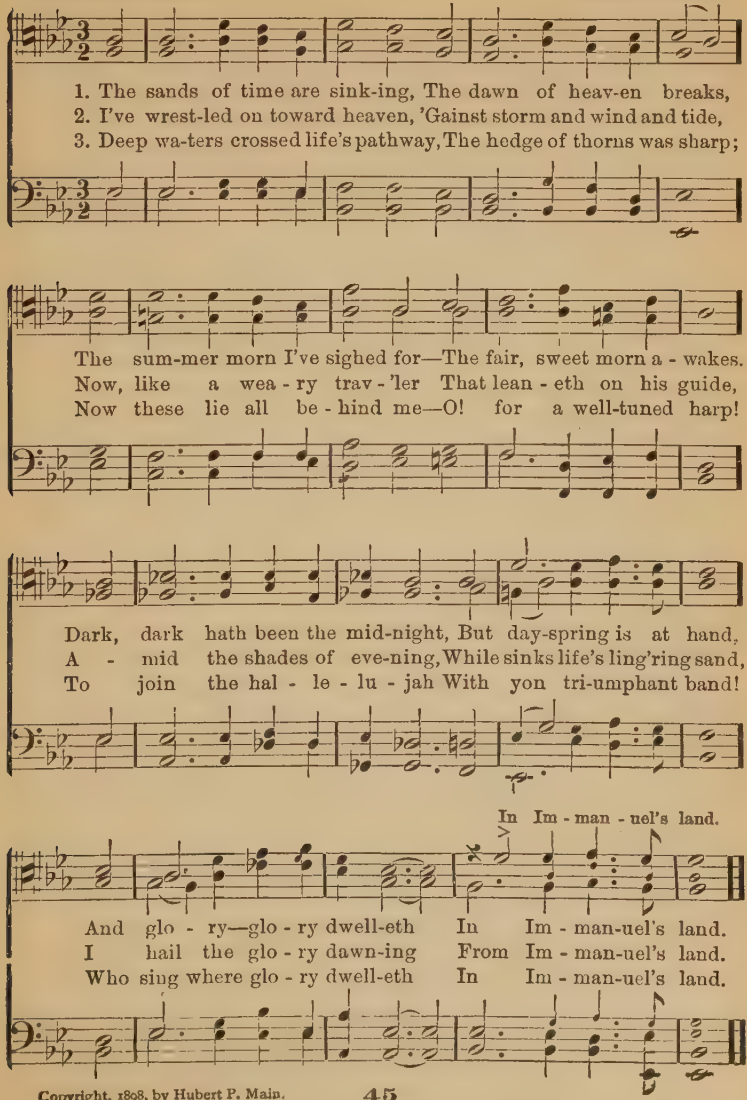
## No. 42. The Sands of Time are Sinking.

ANNIE R. COUSIN. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. The sands of time are sink-ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks,
2. I've wrest-led on toward heaven, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,
3. Deep wa-ters crossed life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp;
The sum-mer morn I've sighed for—The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.
Now, like a wea - ry trav - 'ler That lean - eth on his guide,
Now these lie all be - hind me—O! for a well-tuned harp!
Dark, dark hath been the mid-night, But day-spring is at hand,
A - mid the shades of eve-ning, While sinks life's ling'ring sand,
To join the hal - le - lu - jah With yon tri-umphant band!
In Im - man - uel's land.
And glo - ry—glo - ry dwell-eth In Im - man-uel's land.
I hail the glo - ry dawn-ing From Im - man-uel's land.
Who sing where glo - ry dwell-eth In Im - man-uel's land.

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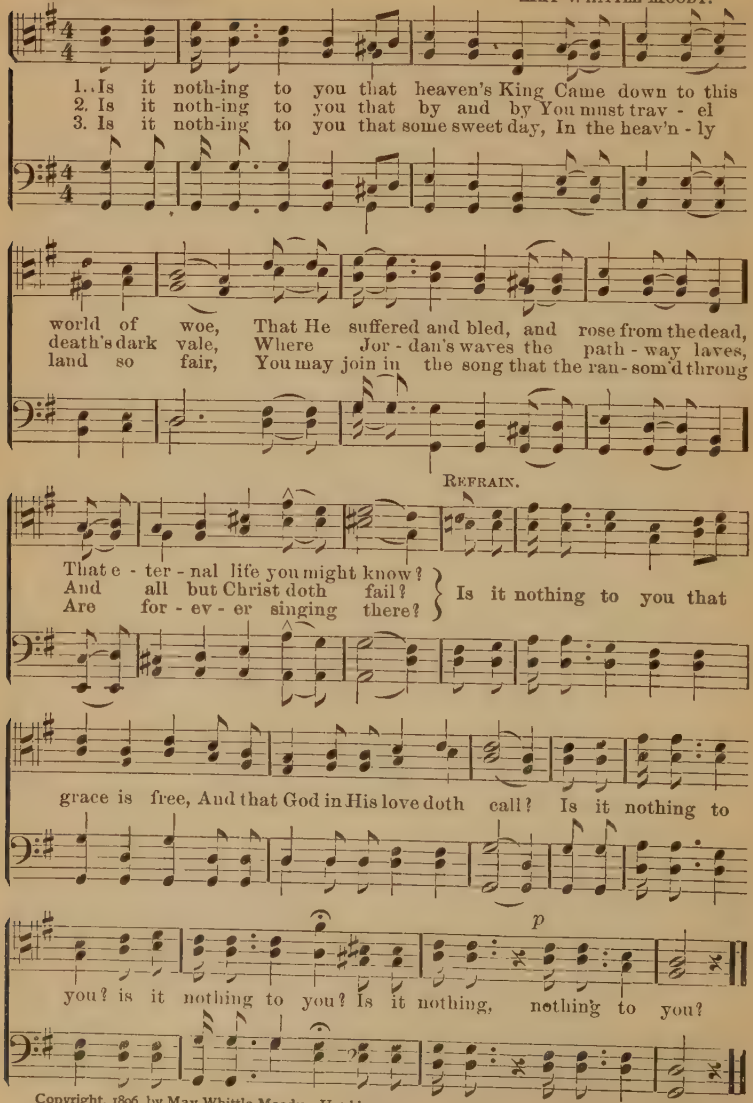
## No. 43. Is it Nothing to You?

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.


1. Is it noth-ing to you that heaven's King Came down to this
2. Is it noth-ing to you that by and by You must trav - el
3. Is it noth-ing to you that some sweet day, In the heav'n - ly
world of woe, That He suffered and bled, and rose from the dead,
death's dark vale, Where Jor - dan's waves the path - way laves,
land so fair, You may join in the song that the ran - som'd throng
REFRAIN.
That e - ter - nal life you might know?
And all but Christ doth fail?
Are for - ev - er singing there?
Is it nothing to you that
grace is free, And that God in His love doth call? Is it nothing to
p
you? is it nothing to you? Is it nothing, nothing to you?

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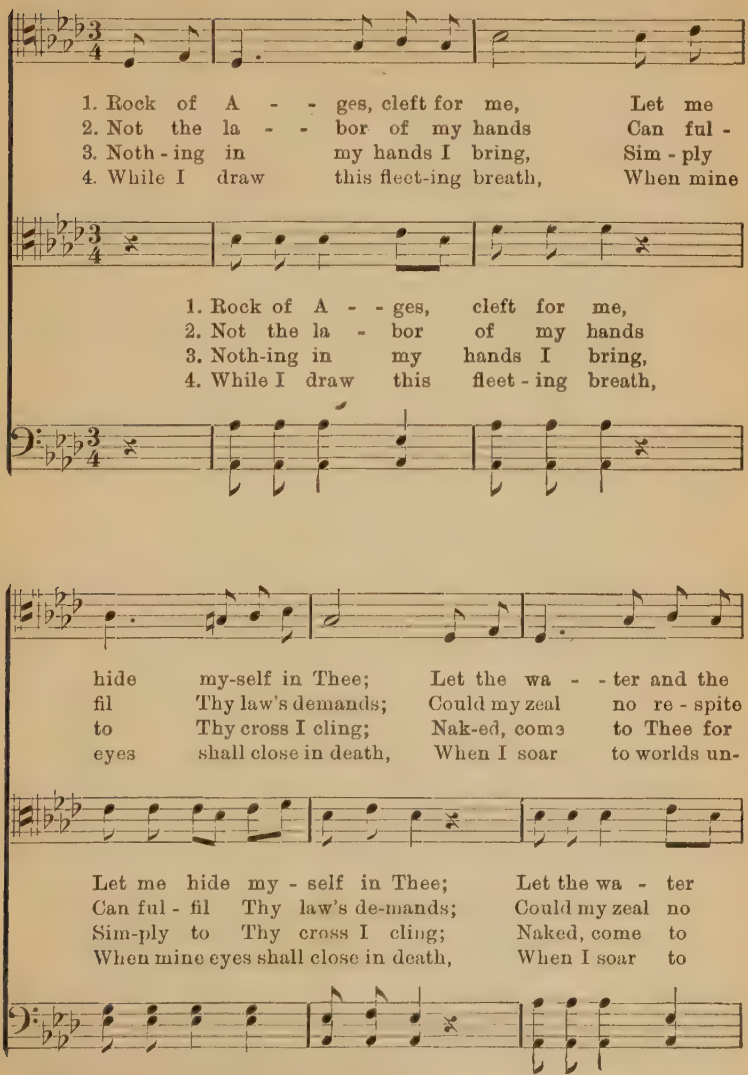
## No. 44. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me, Let me
2. Not the la - - bor of my hands Can ful -
3. Noth - ing in my hands I bring, Sim - ply
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine
1. Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me,
2. Not the la - bor of my hands
3. Noth-ing in my hands I bring,
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath,
hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - - ter and the
fil Thy law's demands; Could my zeal no re - spite
to Thy cross I cling; Nak-ed, come to Thee for
eyes shall close in death, When I soar to worlds un-
Let me hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter
Can ful - fil Thy law's de-mands; Could my zeal no
Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling; Naked, come to
When mine eyes shall close in death, When I soar to

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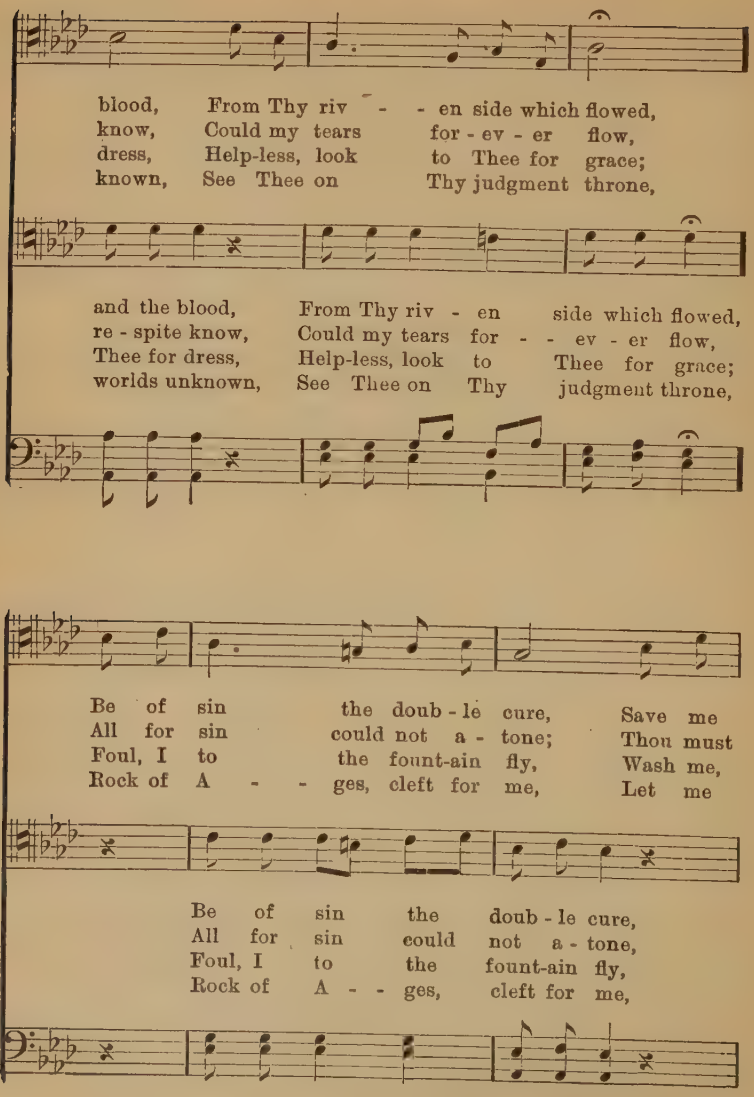
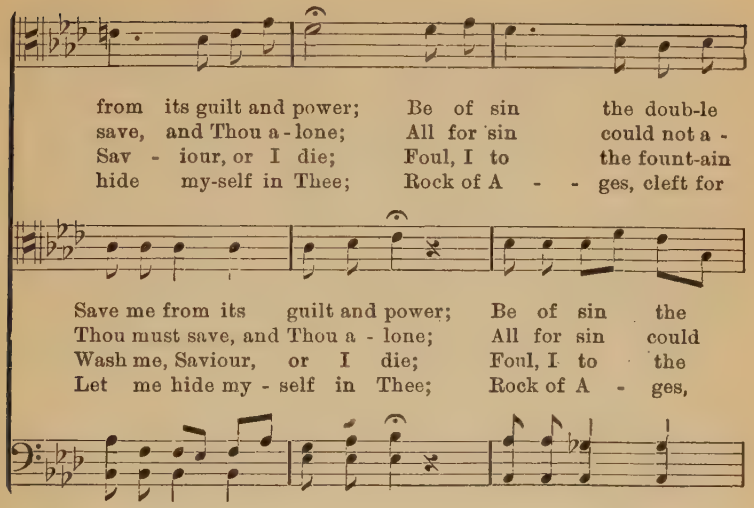
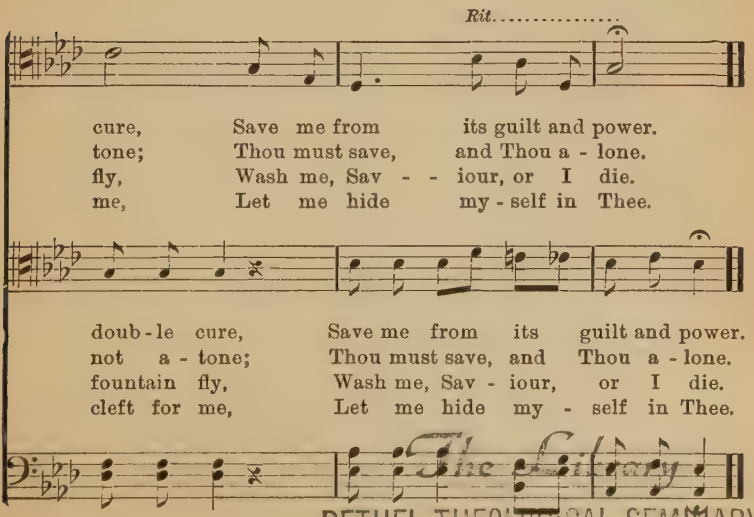

blood, From Thy riv - - en side which flowed,
know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
dress, Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
re - spite know, Could my tears for - - ev - er flow,
Thee for dress, Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must
Foul, I to the fount-ain fly, Wash me,
Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me, Let me
Be of sin the doub - le cure,
All for sin could not a - tone,
Foul, I to the fount-ain fly,
Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me,


from its guilt and power; Be of sin the doub-le
save, and Thou a-lone; All for sin could not a-
Sav - iour, or I die; Foul, I to the fount-ain
hide my-self in Thee; Rock of A - - ges, cleft for
Save me from its guilt and power; Be of sin the
Thou must save, and Thou a - lone; All for sin could
Wash me, Saviour, or I die; Foul, I to the
Let me hide my - self in Thee; Rock of A - ges,


Rit.
cure, Save me from its guilt and power.
tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
fly, Wash me, Sav - - iour, or I die.
me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.
doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and power.
not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
fountain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

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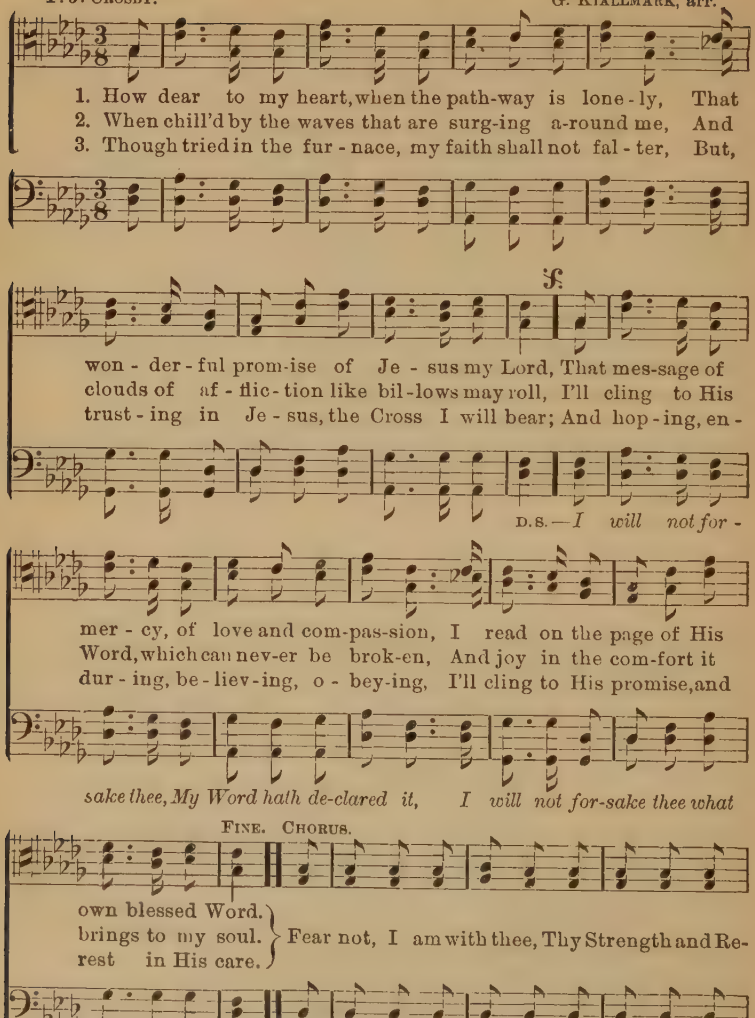
## No. 45. How Dear to my Heart.

F. J. CROSBY. G. KIALLMARK, arr.


1. How dear to my heart, when the path-way is lone-ly, That
2. When chill'd by the waves that are surg-ing a-round me, And
3. Though tried in the fur-nace, my faith shall not fal-ter, But,
won-der-ful prom-ise of Je-sus my Lord, That mes-sage of
clouds of af-flic-tion like bil-lows may roll, I'll cling to His
trust-ing in Je-sus, the Cross I will bear; And hop-ing, en-
D.S.—I will not for-
mer-cy, of love and com-pas-sion, I read on the page of His
Word, which can nev-er be brok-en, And joy in the com-fort it
dur-ing, be-liev-ing, o-bey-ing, I'll cling to His promise, and
sake thee, My Word hath de-clared it, I will not for-sake thee what
FINE. CHORUS.
own blessed Word.
brings to my soul.
rest in His care.
Fear not, I am with thee, Thy Strength and Re-
ev-er be-tide.

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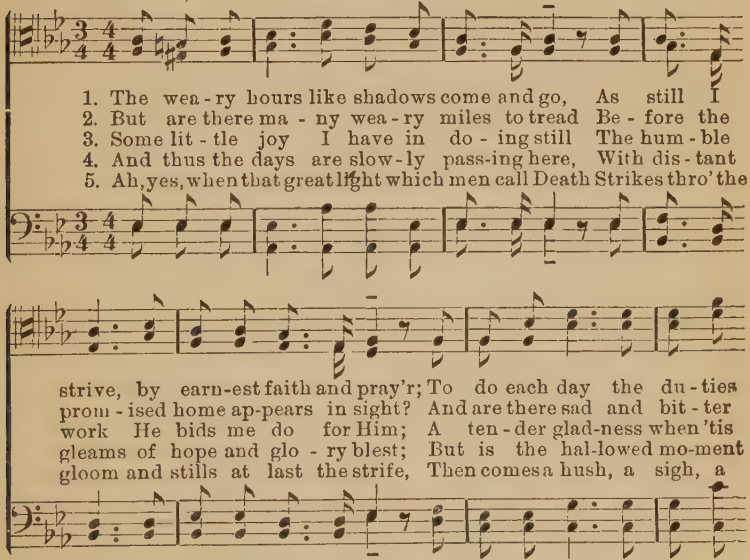
## No. 46. How Long?

SARAH DOUDNEY, arr. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. The wea-ry hours like shadows come and go, As still I
2. But are there ma-ny wea-ry miles to tread Be-fore the
3. Some lit-tle joy I have in do-ing still The hum-ble
4. And thus the days are slow-ly pass-ing here, With dis-tant
5. Ah, yes, when that great light which men call Death Strikes thro' the
strive, by earn-est faith and pray'r; To do each day the du-ties
prom-ised home ap-pears in sight? And are there sad and bit-ter
work He bids me do for Him; A ten-der glad-ness when 'tis
gleams of hope and glo-ry blest; But is the hal-lowed mo-ment
gloom and stills at last the strife, Then comes a hush, a sigh, a
that I know, And bear the Cross my Sav-iour bids me bear.
tears to shed Ere we shall meet in realms of end-less light?
mine to fill A-gain some emp-ty chal-ice to the brim.
drawing near When we shall meet a-gain in end-less rest?
fleeting breath, And we shall meet a-gain in end-less life.

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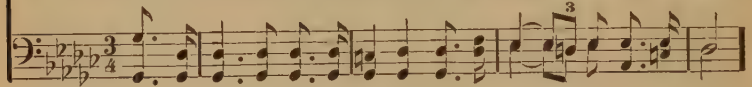
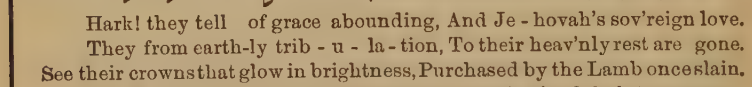
## No. 47. Who are These?

ANNA SHIPTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

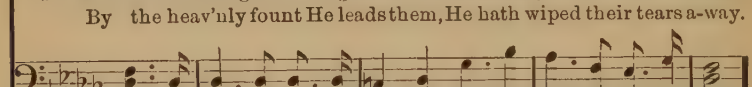
1. Who are these whose songs are sounding O'er the golden harps a-bove?
2. Who are these that keep their station Round the great e-ter-nal throne?
3. See their robes of dazzling whiteness, Without blem - ish spot or stain;
4. 'Tis the Lamb of God who leads them, And they serve Him night and day,



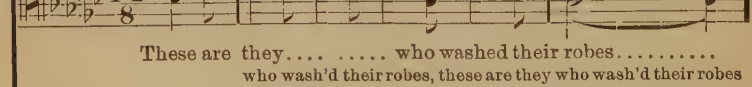
Hark! they tell of grace abounding, And Je - hovah's sov'reign love.
They from earth-ly trib - u - la - tion, To their heav'nly rest are gone.
See their crowns that glow in brightness, Purchased by the Lamb once slain.
By the heav'nly fount He leads them, He hath wiped their tears a-way.



*f* CHORUS.



These are they.... ..... who washed their robes.....
who wash'd their robes, these are they who wash'd their robes



And made them white..... in the blood of the
white, and made them white in the

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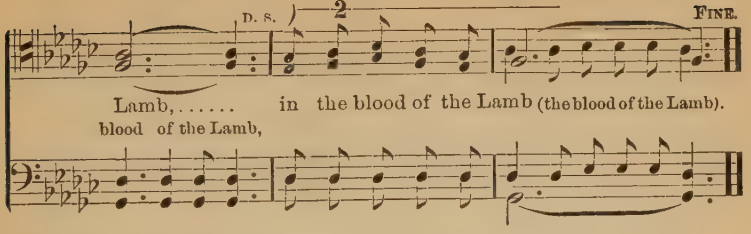
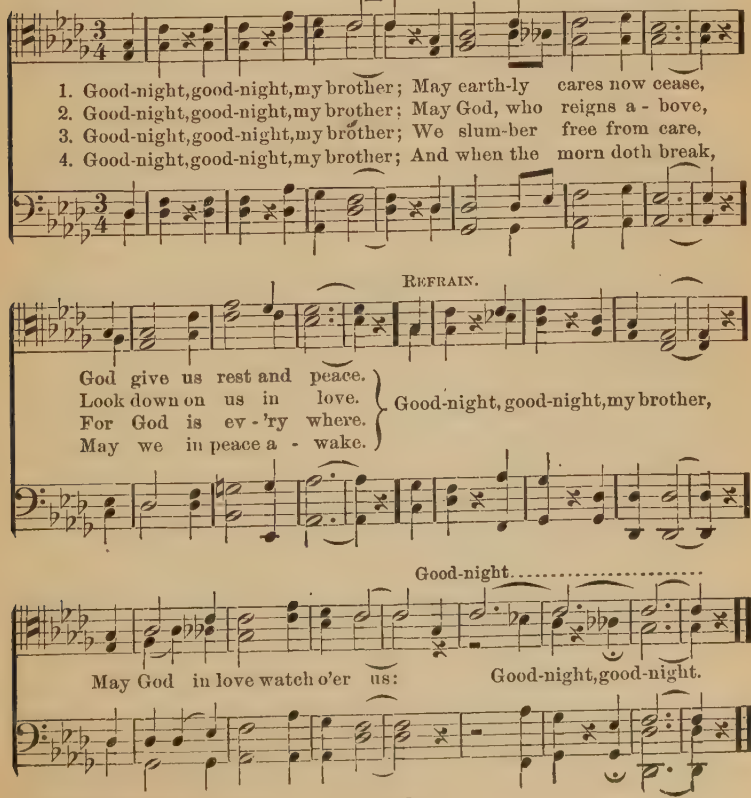



## No. 48. Good-night, my Brother.

F. J. C. H.

HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. Good-night, good-night, my brother; May earth-ly cares now cease,
2. Good-night, good-night, my brother; May God, who reigns a - bove,
3. Good-night, good-night, my brother; We slum-ber free from care,
4. Good-night, good-night, my brother; And when the morn doth break,
REFRAIN.
God give us rest and peace.
Look down on us in love.
For God is ev - 'ry where.
May we in peace a - wake.
Good-night, good-night, my brother,
Good-night. . . . . .
May God in love watch o'er us:
Good-night, good-night.

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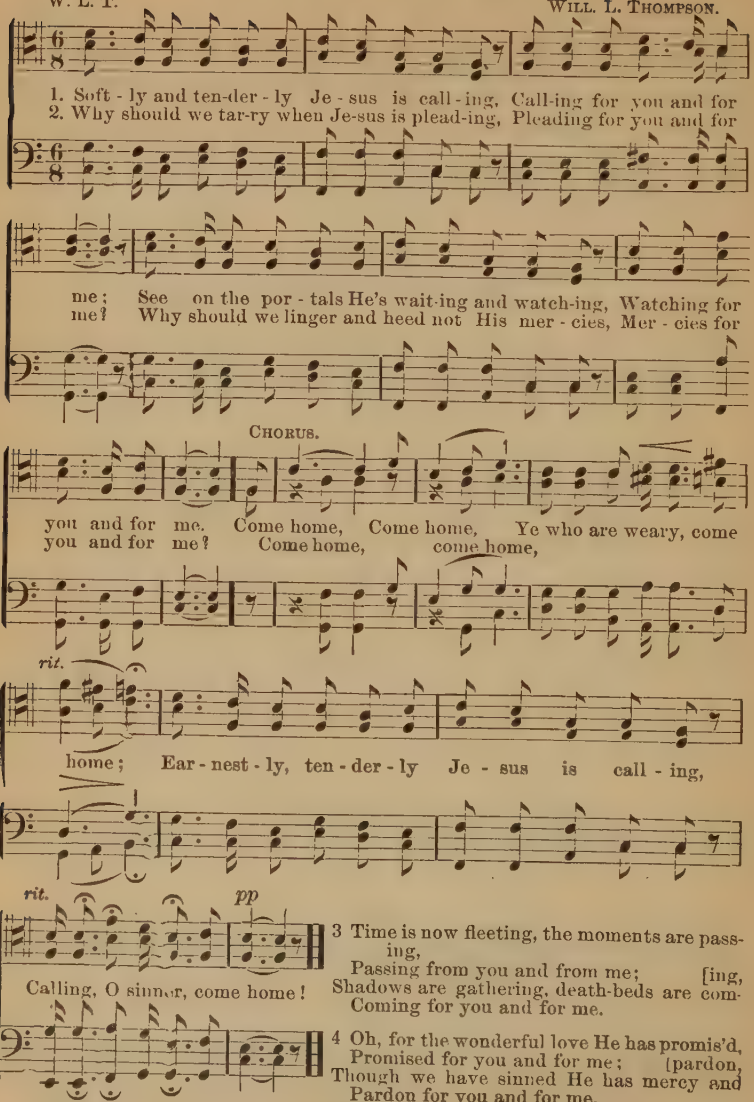
No. 49

# For You and for Me.

W. L. T. WILL. L. THOMPSON.


1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing for you and for
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for
me; See on the por - tals He's wait-ing and watch-ing, Watching for
me? Why should we linger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for
CHORUS.
you and for me. Come home, Come home, Ye who are weary, come
you and for me? Come home, come home,
rit.
home; Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing,
rit. pp
Calling, O sinner, come home!

3 Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,
Passing from you and from me; [ing,
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming
Coming for you and for me.

4 Oh, for the wonderful love He has promis'd,
Promised for you and for me; [pardon,
Though we have sinned He has mercy and
Pardon for you and for me.

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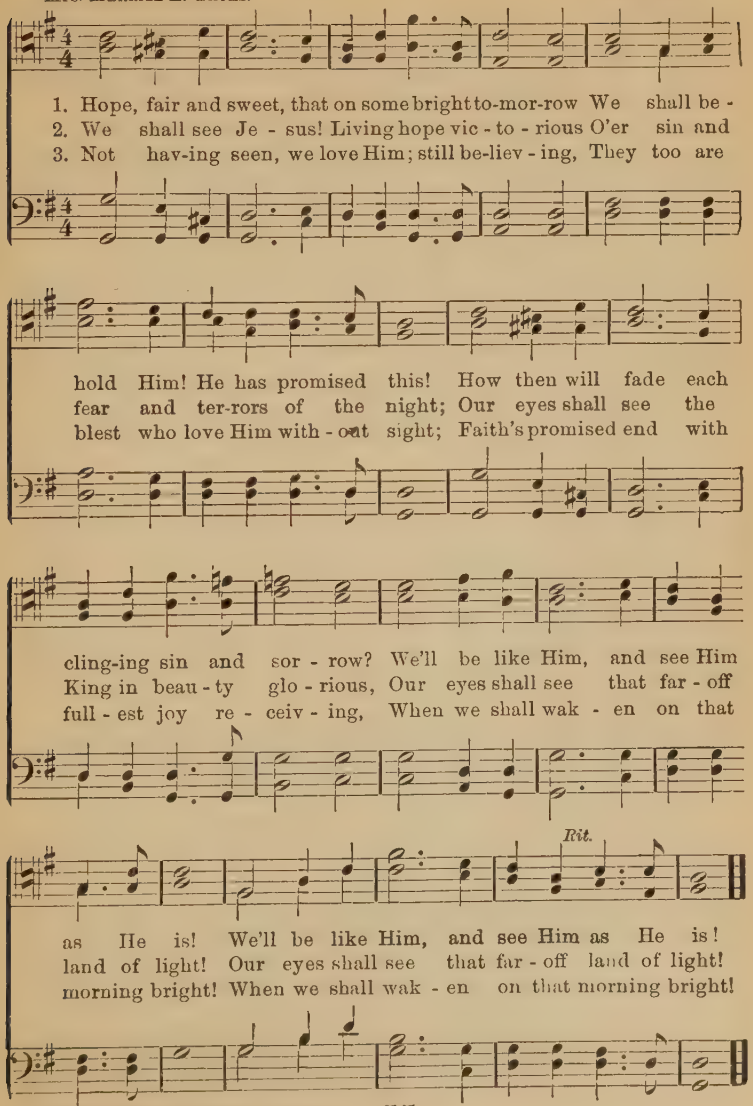
## No. 50. The Christian's Hope.

Mrs. MERRILL E. GATES. J. H. BURKE.


1. Hope, fair and sweet, that on some bright to-mor-row We shall be -
2. We shall see Je - sus! Living hope vic - to - rious O'er sin and
3. Not hav-ing seen, we love Him; still be-liev - ing, They too are
hold Him! He has promised this! How then will fade each
fear and ter-rors of the night; Our eyes shall see the
blest who love Him with - out sight; Faith's promised end with
cling-ing sin and sor - row? We'll be like Him, and see Him
King in beau - ty glo - rious, Our eyes shall see that far - off
full - est joy re - ceiv - ing, When we shall wak - en on that
Rit.
as He is! We'll be like Him, and see Him as He is!
land of light! Our eyes shall see that far - off land of light!
morning bright! When we shall wak - en on that morning bright!

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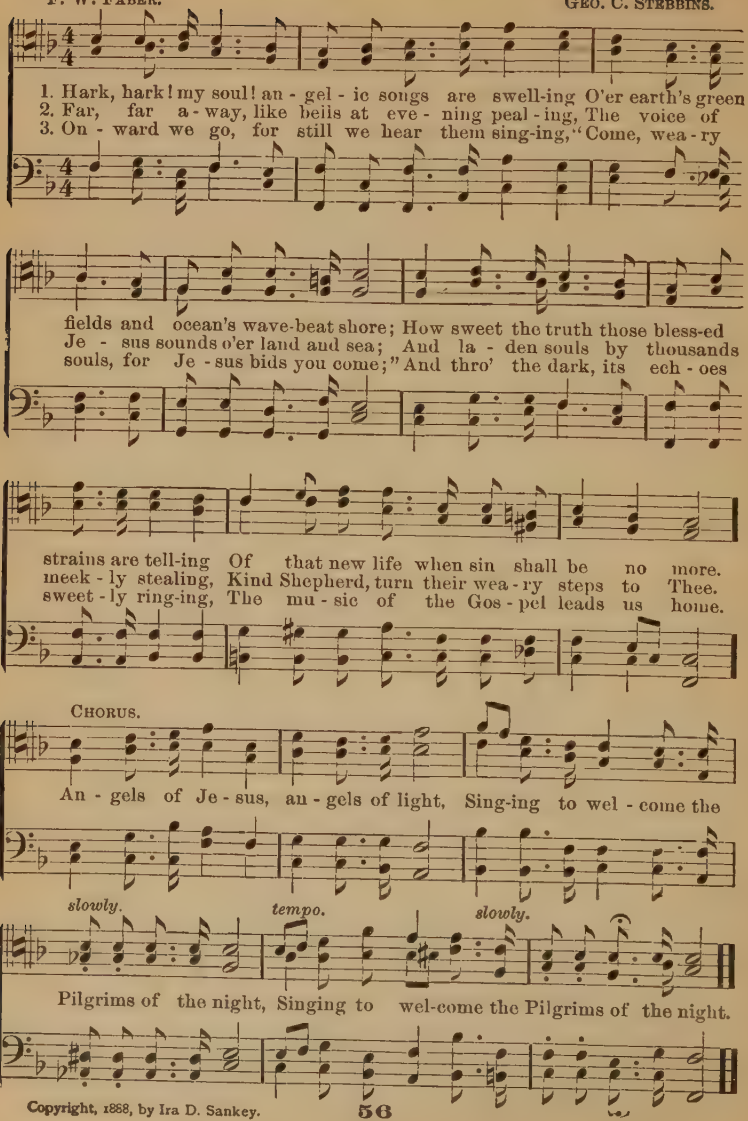
## No. 51. Pilgrims of Night.

F. W. FABER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Hark, hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green
2. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of
3. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, wea - ry
fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed
Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls by thousands
souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech - oes
strains are tell-ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
meek - ly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.
sweet - ly ring-ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.
CHORUS.
An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing-ing to wel - come the
slowly.
tempo.
slowly.
Pilgrims of the night, Singing to wel-come the Pilgrims of the night.

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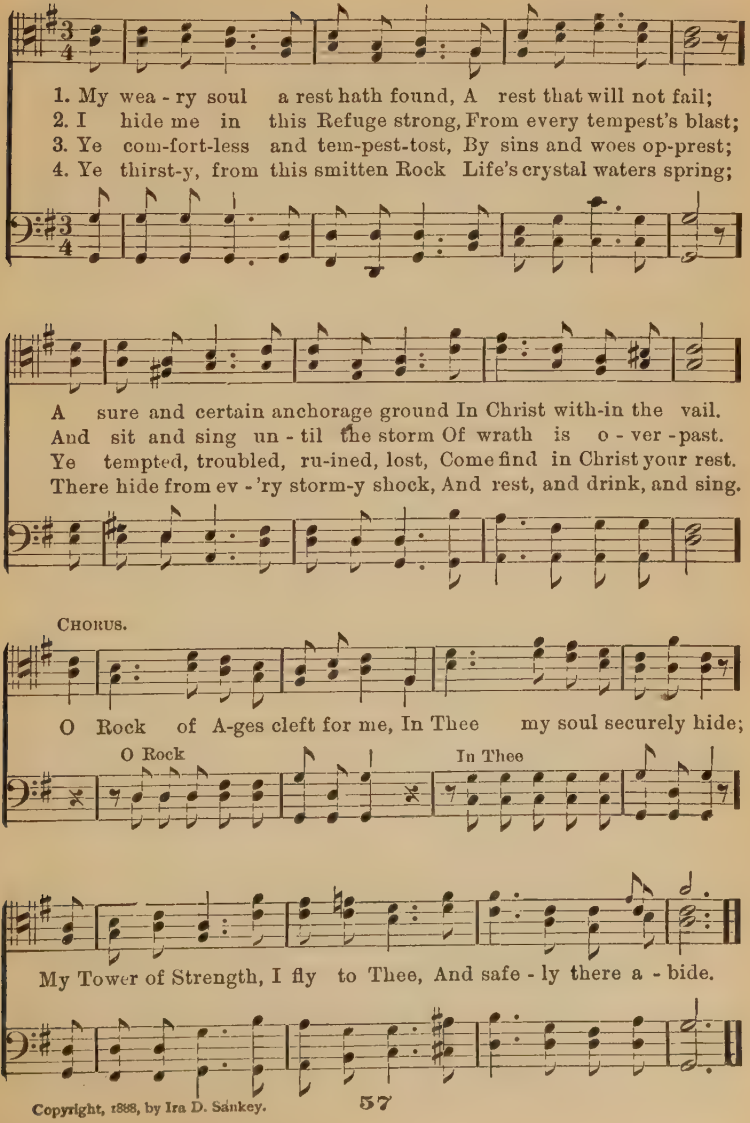
## No. 52. O Rock of Ages.

H. L. HASTINGS, by per. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. My wea - ry soul a rest hath found, A rest that will not fail;
2. I hide me in this Refuge strong, From every tempest's blast;
3. Ye com-fort-less and tem-pest-tost, By sins and woes op-prest;
4. Ye thirst-y, from this smitten Rock Life's crystal waters spring;
A sure and certain anchorage ground In Christ with-in the vail.
And sit and sing un - til the storm Of wrath is o - ver - past.
Ye tempted, troubled, ru-ined, lost, Come find in Christ your rest.
There hide from ev - 'ry storm-y shock, And rest, and drink, and sing.
CHORUS.
O Rock of A-ges cleft for me, In Thee my soul securely hide;
O Rock
In Thee
My Tower of Strength, I fly to Thee, And safe - ly there a - bide.

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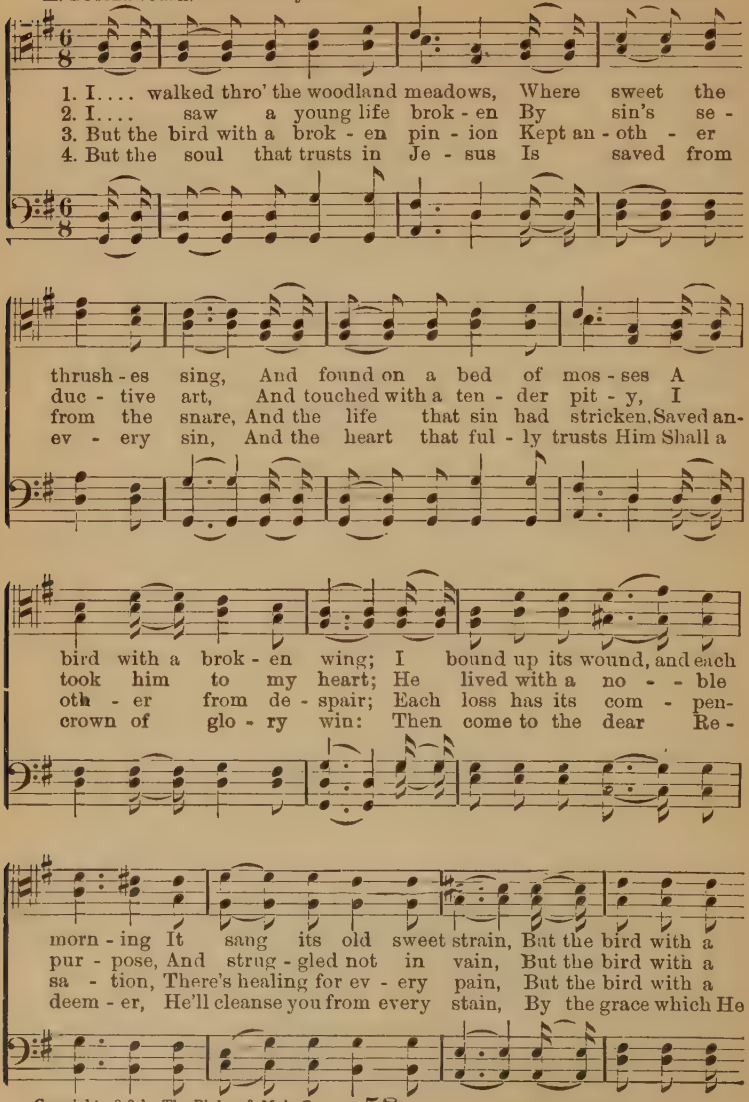
## No. 53. Bird with a Broken Wing.

H. BUTTERWORTH, last verse by P. B. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. I.... walked thro' the woodland meadows, Where sweet the
2. I.... saw a young life brok - en By sin's se -
3. But the bird with a brok - en pin - ion Kept an - oth - er
4. But the soul that trusts in Je - sus Is saved from
thrush - es sing, And found on a bed of mos - ses A
duc - tive art, And touched with a ten - der pit - y, I
from the snare, And the life that sin had stricken, Saved an-
ev - ery sin, And the heart that ful - ly trusts Him Shall a
bird with a brok - en wing; I bound up its wound, and each
took him to my heart; He lived with a no - - ble
oth - er from de - spair; Each loss has its com - pen-
crown of glo - ry win: Then come to the dear Re -
morn - ing It sang its old sweet strain, But the bird with a
pur - pose, And strug - gled not in vain, But the bird with a
sa - tion, There's healing for ev - ery pain, But the bird with a
deem - er, He'll cleanse you from every stain, By the grace which He

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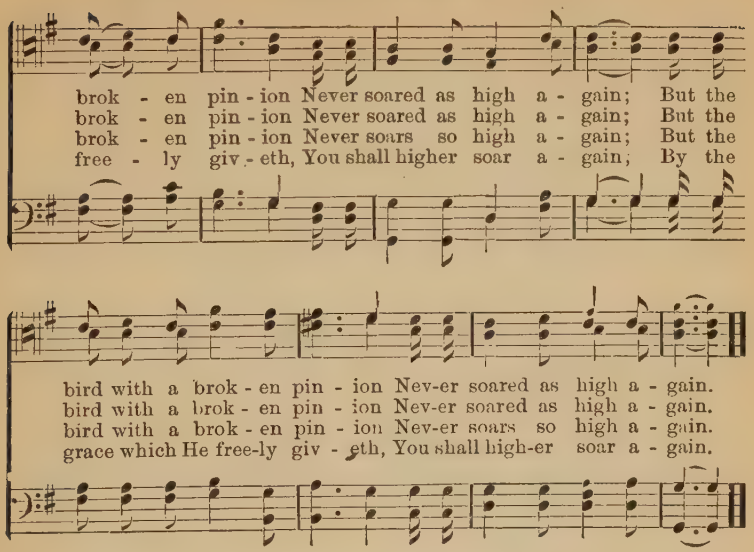
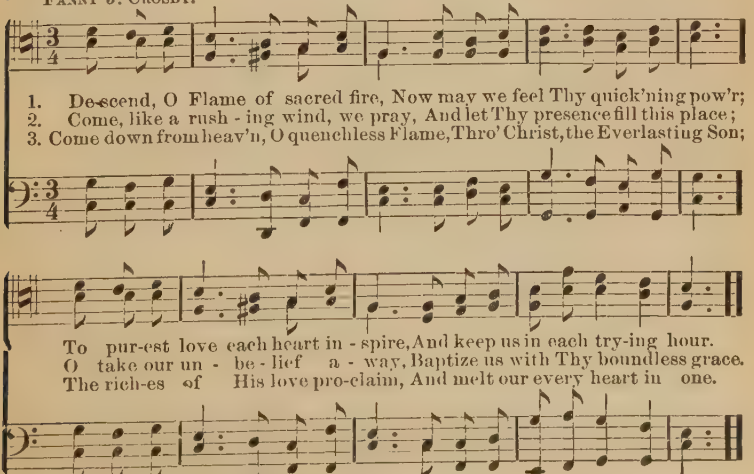
## Bird with a Broken Wing.—*Concluded.*


brok - en pin - ion Never soared as high a - gain; But the
brok - en pin - ion Never soared as high a - gain; But the
brok - en pin - ion Never soars so high a - gain; But the
free - ly giv - eth, You shall higher soar a - gain; By the
bird with a brok - en pin - ion Nev-er soared as high a - gain.
bird with a brok - en pin - ion Nev-er soared as high a - gain.
bird with a brok - en pin - ion Nev-er soars so high a - gain.
grace which He free-ly giv - eth, You shall high-er soar a - gain.

## No. 54. Descend, O Flame.

FANNY J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. De-scend, O Flame of sacred fire, Now may we feel Thy quick'ning pow'r;
2. Come, like a rush - ing wind, we pray, And let Thy presence fill this place;
3. Come down from heav'n, O quenchless Flame, Thro' Christ, the Everlasting Son;
To pur-est love each heart in - spire, And keep us in each try-ing hour.
O take our un - be - lief a - way, Baptize us with Thy boundless grace.
The rich-es of His love pro-claim, And melt our every heart in one.

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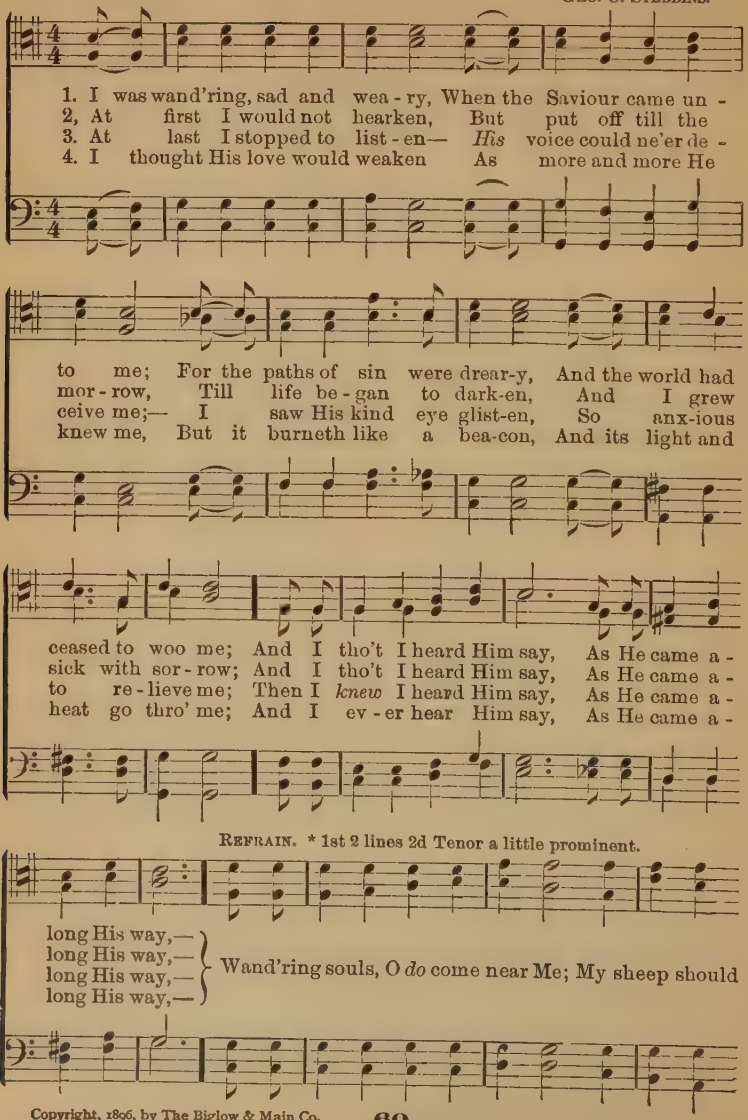
## No. 55. The Shepherd True.

F. W. FABER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. I was wand'ring, sad and wea - ry, When the Saviour came un -
2, At first I would not hearken, But put off till the
3. At last I stopped to list - en— *His* voice could ne'er de -
4. I thought His love would weaken As more and more He
to me; For the paths of sin were drear-y, And the world had
mor - row, Till life be - gan to dark-en, And I grew
ceive me;— I saw His kind eye glist-en, So anx-ious
knew me, But it burneth like a bea-con, And its light and
ceased to woo me; And I tho't I heard Him say, As He came a -
sick with sor - row; And I tho't I heard Him say, As He came a -
to re - lieve me; Then I *knew* I heard Him say, As He came a -
heat go thro' me; And I ev - er hear Him say, As He came a -
REFRAIN. * 1st 2 lines 2d Tenor a little prominent.
long His way,—
long His way,—
long His way,—
long His way,—
Wand'ring souls, O *do* come near Me; My sheep should

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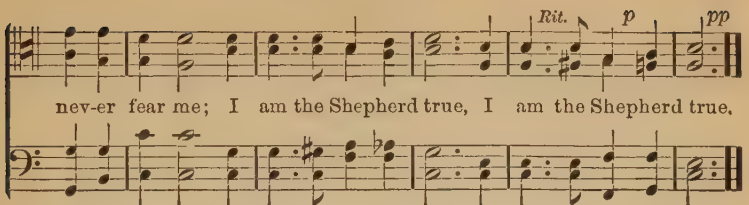
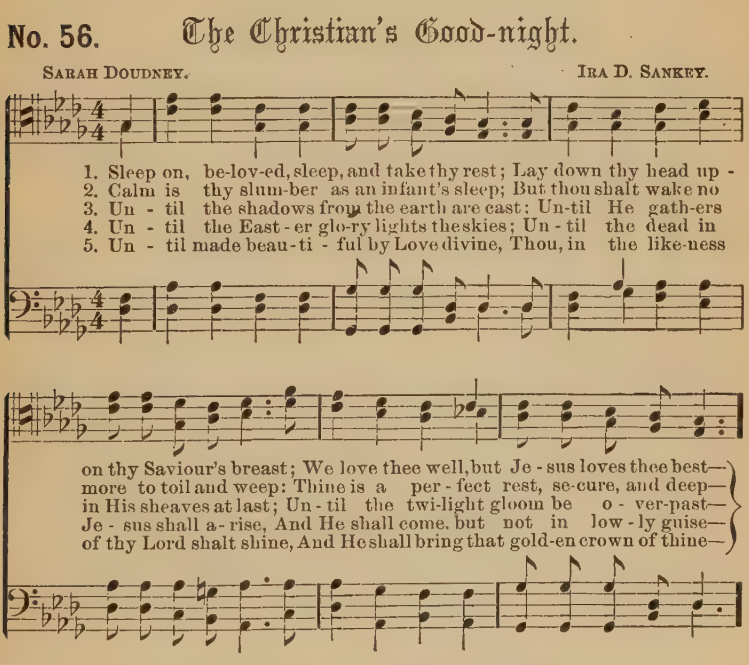
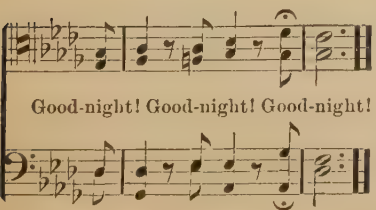



## No. 56. The Christian's Good-night.

SARAH DOUDNEY. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Sleep on, be-lov-ed, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay down thy head up -
2. Calm is thy slum-ber as an infant's sleep; But thou shalt wake no
3. Un - til the shadows from the earth are cast: Un-til He gath-ers
4. Un - til the East - er glo-ry lights the skies; Un - til the dead in
5. Un - til made beau-ti - ful by Love divine, Thou, in the like-ness
on thy Saviour's breast; We love thee well, but Je - sus loves thee best—
more to toil and weep: Thine is a per - fect rest, se-cure, and deep—
in His sheaves at last; Un - til the twi-light gloom be o - ver-past—
Je - sus shall a - rise, And He shall come, but not in low - ly guise—
of thy Lord shalt shine, And He shall bring that gold-en crown of thine—




6 Only "good-night," beloved—not "farewell!" [dwell
A little while, and all His saints shall
In hallowed union, indivisible—
Good-night!

7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—
Good-night!

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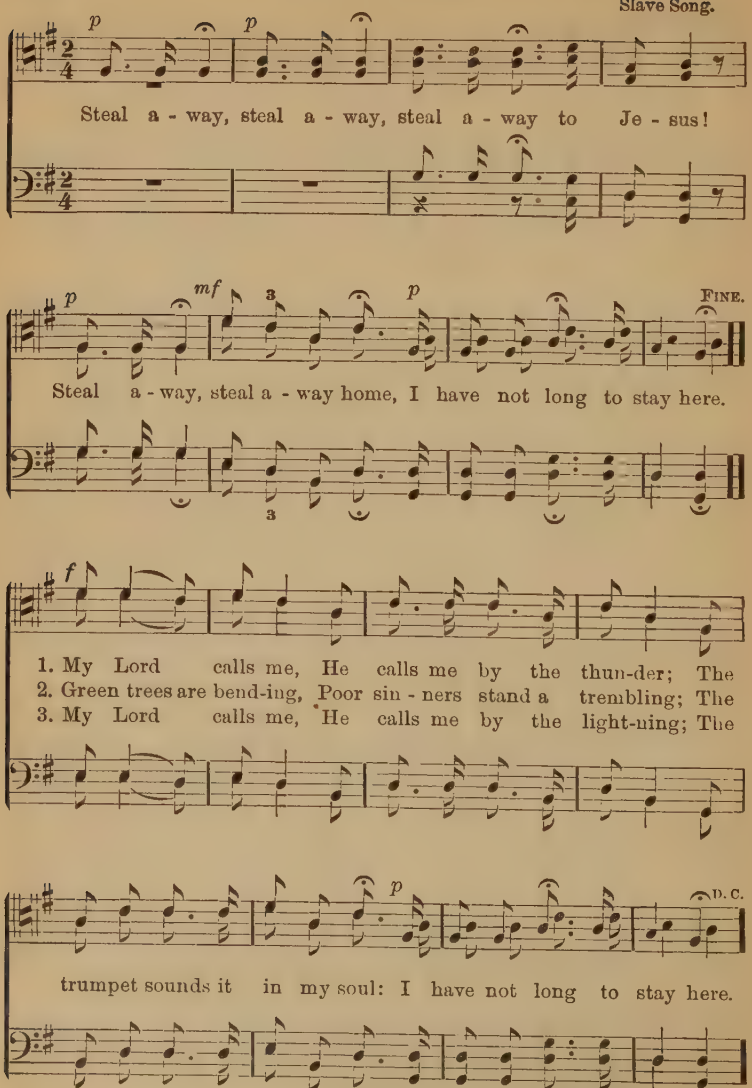
No. 57.

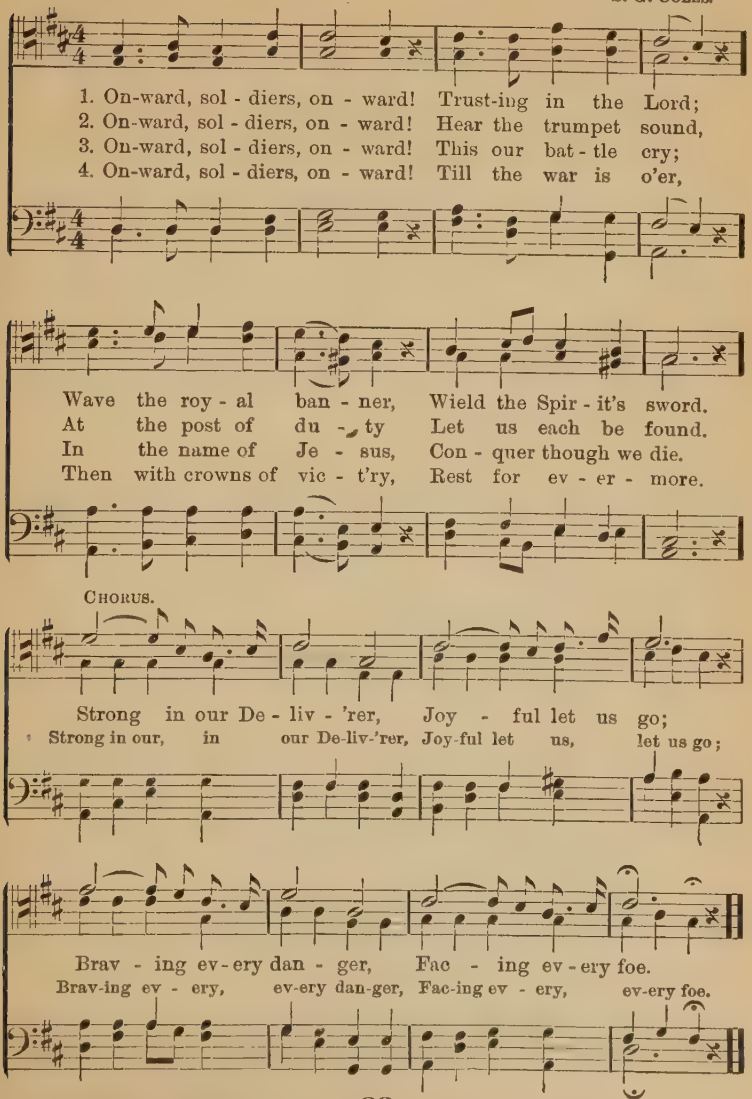
# Steal Away!

Slave Song.


p
p
Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!
p
mf
3
p
FINE.
Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I have not long to stay here.
3
f
1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun-der; The
2. Green trees are bend-ing, Poor sin - ners stand a trembling; The
3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light-ning; The
p
D. C.
trumpet sounds it in my soul: I have not long to stay here.

## No. 58. Onward, Soldiers, Onward.

F. J. CROSBY. S. G. COLES.


1. On-ward, sol - diers, on - ward! Trust-ing in the Lord;
2. On-ward, sol - diers, on - ward! Hear the trumpet sound,
3. On-ward, sol - diers, on - ward! This our bat - tle cry;
4. On-ward, sol - diers, on - ward! Till the war is o'er,
Wave the roy - al ban - ner, Wield the Spir - it's sword.
At the post of du - ty Let us each be found.
In the name of Je - sus, Con - quer though we die.
Then with crowns of vic - t'ry, Rest for ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
Strong in our De - liv - 'rer, Joy - ful let us go;
Strong in our, in our De-liv-'rer, Joy-ful let us, let us go;
Brav - ing ev - ery dan - ger, Fac - ing ev - ery foe.
Brav-ing ev - ery, ev-ery dan-ger, Fac-ing ev - ery, ev-ery foe.

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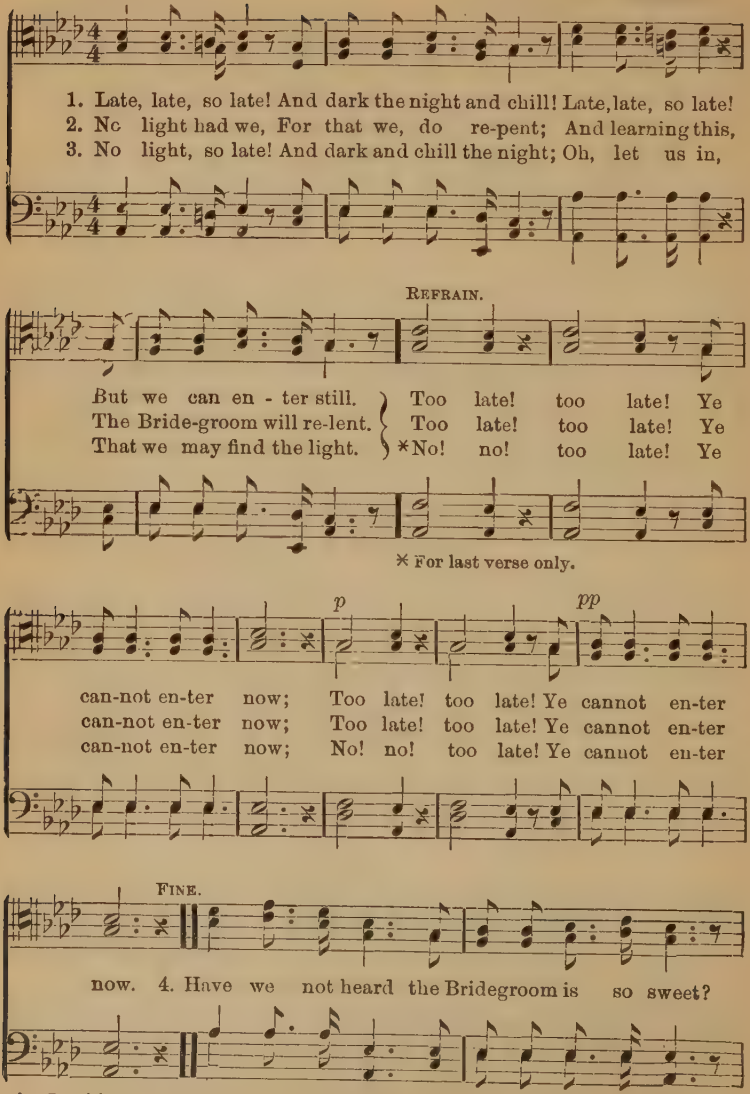
## No. 59. Too Late.

ALFRED TENNYSON. Arr. from Mrs. J. W. LINDSAY.


1. Late, late, so late! And dark the night and chill! Late, late, so late!
2. No light had we, For that we, do re-pent; And learning this,
3. No light, so late! And dark and chill the night; Oh, let us in,
REFRAIN.
But we can en - ter still. Too late! too late! Ye
The Bride-groom will re-lent. Too late! too late! Ye
That we may find the light. *No! no! too late! Ye
* For last verse only.
p
pp
can-not en-ter now; Too late! too late! Ye cannot en-ter
can-not en-ter now; Too late! too late! Ye cannot en-ter
can-not en-ter now; No! no! too late! Ye cannot en-ter
FINE.
now. 4. Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?

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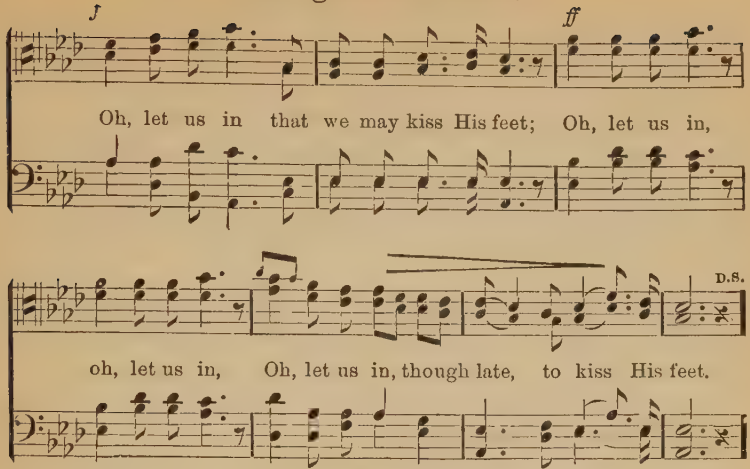
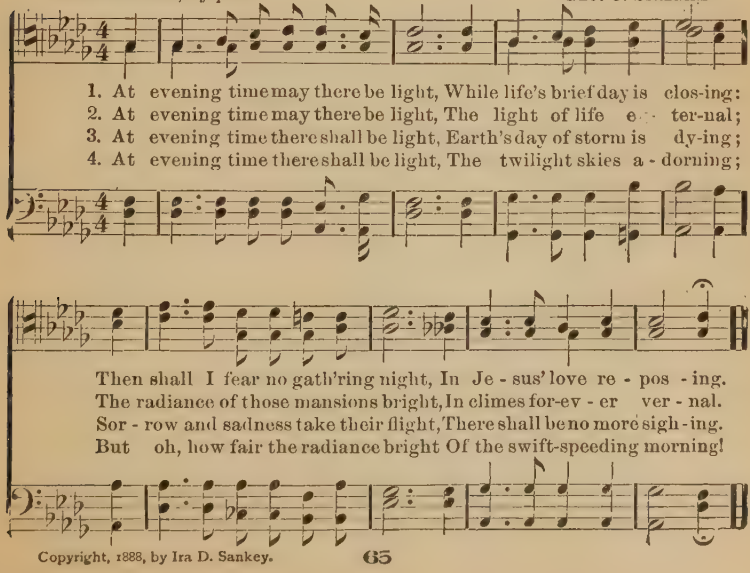
## Too Late.—*Concluded.*




## No. 60. Evening Time.

H. L. HASTINGS, by per. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. At evening time may there be light, While life's brief day is clos-ing:
2. At evening time may there be light, The light of life e - ter-nal;
3. At evening time there shall be light, Earth's day of storm is dy-ing;
4. At evening time there shall be light, The twilight skies a - dorning;
Then shall I fear no gath'ring night, In Je - sus' love re - pos - ing.
The radiance of those mansions bright, In climes for-ev - er ver - nal.
Sor - row and sadness take their flight, There shall be no more sigh - ing.
But oh, how fair the radiance bright Of the swift-speeding morning!

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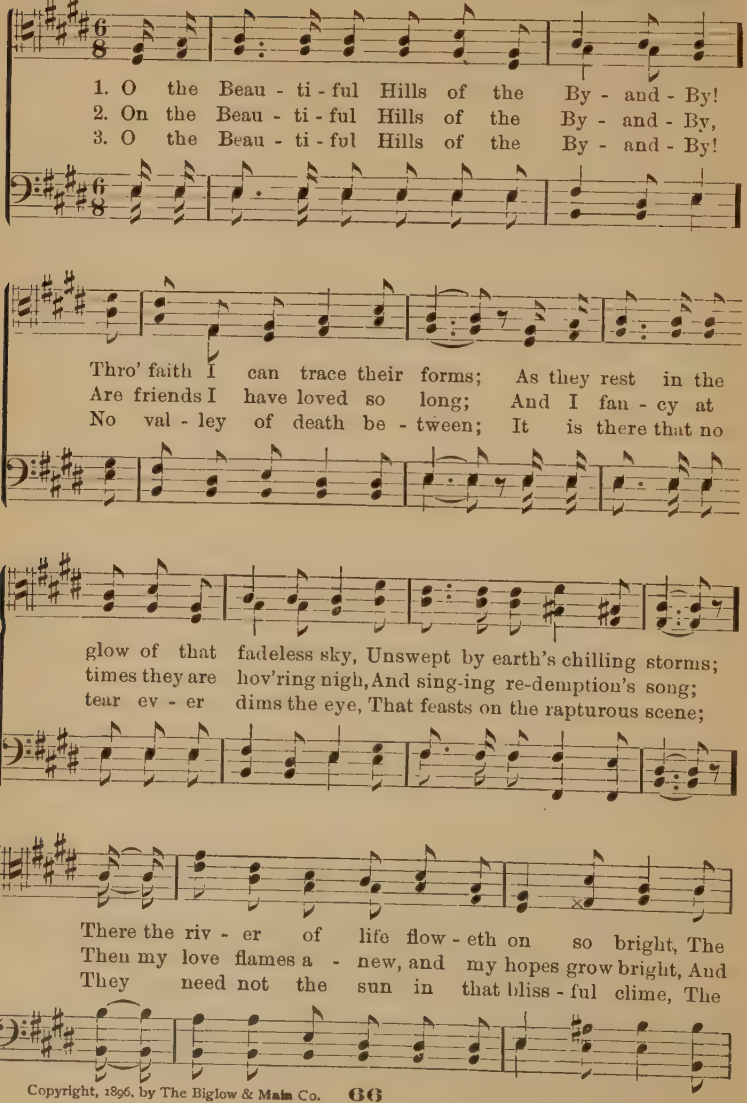
## No 61. The Beautiful Hills.

JOHN H. YATES. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. O the Beau - ti - ful Hills of the By - and - By!
2. On the Beau - ti - ful Hills of the By - and - By,
3. O the Beau - ti - ful Hills of the By - and - By!
Thro' faith I can trace their forms; As they rest in the
Are friends I have loved so long; And I fan - cy at
No val - ley of death be - tween; It is there that no
glow of that fadeless sky, Unswept by earth's chilling storms;
times they are hov'ring nigh, And sing-ing re-demption's song;
tear ev - er dims the eye, That feasts on the rapturous scene;
There the riv - er of life flow - eth on so bright, The
Then my love flames a - new, and my hopes grow bright, And
They need not the sun in that bliss - ful clime, The

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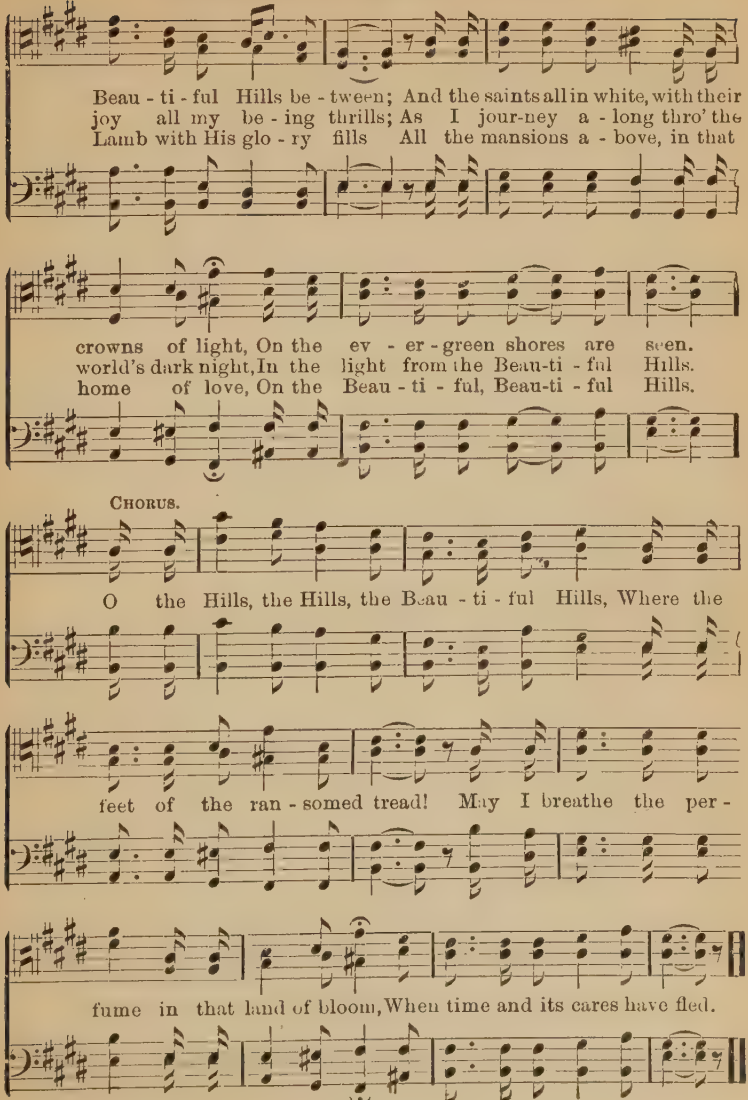
Beau - ti - ful Hills be - tween; And the saints all in white, with their
joy all my be - ing thrills; As I jour-ney a - long thro' the
Lamb with His glo - ry fills All the mansions a - bove, in that
crowns of light, On the ev - er - green shores are seen.
world's dark night, In the light from the Beau-ti - ful Hills.
home of love, On the Beau - ti - ful, Beau-ti - ful Hills.
Chorus.
O the Hills, the Hills, the Beau - ti - ful Hills, Where the
feet of the ran - somed tread! May I breathe the per -
fume in that land of bloom, When time and its cares have fled.

## No. 62. Blue Galilee.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

When pearl - y moon - beams
1. When pearl - y moon - - - - - beams si - lent-
2. Up - on thy waves (Up - on Thy waves), blue Gal - i
3. Lord, when our hearts (Lord, when our hearts) are bowed with
ly (all si - lent - ly) Are fall - ing on (Are fall - ing on)
lee (blue Gal - i - lee), I see a bark (I see a bark)
woe (are bowed with woe), May faith blot out (May faith blot out)
the sil - ver sea (the sil - - ver sea), 'Tis then in
toss rest - less - ly (toss rest - less - ly), And hear that
our ev - ery ill (our ev - ery ill), And may we
dreams ('Tis then in dreams) O Lord, with Thee (O Lord, with Thee),
voice (And hear that voice) up - on the sea (up - on the sea),
clos - - - - er come to Thee.....
And may we come, come close to Thee,

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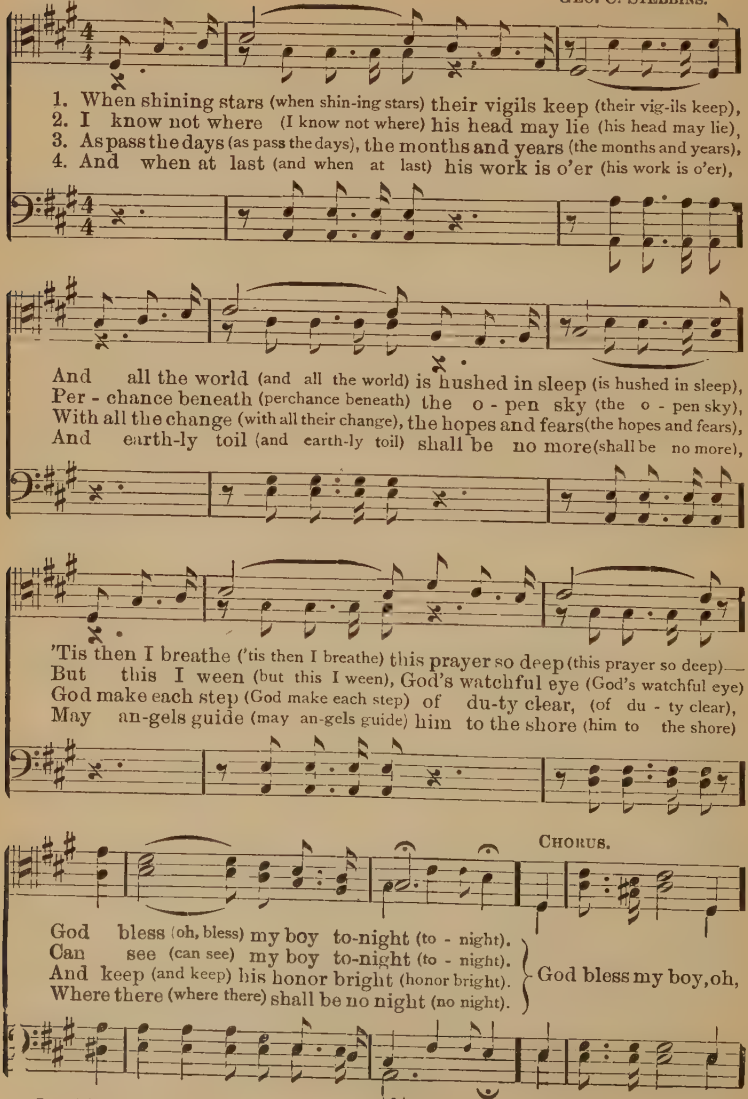
# Blue Galilee.—*Concluded.*

I walk up - on (I walk up - on) blue Gal - i -
That calms thy waves (That calms thy waves) oh, Gal - i -
And hear Thy voice (And hear Thy voice) say, "Peace be
REFRAIN.
lee (blue Gal - i - lee).
lee (oh, Gal - i - lee).
still" (say, "Peace be still)."
Oh, Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee:
Thy waves bring back His voice to me; Like gold - en chimes on
Rit.
sil - ver sea, Oh, Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee.

## No. 63. God bless my Boy

Mrs. S. E. Higgins. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. When shining stars (when shin-ing stars) their vigils keep (their vig-ils keep),
2. I know not where (I know not where) his head may lie (his head may lie),
3. As pass the days (as pass the days), the months and years (the months and years),
4. And when at last (and when at last) his work is o'er (his work is o'er),
And all the world (and all the world) is hushed in sleep (is hushed in sleep),
Per - chance beneath (perchance beneath) the o - pen sky (the o - pen sky),
With all the change (with all their change), the hopes and fears (the hopes and fears),
And earth-ly toil (and earth-ly toil) shall be no more (shall be no more),
'Tis then I breathe ('tis then I breathe) this prayer so deep (this prayer so deep)—
But this I ween (but this I ween), God's watchful eye (God's watchful eye)
God make each step (God make each step) of du-ty clear, (of du - ty clear),
May an-gels guide (may an-gels guide) him to the shore (him to the shore)
Chorus.
God bless (oh, bless) my boy to-night (to - night).
Can see (can see) my boy to-night (to - night).
And keep (and keep) his honor bright (honor bright).
Where there (where there) shall be no night (no night).
God bless my boy, oh,

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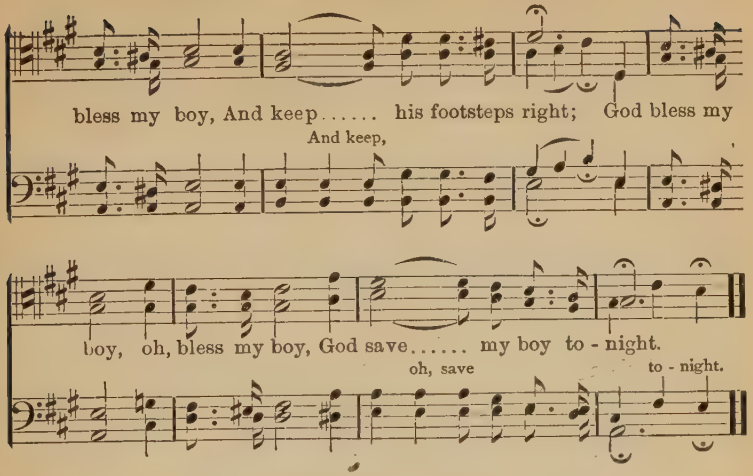
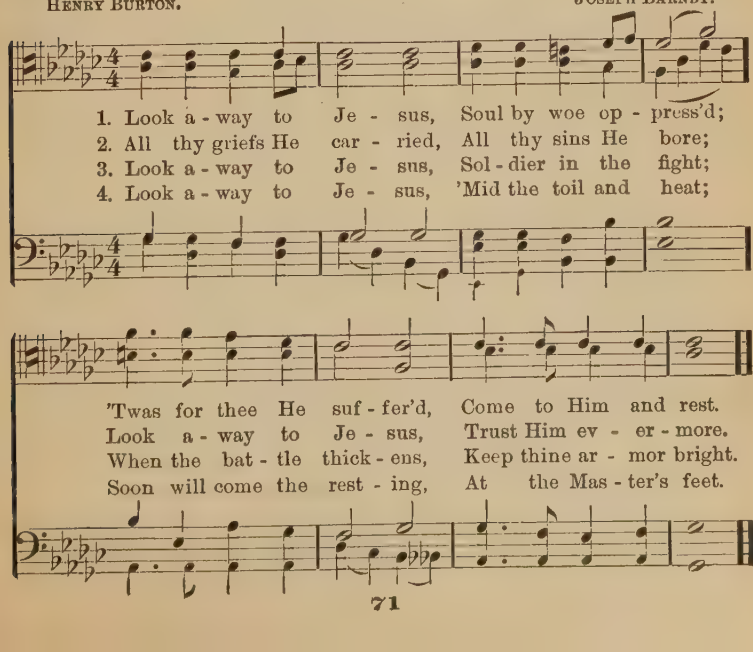
## God bless my Boy.—*Concluded.*



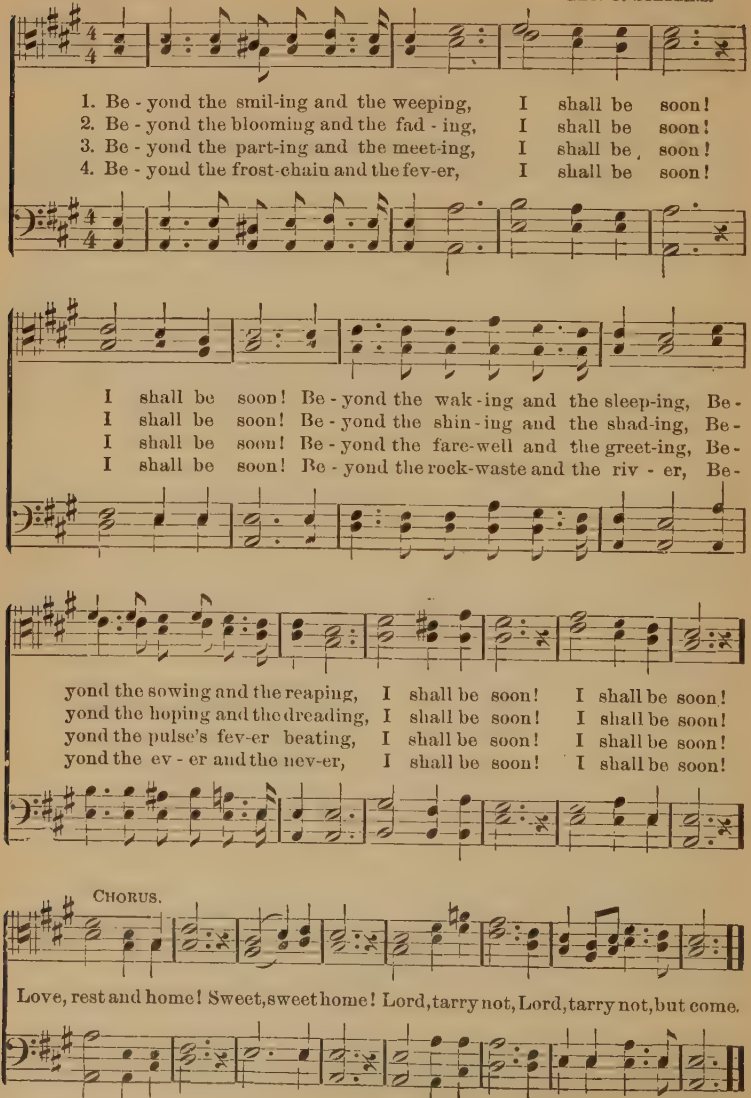

## No. 64. Look away to Jesus.

HENRY BURTON. JOSEPH BARNBY.


1. Look a - way to Je - sus, Soul by woe op - press'd;
2. All thy griefs He car - ried, All thy sins He bore;
3. Look a - way to Je - sus, Sol - dier in the fight;
4. Look a - way to Je - sus, 'Mid the toil and heat;
'Twas for thee He suf - fer'd, Come to Him and rest.
Look a - way to Je - sus, Trust Him ev - er - more.
When the bat - tle thick - ens, Keep thine ar - mor bright.
Soon will come the rest - ing, At the Mas - ter's feet.

## No. 65. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

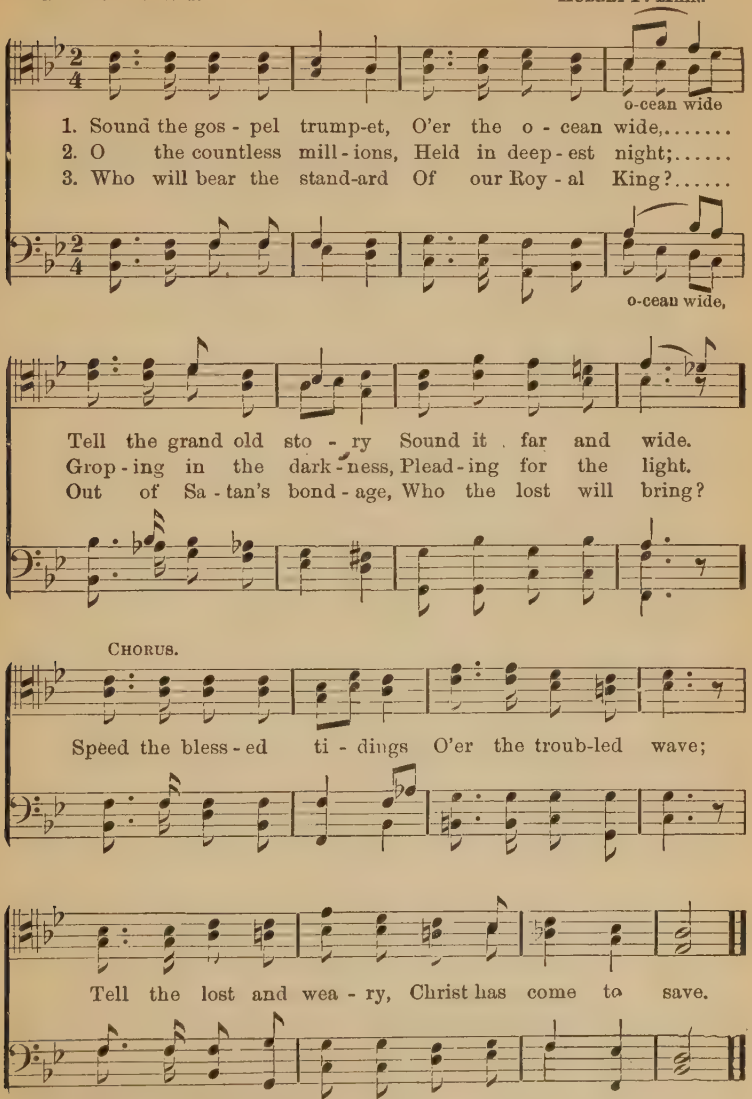
HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Be - yond the smil-ing and the weeping, I shall be soon!
2. Be - yond the blooming and the fad - ing, I shall be soon!
3. Be - yond the part-ing and the meet-ing, I shall be soon!
4. Be - yond the frost-chain and the fev-er, I shall be soon!
I shall be soon! Be - yond the wak - ing and the sleep-ing, Be -
I shall be soon! Be - yond the shin - ing and the shad-ing, Be -
I shall be soon! Be - yond the fare-well and the greet-ing, Be -
I shall be soon! Be - yond the rock-waste and the riv - er, Be -
yond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon! I shall be soon!
yond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon! I shall be soon!
yond the pulse's fev-er beating, I shall be soon! I shall be soon!
yond the ev - er and the nev-er, I shall be soon! I shall be soon!
CHORUS.
Love, rest and home! Sweet, sweet home! Lord, tarry not, Lord, tarry not, but come.

Copyright, 1880, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

## No. 66. Sound the Gospel Trumpet.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.


o-cean wide
1. Sound the gos - pel trump-et, O'er the o - cean wide,.....
2. O the countless mill - ions, Held in deep - est night;.....
3. Who will bear the stand-ard Of our Roy - al King?.....
o-cean wide,
Tell the grand old sto - ry Sound it far and wide.
Grop - ing in the dark - ness, Plead - ing for the light.
Out of Sa - tan's bond - age, Who the lost will bring?
CHORUS.
Speed the bless - ed ti - dings O'er the troub-led wave;
Tell the lost and wea - ry, Christ has come to save.

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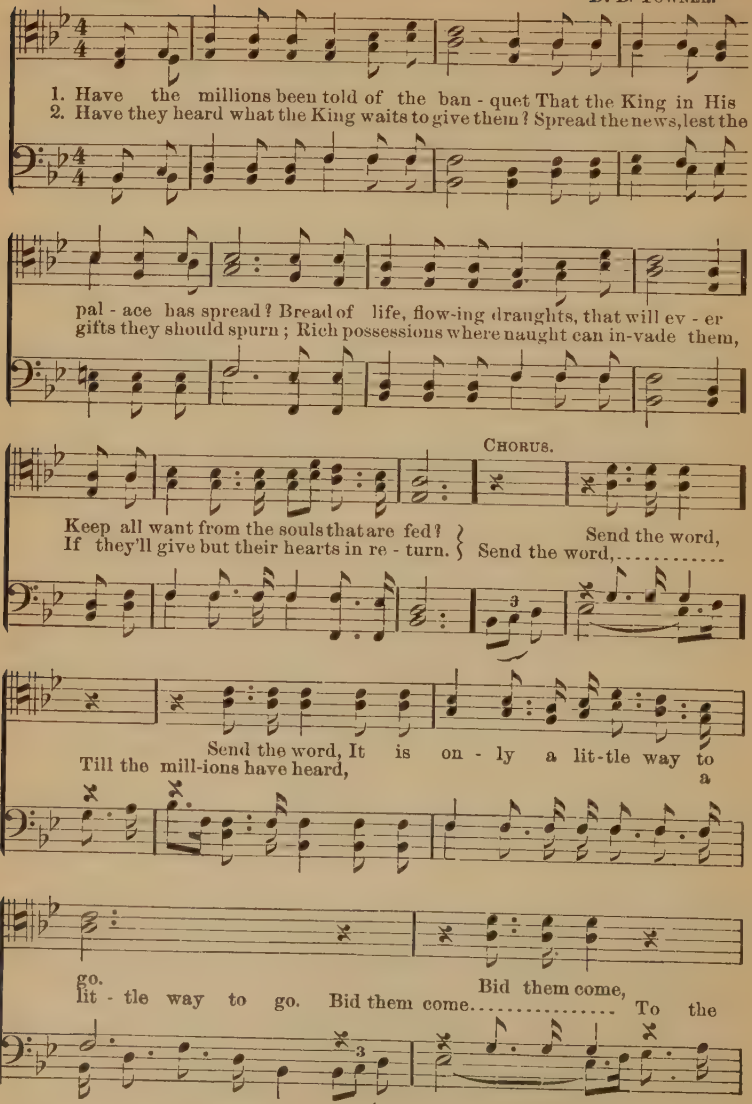
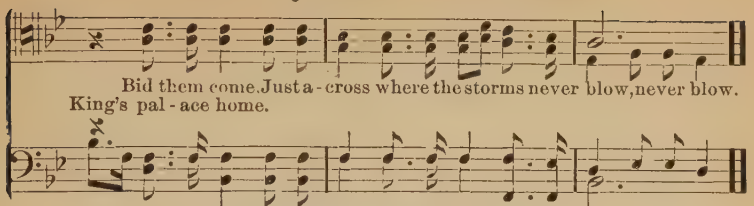
## No. 67. Send the Word.

A. R. Carey. D. B. Towner.


1. Have the millions been told of the ban - quet That the King in His
2. Have they heard what the King waits to give them? Spread the news, lest the
pal - ace has spread? Bread of life, flow-ing draughts, that will ev - er
gifts they should spurn; Rich possessions where naught can in-vade them,
Chorus.
Keep all want from the souls that are fed?
If they'll give but their hearts in re - turn.
Send the word,
Send the word,
Send the word, It is on - ly a lit-tle way to
Till the mill-ions have heard,
a
go.
lit - tle way to go. Bid them come,
Bid them come. To the

Copyright, 1894, by D. B. Towner.

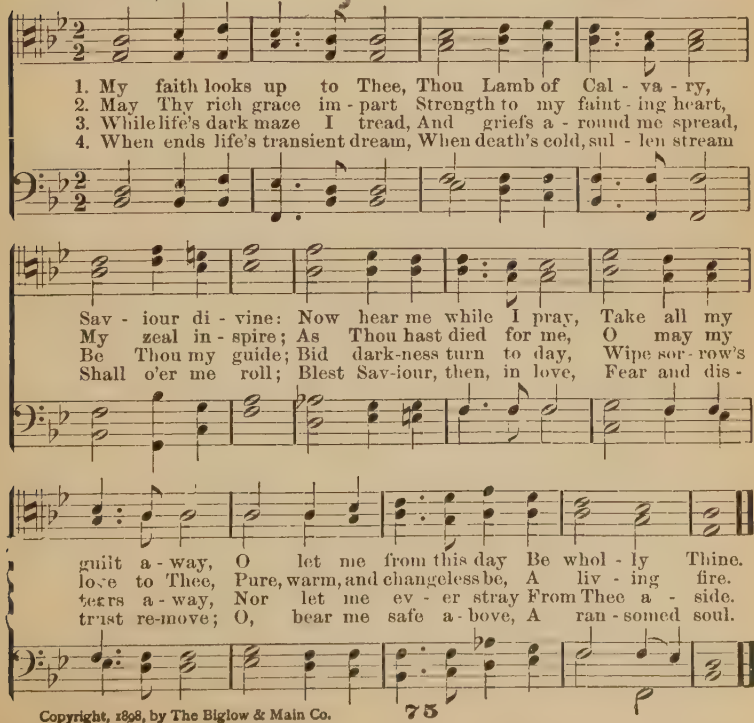



3 Have they heard of the life-bloom immortal?
Deathless pleasure for pain He will give,
Strength to walk 'neath the bowers and the fountains,
If they'll turn to the Healer and live,

4 Do they know how this bounty was purchased?
How the blood of the Lamb bought it all?
Tell them now, for He longs to bestow it
On the souls that will follow His call.

## No. 68. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER, D.D. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream
Sav - iour di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav-iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re-move; O, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

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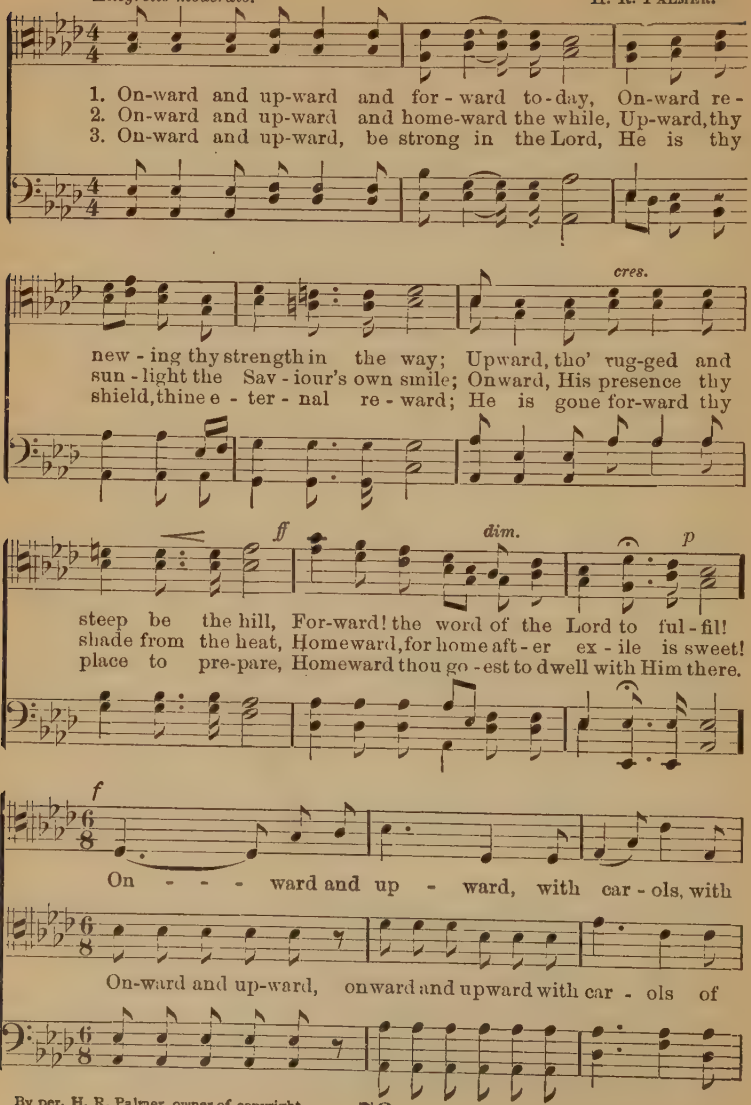
## No. 69. Onward and Upward.

*Allegretto moderato.* H. R. PALMER.

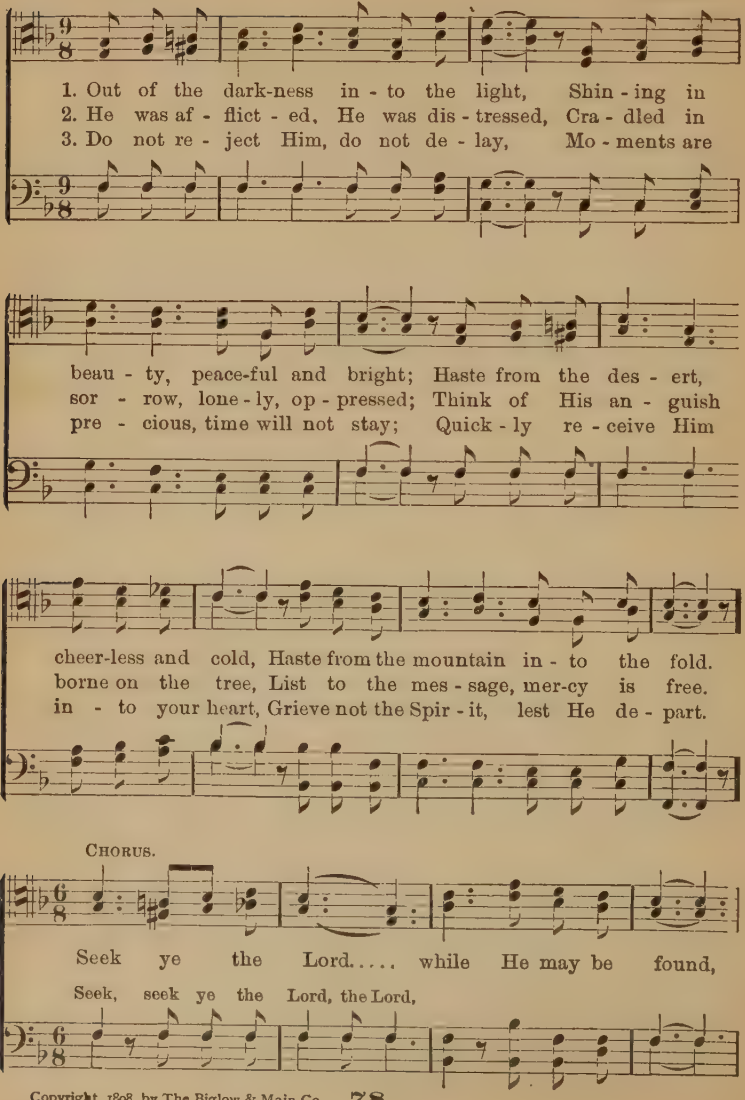

1. On-ward and up-ward and for-ward to-day, On-ward re-
2. On-ward and up-ward and home-ward the while, Up-ward, thy
3. On-ward and up-ward, be strong in the Lord, He is thy
cres.
new-ing thy strength in the way; Upward, tho' rug-ged and
sun-light the Sav-iour's own smile; Onward, His presence thy
shield, thine e-ter-nal re-ward; He is gone for-ward thy
ff
dim.
p
steep be the hill, For-ward! the word of the Lord to ful-fil!
shade from the heat, Homeward, for home aft-er ex-ile is sweet!
place to pre-pare, Homeward thou go-est to dwell with Him there.
f
On - - - ward and up - ward, with car-ols, with
On-ward and up-ward, onward and upward with car - ols of

By per. H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright,

car - ols of praise. An - gel - like an - - thems in
praise: An-gel-like anthems, an-gel-like anthems in
pil - grim - like lays;..... Mount - - ain and
ff
pilgrim-like lays, in pilgrim-like lays; Mountain and valley,
pil-grim-like lays,.....
val - - ley shall ech - o, shall ech - o Thy song,
mountain and val - ley shall ech - o thy song,
On - - ward and up - ward, it is not for long.
ff
Onward, yes, onward and up - ward, it is not for long.
ff
f
up - ward,

## No. 70. Seek Ye the Lord.

F. J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Out of the dark-ness in - to the light, Shin - ing in
2. He was af - flict - ed, He was dis - tressed, Cra - dled in
3. Do not re - ject Him, do not de - lay, Mo - ments are
beau - ty, peace-ful and bright; Haste from the des - ert,
sor - row, lone - ly, op - pressed; Think of His an - guish
pre - cious, time will not stay; Quick - ly re - ceive Him
cheer-less and cold, Haste from the mountain in - to the fold.
borne on the tree, List to the mes - sage, mer-cy is free.
in - to your heart, Grieve not the Spir - it, lest He de - part.
CHORUS.
Seek ye the Lord..... while He may be found,
Seek, seek ye the Lord, the Lord,

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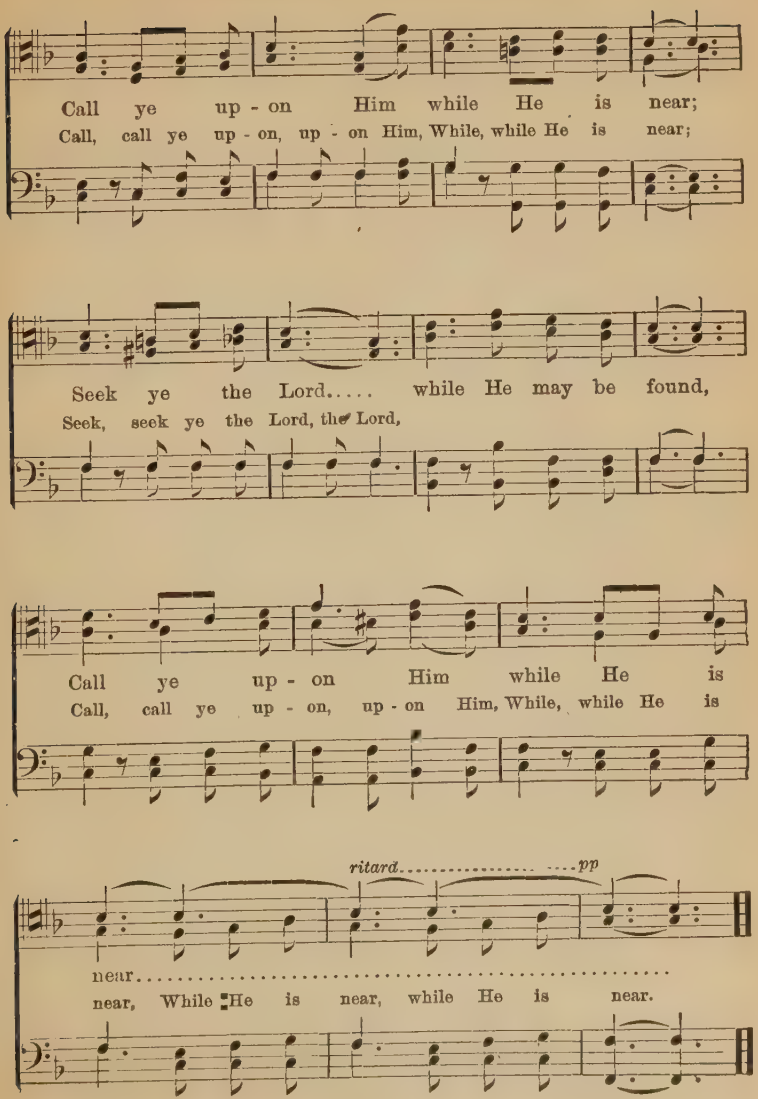
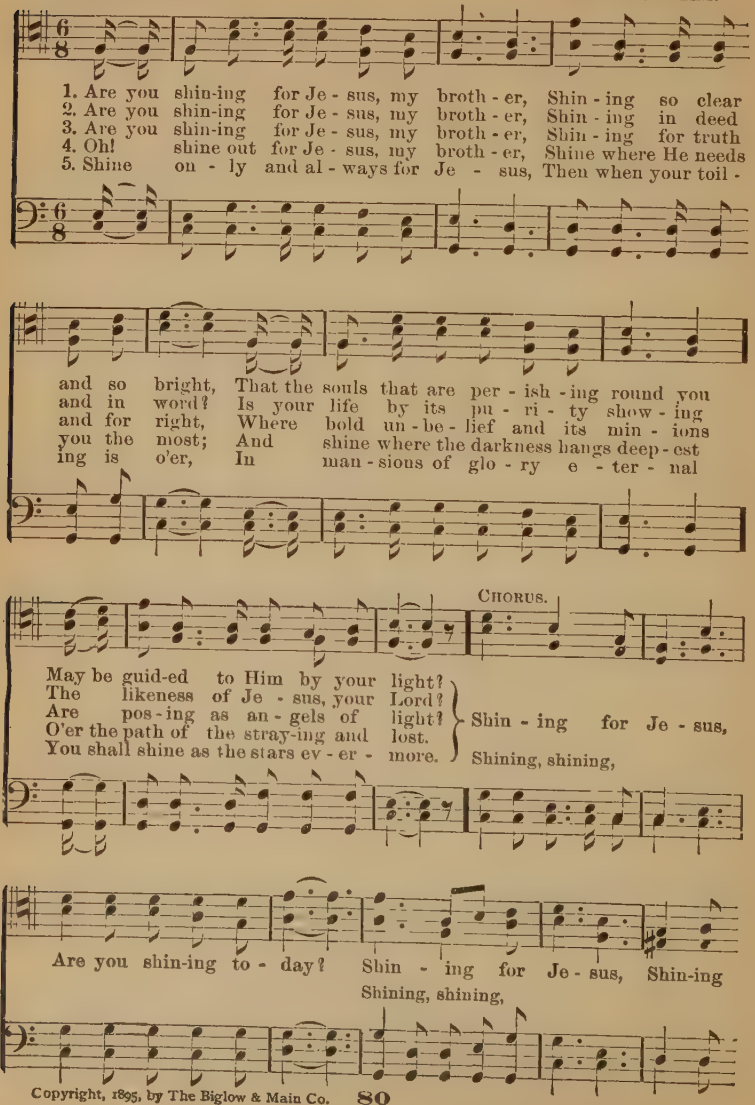

Call ye up - on Him while He is near;
Call, call ye up - on, up - on Him, While, while He is near;
Seek ye the Lord..... while He may be found,
Seek, seek ye the Lord, the Lord,
Call ye up - on Him while He is
Call, call ye up - on, up - on Him, While, while He is
ritard.....
pp
near.....
near, While He is near, while He is near.

## No. 71. Shining for Jesus.

LILLA M. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Are you shin-ing for Je - sus, my broth - er, Shin - ing so clear
2. Are you shin-ing for Je - sus, my broth - er, Shin - ing in deed
3. Are you shin-ing for Je - sus, my broth - er, Shin - ing for truth
4. Oh! shine out for Je - sus, my broth - er, Shine where He needs
5. Shine on - ly and al - ways for Je - sus, Then when your toil -
and so bright, That the souls that are per - ish - ing round you
and in word? Is your life by its pu - ri - ty show - ing
and for right, Where bold un - be - lief and its min - ions
you the most; And shine where the darkness hangs deep - est
ing is o'er, In man - sions of glo - ry e - ter - nal
CHORUS.
May be guid-ed to Him by your light?
The likeness of Je - sus, your Lord?
Are pos - ing as an - gels of light?
O'er the path of the stray-ing and lost.
You shall shine as the stars ev - er - more.
Shin - ing for Je - sus,
Shining, shining,
Are you shin-ing to - day? Shin - ing for Je - sus, Shin-ing
Shining, shining,

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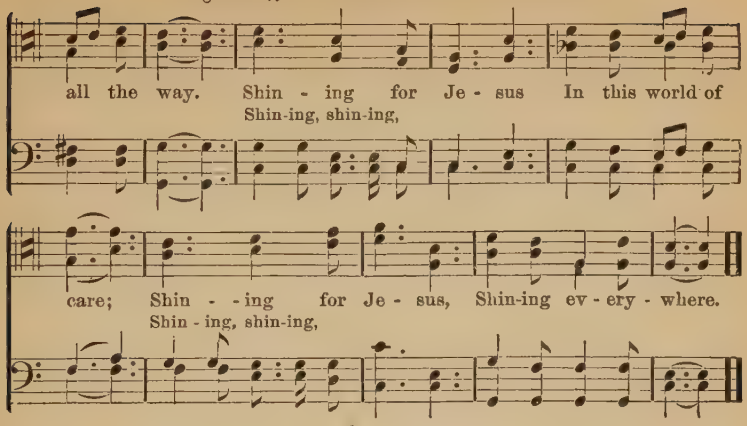
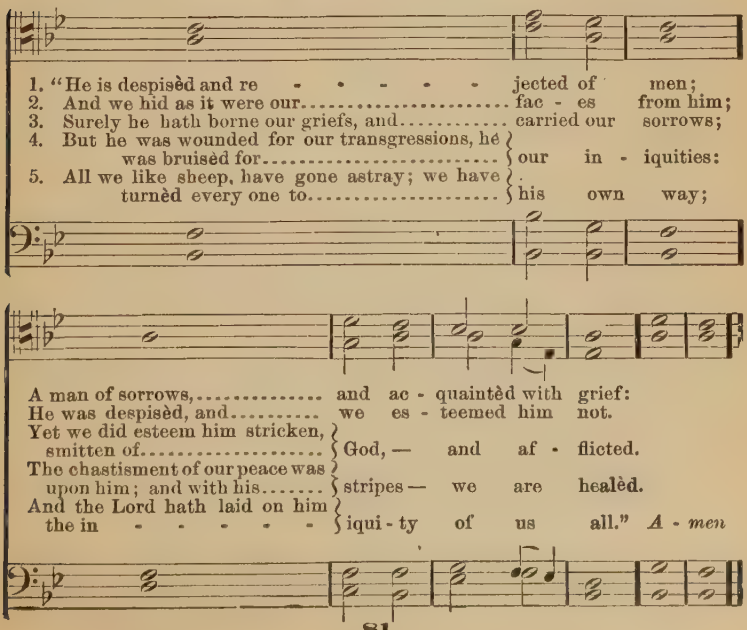
## Shining for Jesus.—*Concluded.*


all the way. Shin - ing for Je - sus In this world of
Shin-ing, shin-ing,
care; Shin - - ing for Je - sus, Shin-ing ev - ery - where.
Shin - ing, shin-ing,

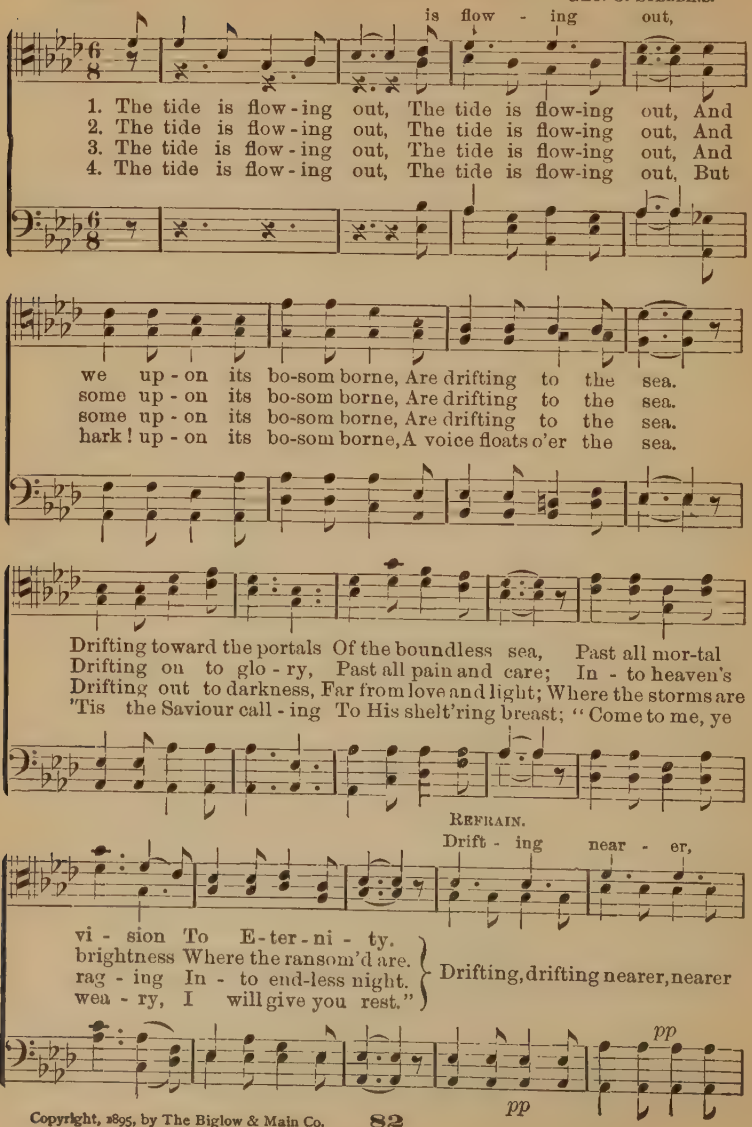
## No. 72. He is Despisèd.

Isa. 53:3–6. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. "He is despisèd and re - - - - - jected of men;
2. And we hid as it were our fac - es from him;
3. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows;
4. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruisèd for our in - iquities:
5. All we like sheep, have gone astray; we have turnèd every one to his own way;
A man of sorrows, and ac - quaintèd with grief:
He was despisèd, and we es - teemed him not.
Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, — and af - flicted.
The chastisment of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes — we are healèd.
And the Lord hath laid on him the in - - - - - iqui - ty of us all." A - men

## No. 73. The Tide is Flowing Out.

J. J. Sims. Geo. C. Stebbins.


is flow - ing out,
1. The tide is flow-ing out, The tide is flow-ing out, And
2. The tide is flow-ing out, The tide is flow-ing out, And
3. The tide is flow-ing out, The tide is flow-ing out, And
4. The tide is flow-ing out, The tide is flow-ing out, But
we up - on its bo-som borne, Are drifting to the sea.
some up - on its bo-som borne, Are drifting to the sea.
some up - on its bo-som borne, Are drifting to the sea.
hark! up - on its bo-som borne, A voice floats o'er the sea.
Drifting toward the portals Of the boundless sea, Past all mor-tal
Drifting on to glo - ry, Past all pain and care; In - to heaven's
Drifting out to darkness, Far from love and light; Where the storms are
'Tis the Saviour call - ing To His shelt'ring breast; "Come to me, ye
Refrain.
Drift - ing near - er,
vi - sion To E-ter-ni - ty.
brightness Where the ransom'd are.
rag - ing In - to end-less night.
wea - ry, I will give you rest."
Drifting, drifting nearer, nearer
pp
pp

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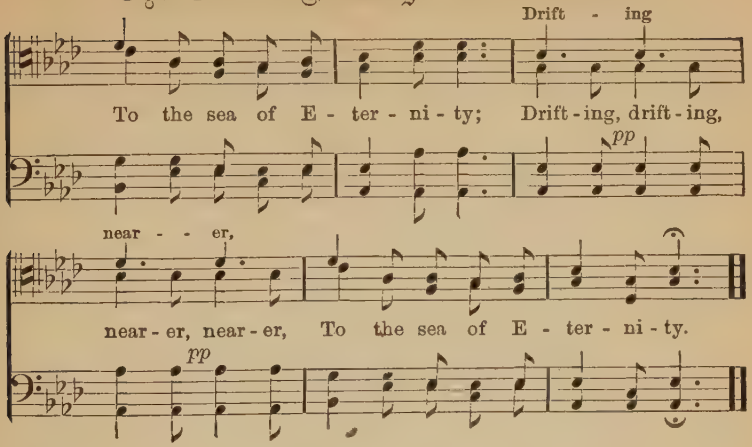
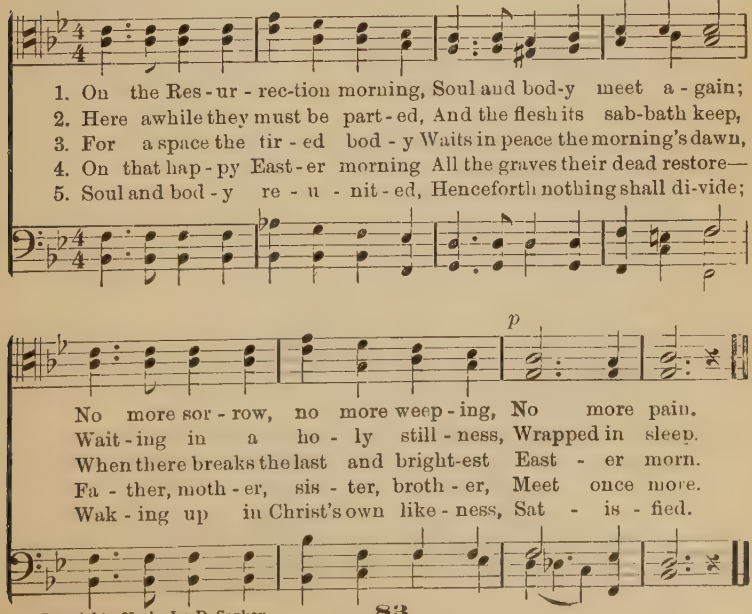
## The Tide is Flowing Out.—*Concluded.*




## No. 74. Resurrection Morn.

S. Baring-Gould. Ira D. Sankey.


1. On the Res - ur - rec-tion morning, Soul and bod-y meet a - gain;
2. Here awhile they must be part - ed, And the flesh its sab-bath keep,
3. For a space the tir - ed bod - y Waits in peace the morning's dawn,
4. On that hap - py East - er morning All the graves their dead restore—
5. Soul and bod - y re - u - nit - ed, Henceforth nothing shall di-vide;
p
No more sor - row, no more weep - ing, No more pain.
Wait - ing in a ho - ly still - ness, Wrapped in sleep.
When there breaks the last and bright-est East - er morn.
Fa - ther, moth - er, sis - ter, broth - er, Meet once more.
Wak - ing up in Christ's own like - ness, Sat - is - fied.

Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

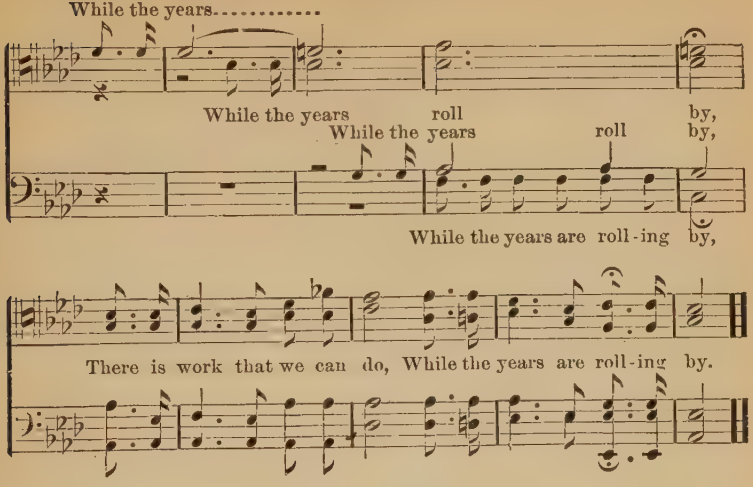
## No. 75. While the Years are Rolling by.

P. B. E. M. Herndon.

1. There is work that we can do, While the years roll by,
2. List - en to the Mas - ter's call, While the years roll by,
3. It may be your joy to win, While the years roll by,
For the la - b'rers are but few, While the years roll by;
Ho! ye reap - ers, one and all, While the years roll by;
Some one from the path of sin, While the years roll by;
Let us work and watch and pray, Till the crown-ing day.
Do not i - dly wait - ing stand, Heed the Lord's com - mand,
To your trust be firm and true, God de - pends on you,
While the years, by.
While the years are roll - ing, roll - ing by,
While the years,
Chorus.
Ad lib.
While the years,
While the years are roll - ing by,

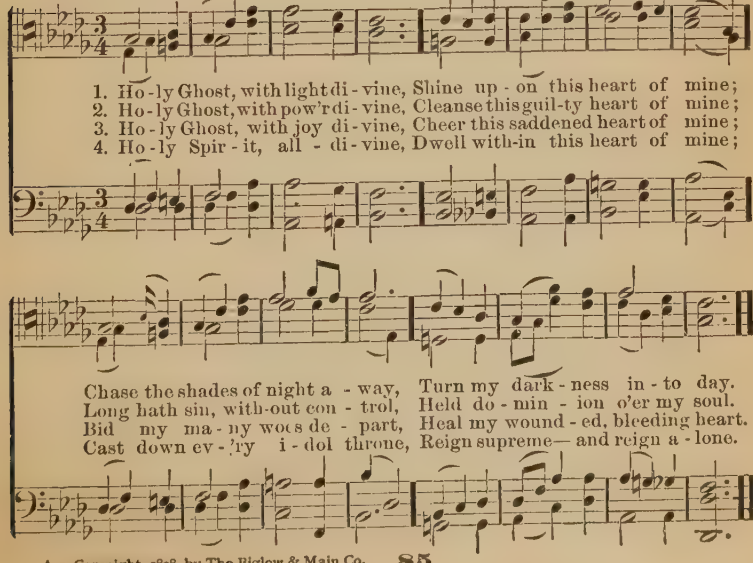
Copyright, 1893, by P. Bilhorn, used by permission. 

## While the Years are Rolling by.—*Concluded.*


While the years.....
While the years roll by,
While the years roll by,
While the years are roll-ing by,
There is work that we can do, While the years are roll-ing by.

## No. 76. Last Hope.

ANDREW REED. L. M. GOTTSCHALK, arr. H. P. MAIN.


1. Ho-ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;
2. Ho-ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guil-ty heart of mine;
3. Ho-ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho-ly Spir-it, all-di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn my dark-ness in-to day.
Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma-ny woes de-part, Heal my wound-ed, bleeding heart.
Cast down ev-'ry i-dol throne, Reign supreme—and reign a-lone.

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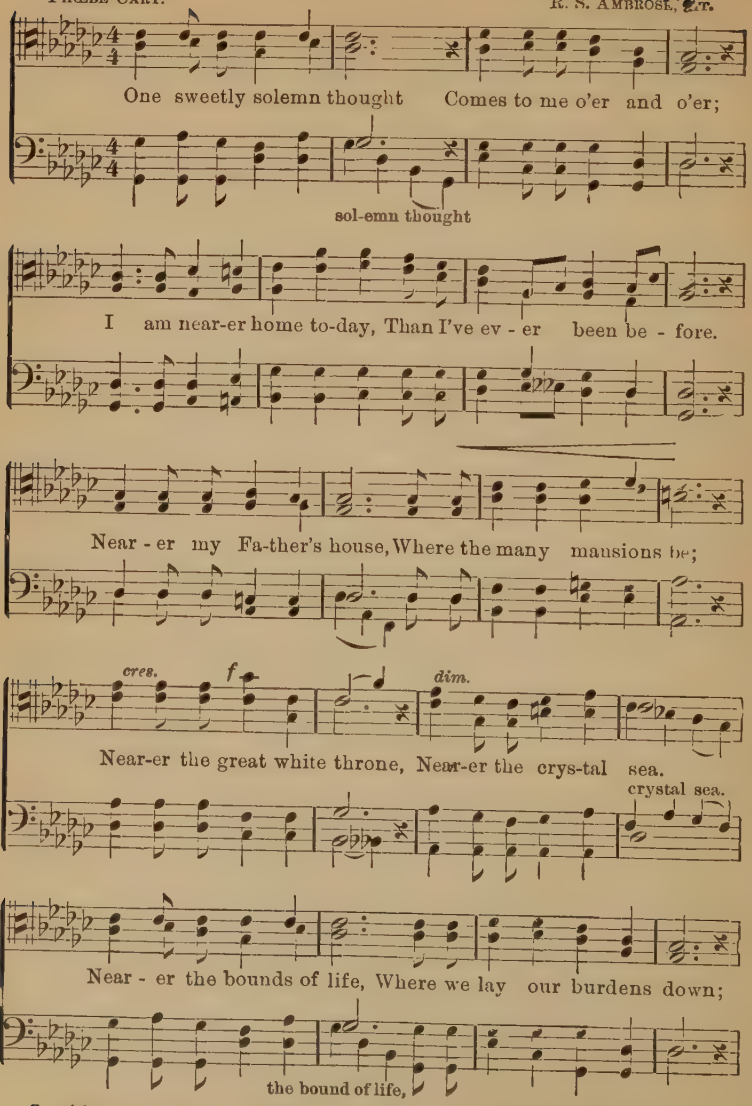
## No. 77. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

PHŒBE CARY. R. S. AMBROSE, Arr.


One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
sol-emn thought
I am near-er home to-day, Than I've ev - er been be - fore.
Near - er my Fa-ther's house, Where the many mansions be;
cres.
f
dim.
Near-er the great white throne, Near-er the crys-tal sea.
crystal sea.
Near - er the bounds of life, Where we lay our burdens down;
the bound of life,

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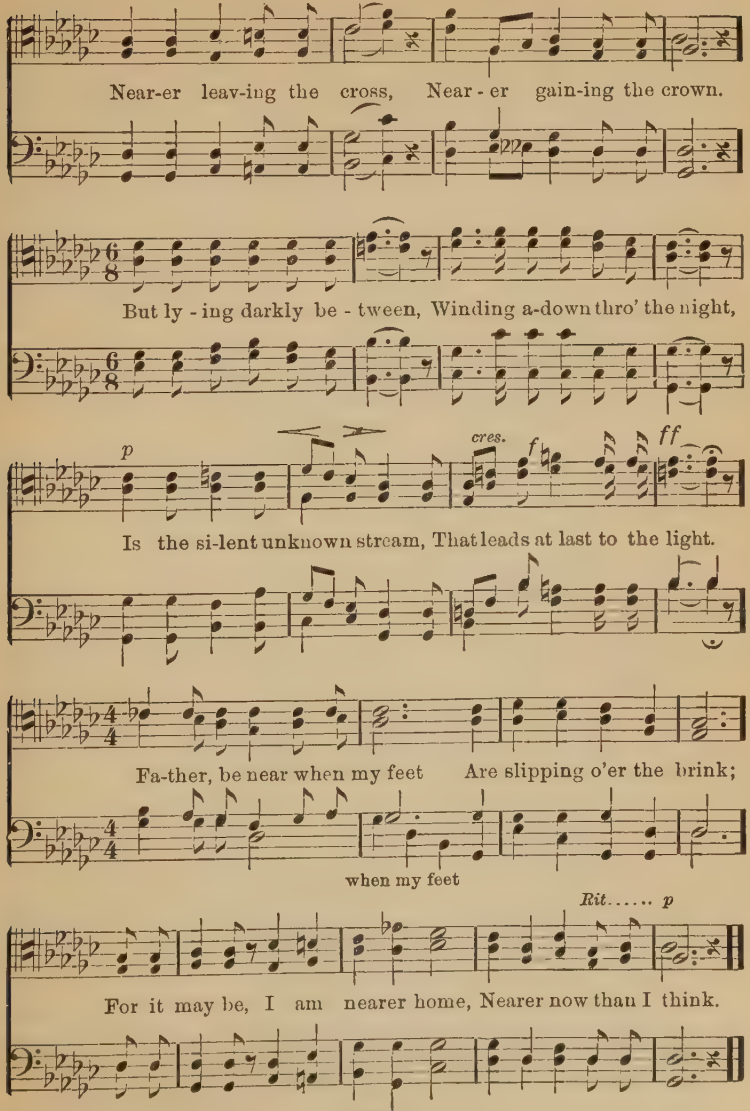
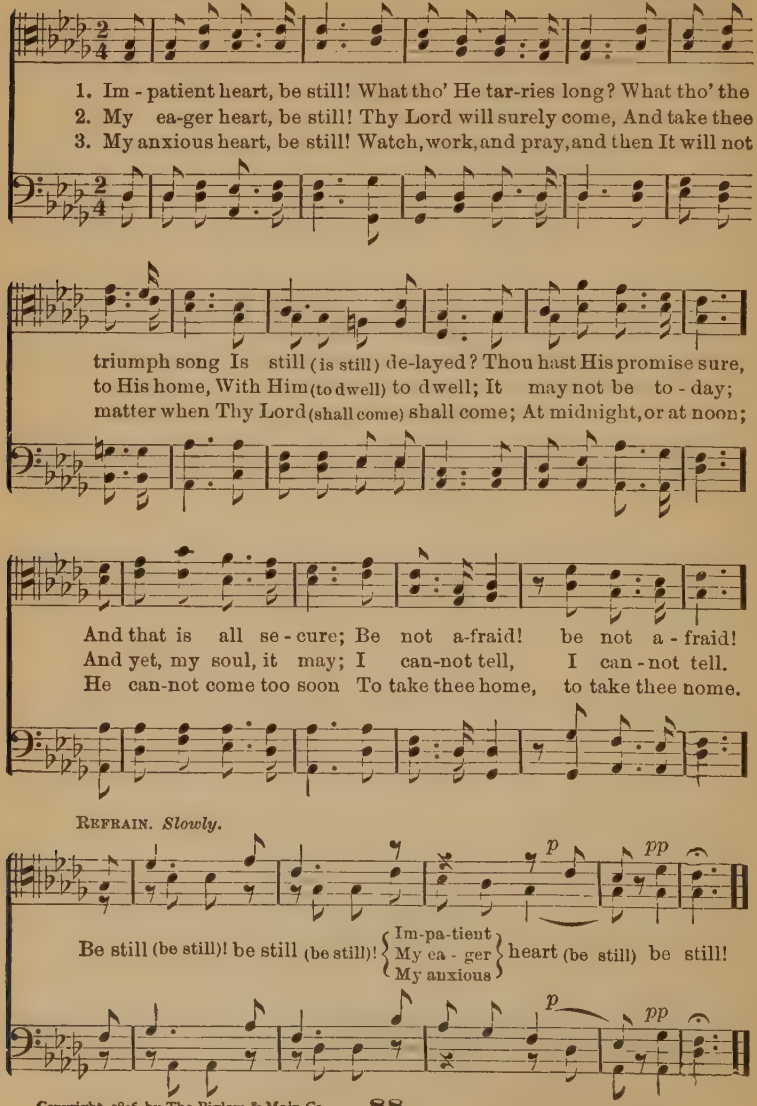
# One Sweetly Solemn Thought.—*Concluded.*


Near-er leav-ing the cross, Near - er gain-ing the crown.
But ly - ing darkly be - tween, Winding a-down thro' the night,
p
cres.
f
ff
Is the si-lent unknown stream, That leads at last to the light.
Fa-ther, be near when my feet Are slipping o'er the brink;
when my feet
Rit..... p
For it may be, I am nearer home, Nearer now than I think.

## No. 78. Impatient Heart, be Still!

GEO. A. WARBURTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Im - patient heart, be still! What tho' He tar-ries long? What tho' the
2. My ea-ger heart, be still! Thy Lord will surely come, And take thee
3. My anxious heart, be still! Watch, work, and pray, and then It will not
triumph song Is still (is still) de-layed? Thou hast His promise sure,
to His home, With Him (to dwell) to dwell; It may not be to - day;
matter when Thy Lord (shall come) shall come; At midnight, or at noon;
And that is all se - cure; Be not a-fraid! be not a - fraid!
And yet, my soul, it may; I can-not tell, I can - not tell.
He can-not come too soon To take thee home, to take thee nome.
REFRAIN. Slowly.
p
pp
Be still (be still)! be still (be still)! Im-pa-tient / My ea - ger / My anxious heart (be still) be still!
p
pp

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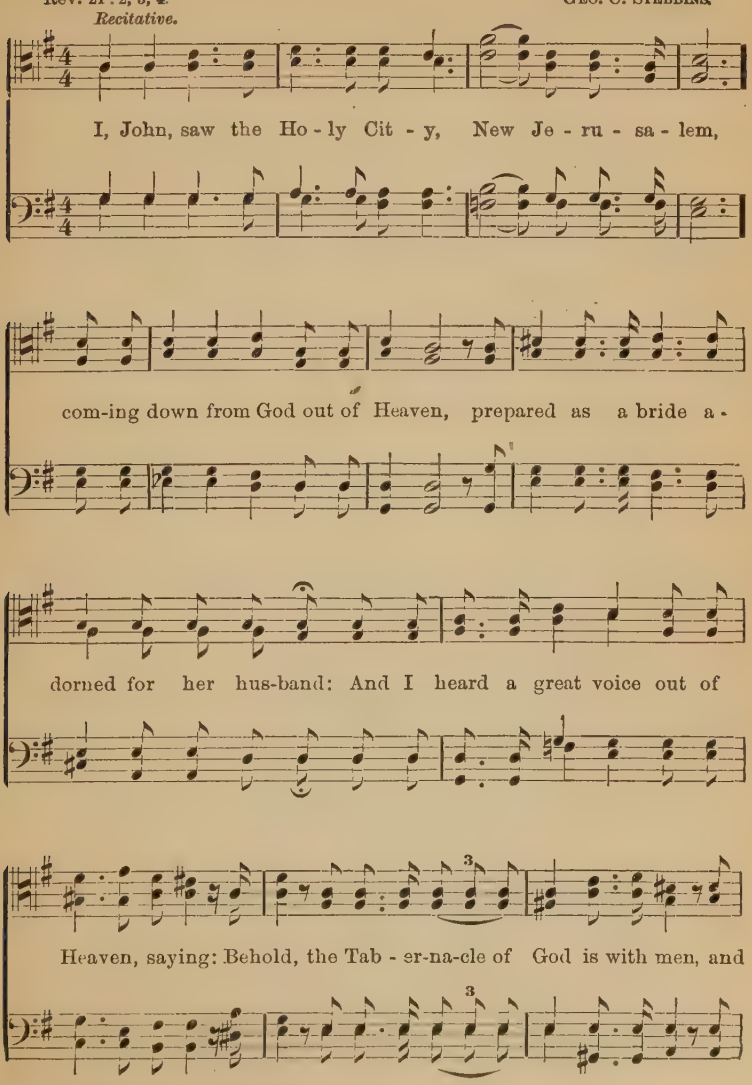
# No. 79. God shall Wipe away all Tears.

Rev. 21 : 2, 3, 4. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

*Recitative.*


I, John, saw the Ho - ly Cit - y, New Je - ru - sa - lem,
com-ing down from God out of Heaven, prepared as a bride a -
dorned for her hus-band: And I heard a great voice out of
Heaven, saying: Behold, the Tab - er-na-cle of God is with men, and

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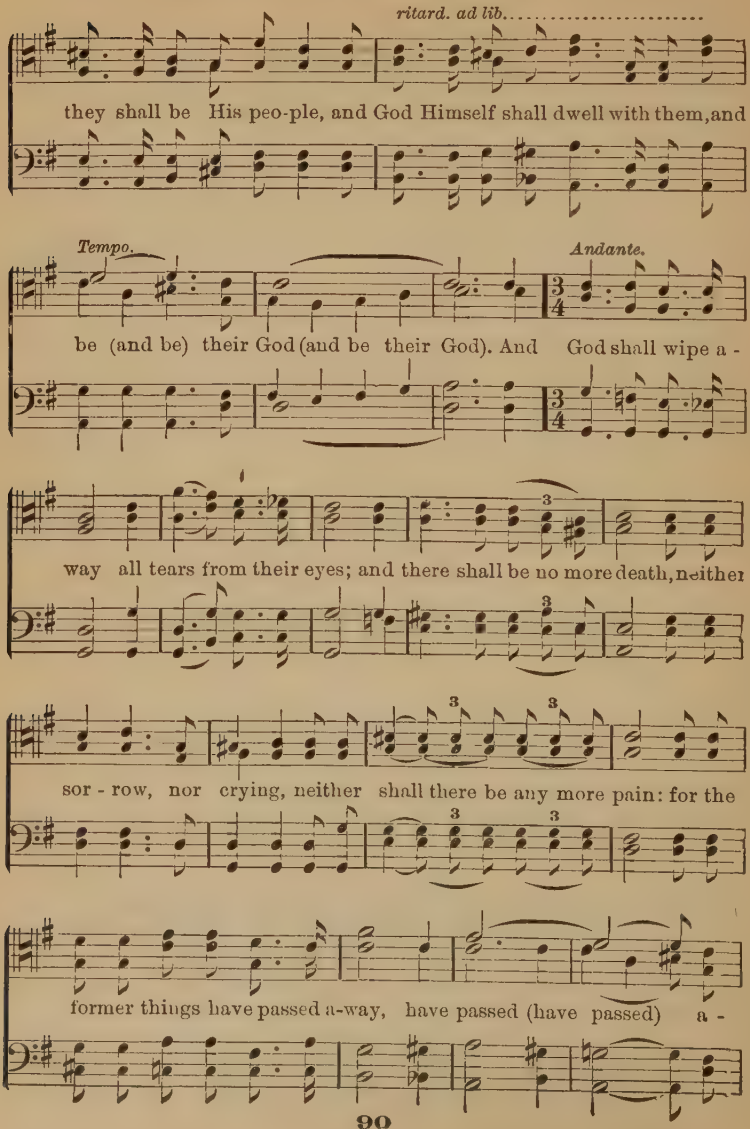
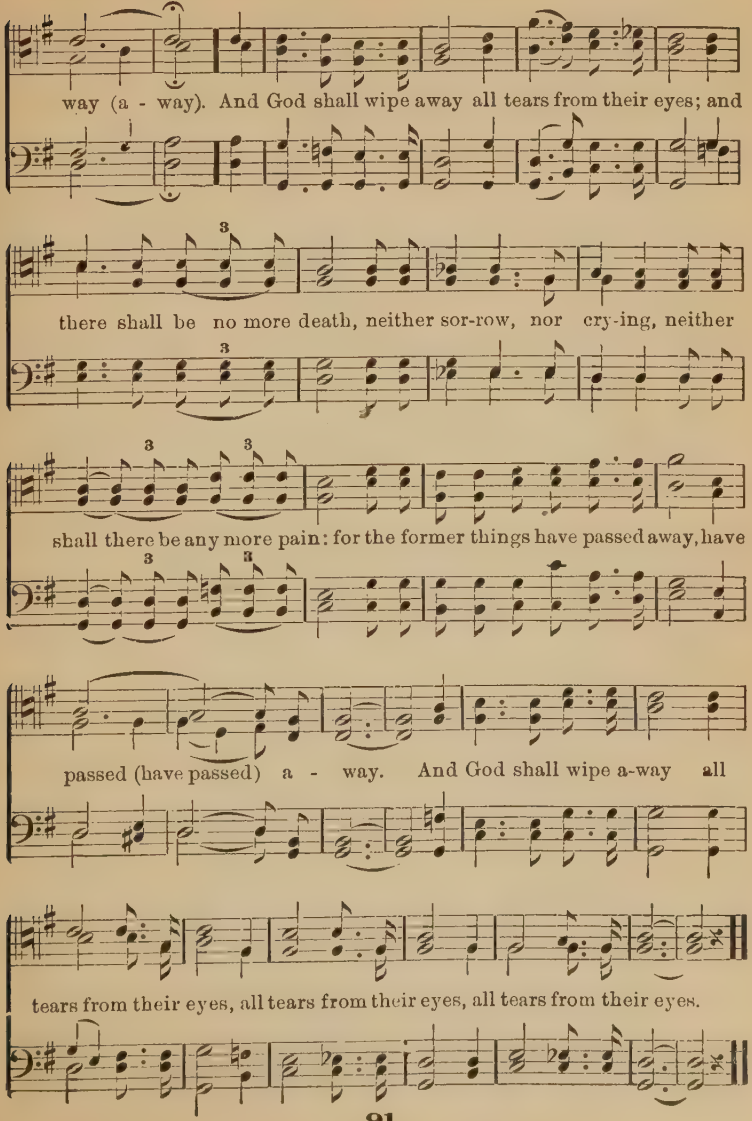
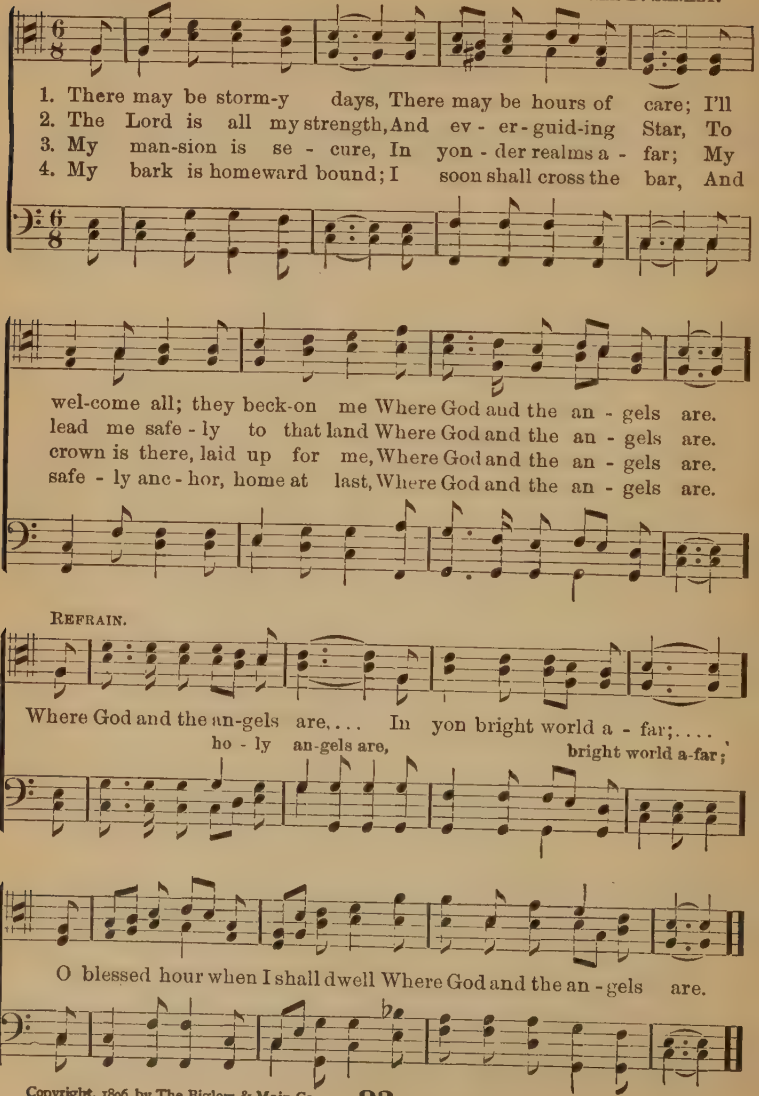

ritard. ad lib.
they shall be His peo-ple, and God Himself shall dwell with them, and
Tempo.
Andante.
be (and be) their God (and be their God). And God shall wipe a -
way all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither
sor - row, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the
former things have passed a-way, have passed (have passed) a -

## God shall Wipe away all Tears.—*Concluded.*


way (a - way). And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and
there shall be no more death, neither sor-row, nor cry-ing, neither
shall there be any more pain: for the former things have passed away, have
passed (have passed) a - way. And God shall wipe a-way all
tears from their eyes, all tears from their eyes, all tears from their eyes.

## No. 80. Where God and the Angels are.

L. W. MANSFIELD. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. There may be storm-y days, There may be hours of care; I'll
2. The Lord is all my strength, And ev - er - guid-ing Star, To
3. My man-sion is se - cure, In yon - der realms a - far; My
4. My bark is homeward bound; I soon shall cross the bar, And
wel-come all; they beck-on me Where God and the an - gels are.
lead me safe - ly to that land Where God and the an - gels are.
crown is there, laid up for me, Where God and the an - gels are.
safe - ly anc - hor, home at last, Where God and the an - gels are.
REFRAIN.
Where God and the an-gels are.... In yon bright world a - far;....
ho - ly an-gels are, bright world a-far;
O blessed hour when I shall dwell Where God and the an - gels are.

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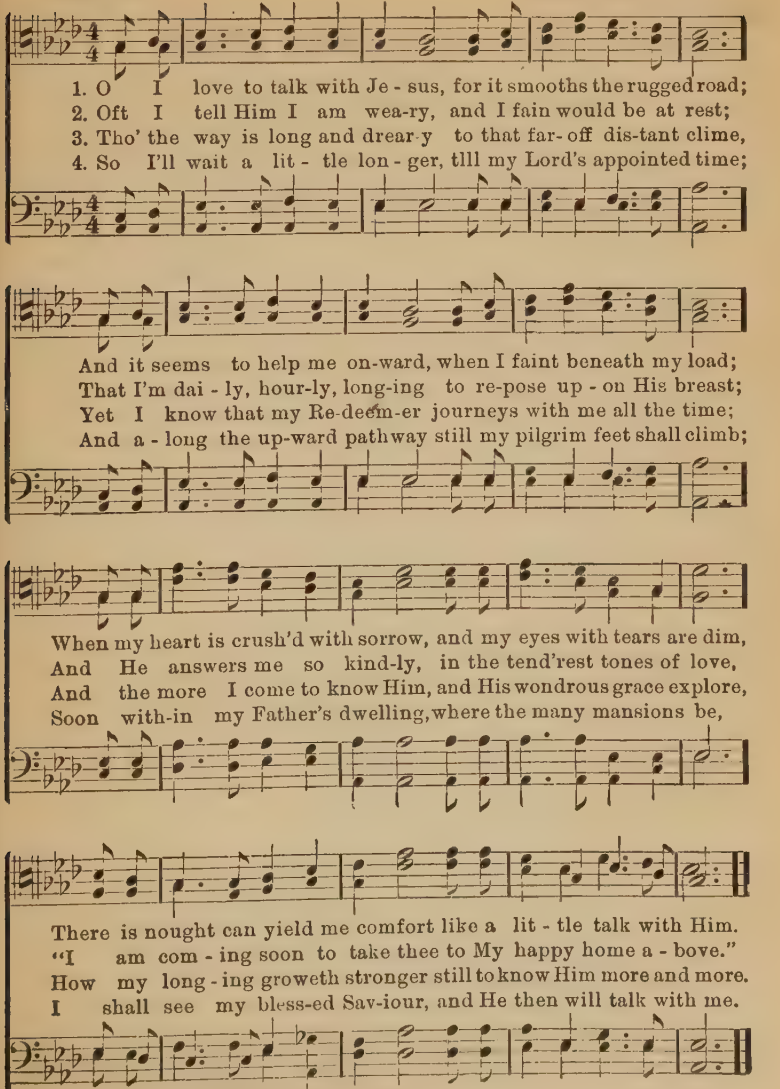
## No. 81. O I Love to Talk with Jesus.

Words arr. Wm. G. Fischer, by per.


1. O I love to talk with Je - sus, for it smooths the rugged road;
2. Oft I tell Him I am wea-ry, and I fain would be at rest;
3. Tho' the way is long and drear-y to that far-off dis-tant clime,
4. So I'll wait a lit - tle lon - ger, till my Lord's appointed time;
And it seems to help me on-ward, when I faint beneath my load;
That I'm dai - ly, hour-ly, long-ing to re-pose up - on His breast;
Yet I know that my Re-deem-er journeys with me all the time;
And a - long the up-ward pathway still my pilgrim feet shall climb;
When my heart is crush'd with sorrow, and my eyes with tears are dim,
And He answers me so kind-ly, in the tend'rest tones of love,
And the more I come to know Him, and His wondrous grace explore,
Soon with-in my Father's dwelling, where the many mansions be,
There is nought can yield me comfort like a lit - tle talk with Him.
"I am com - ing soon to take thee to My happy home a - bove."
How my long - ing groweth stronger still to know Him more and more.
I shall see my bless-ed Sav-iour, and He then will talk with me.

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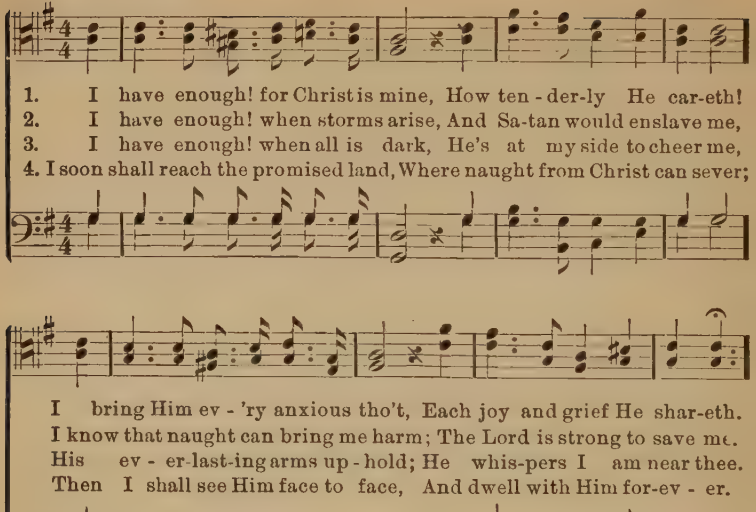
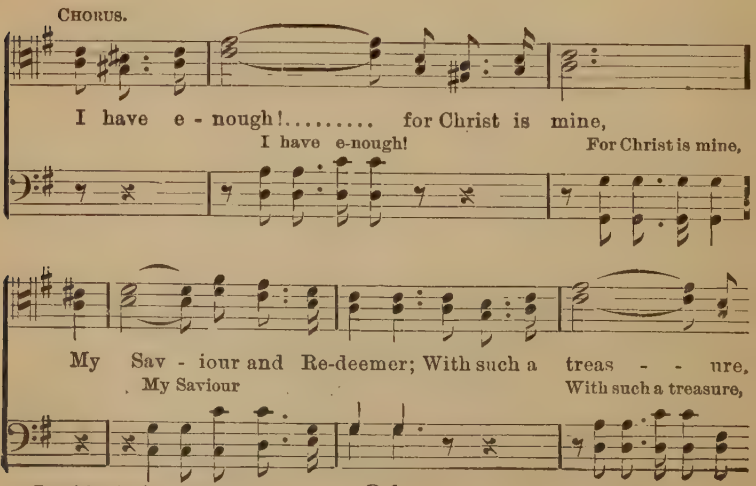
## No. 82. I Have Enough.

Words arranged. S. G. Coles.


1. I have enough! for Christ is mine, How ten - der-ly He car-eth!
2. I have enough! when storms arise, And Sa-tan would enslave me,
3. I have enough! when all is dark, He's at my side to cheer me,
4. I soon shall reach the promised land, Where naught from Christ can sever;
I bring Him ev - 'ry anxious tho't, Each joy and grief He shar-eth.
I know that naught can bring me harm; The Lord is strong to save me.
His ev - er-last-ing arms up - hold; He whis-pers I am near thee.
Then I shall see Him face to face, And dwell with Him for-ev - er.

Chorus.


I have e - nough!..... for Christ is mine,
I have e-nough! For Christ is mine,
My Sav - iour and Re-deemer; With such a treas - - ure,
My Saviour With such a treasure,

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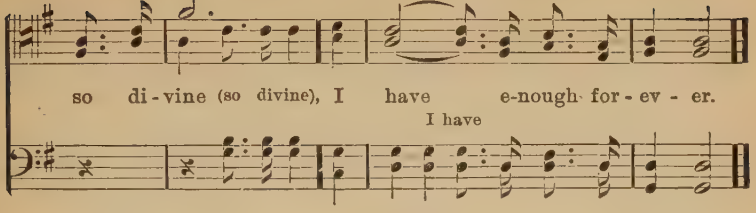
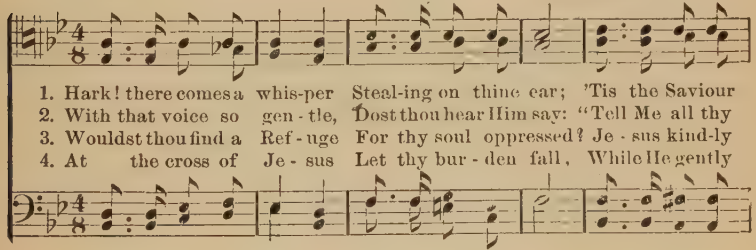
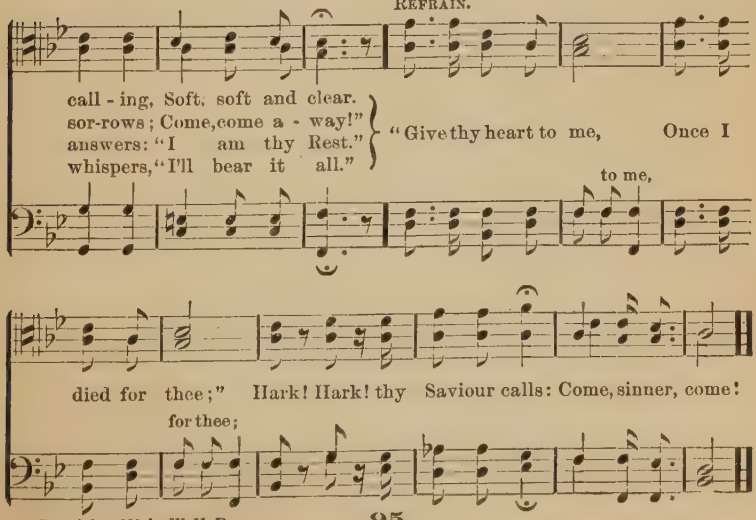



## No. 83. Hark! There comes a Whisper.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.


1. Hark! there comes a whis-per Steal-ing on thine ear; 'Tis the Saviour
2. With that voice so gen - tle, Dost thou hear Him say: "Tell Me all thy
3. Wouldst thou find a Ref - uge For thy soul oppressed? Je - sus kind-ly
4. At the cross of Je - sus Let thy bur - den fall, While He gently

REFRAIN.


call - ing, Soft, soft and clear.
sor-rows; Come, come a - way!"
answers: "I am thy Rest."
whispers, "I'll bear it all."
"Give thy heart to me, Once I
to me,
died for thee;" Hark! Hark! thy Saviour calls: Come, sinner, come!
for thee;

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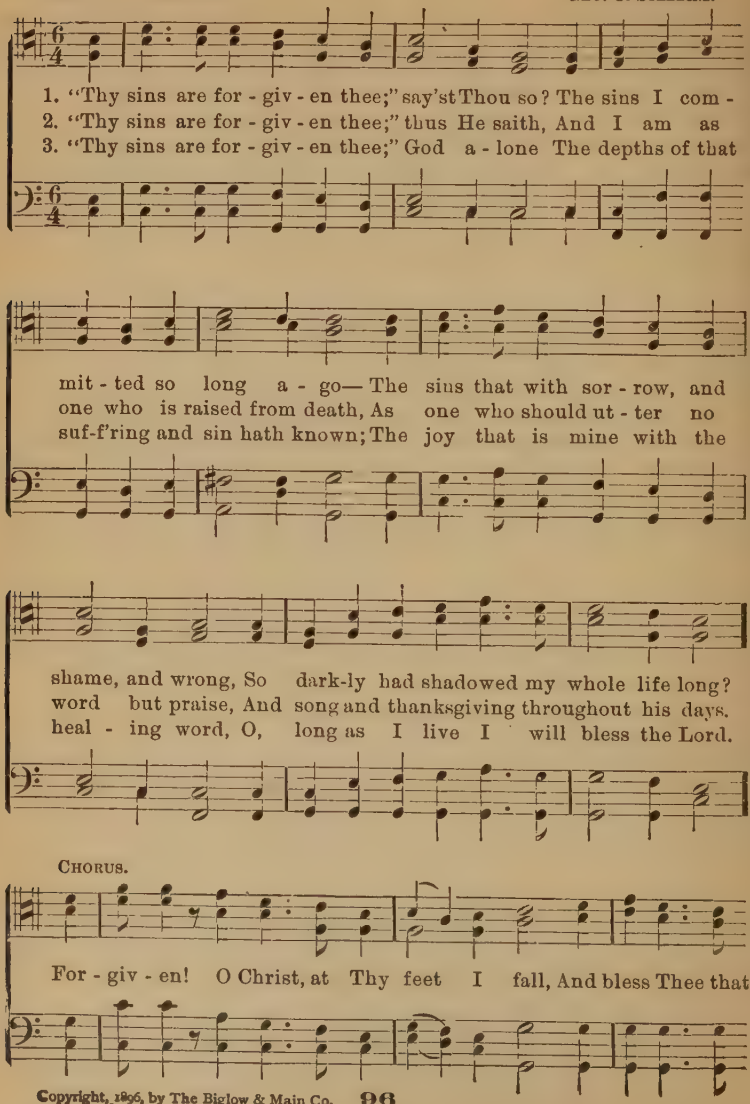
## No. 84. Thy Sins are forgiven Thee.

Mrs. E. W. Griswold. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. "Thy sins are for - giv - en thee;" say'st Thou so? The sins I com -
2. "Thy sins are for - giv - en thee;" thus He saith, And I am as
3. "Thy sins are for - giv - en thee;" God a - lone The depths of that
mit - ted so long a - go— The sins that with sor - row, and
one who is raised from death, As one who should ut - ter no
suf-f'ring and sin hath known; The joy that is mine with the
shame, and wrong, So dark-ly had shadowed my whole life long?
word but praise, And song and thanksgiving throughout his days.
heal - ing word, O, long as I live I will bless the Lord.
Chorus.
For - giv - en! O Christ, at Thy feet I fall, And bless Thee that

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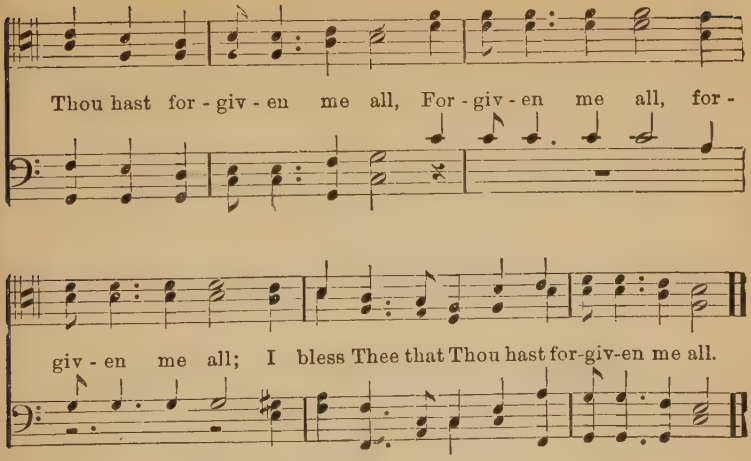
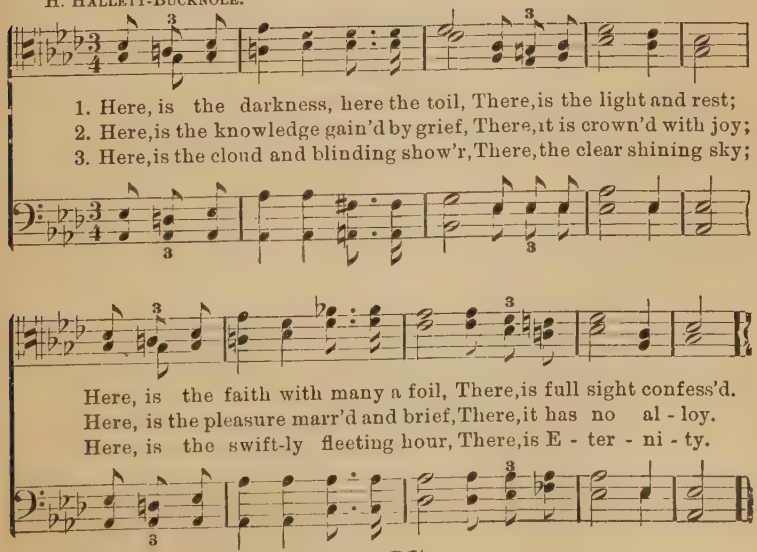
## Thy Sins are forgiven Thee.—*Concluded.*




## No. 85. Here and There.

H. HALLETT-BUCKNOLE. S. G. COLES.


1. Here, is the darkness, here the toil, There, is the light and rest;
2. Here, is the knowledge gain'd by grief, There, it is crown'd with joy;
3. Here, is the cloud and blinding show'r, There, the clear shining sky;
Here, is the faith with many a foil, There, is full sight confess'd.
Here, is the pleasure marr'd and brief, There, it has no al - loy.
Here, is the swift-ly fleeting hour, There, is E - ter - ni - ty.

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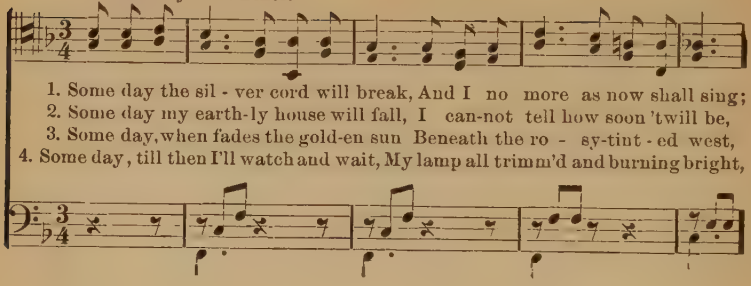
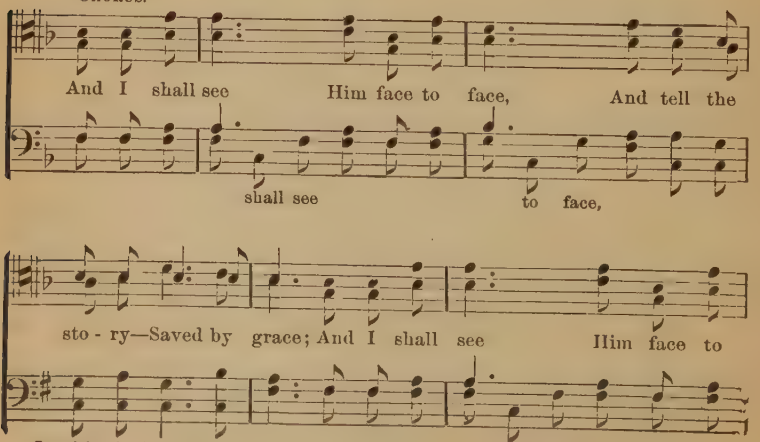
## No. 86. Saved by Grace.

F. J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

DUET.—Melody in 2d Tenor.


1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Beneath the ro - sy-tint - ed west,
4. Some day, till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,
But, O, the joy, when I shall wake Within the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en-ter in - to rest.
That when my Saviour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

CHORUS.

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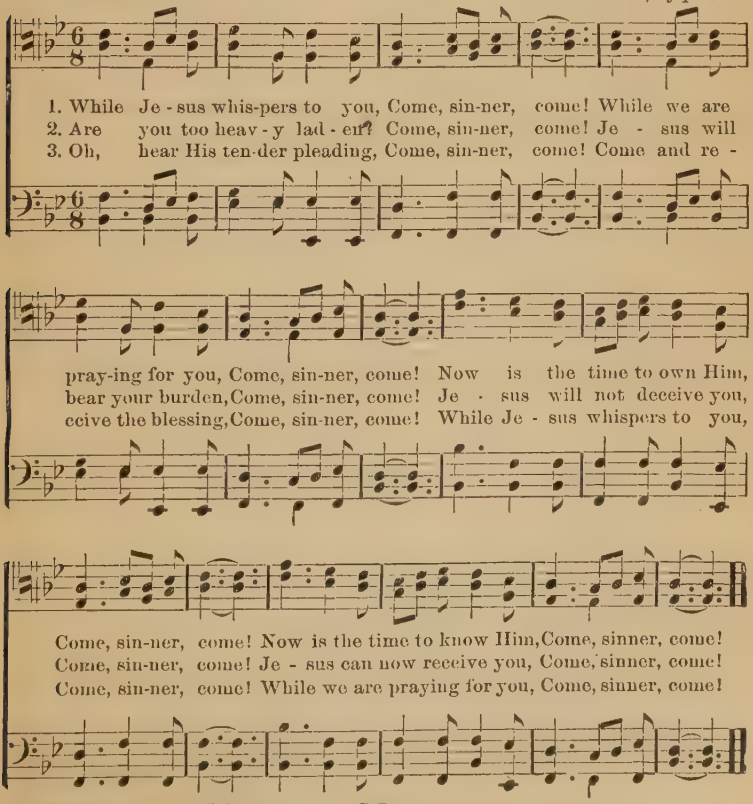
## No. 87. Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. WITTER. H. R PALMER, by per.


1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will bear your burden, Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will not deceive you,
3. Oh, hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re - ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,
Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now receive you, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

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# No. 88. Praise and Magnify Our King.

L. EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Great is the Lord, who rul - eth o - ver all! Wake, wake and sing,
2. Great is the Lord, who spake and it was done; Wake, wake and sing,
3. Great is the Lord, and ho - ly is His name! Wake, wake and sing,
wake, wake and sing; Down at His feet in ad - o - ra - tion fall,
wake, wake and sing; Hon - or and strength, do - min-ion He has won,
wake, wake and sing; An - gels and men His wondrous works pro-claim,
CHORUS.
Praise and mag - ni - fy our King.
Praise and mag - ni - fy our King.
Praise and mag - ni - fy our King.
O ye redeemed a - bove,
Strike, strike your harps of love,
Hail the blessed One, hail the Mighty One; Sweetly His wonders tell,
Loud - ly His glo - ry swell, Praise and mag - ni - fy our King.

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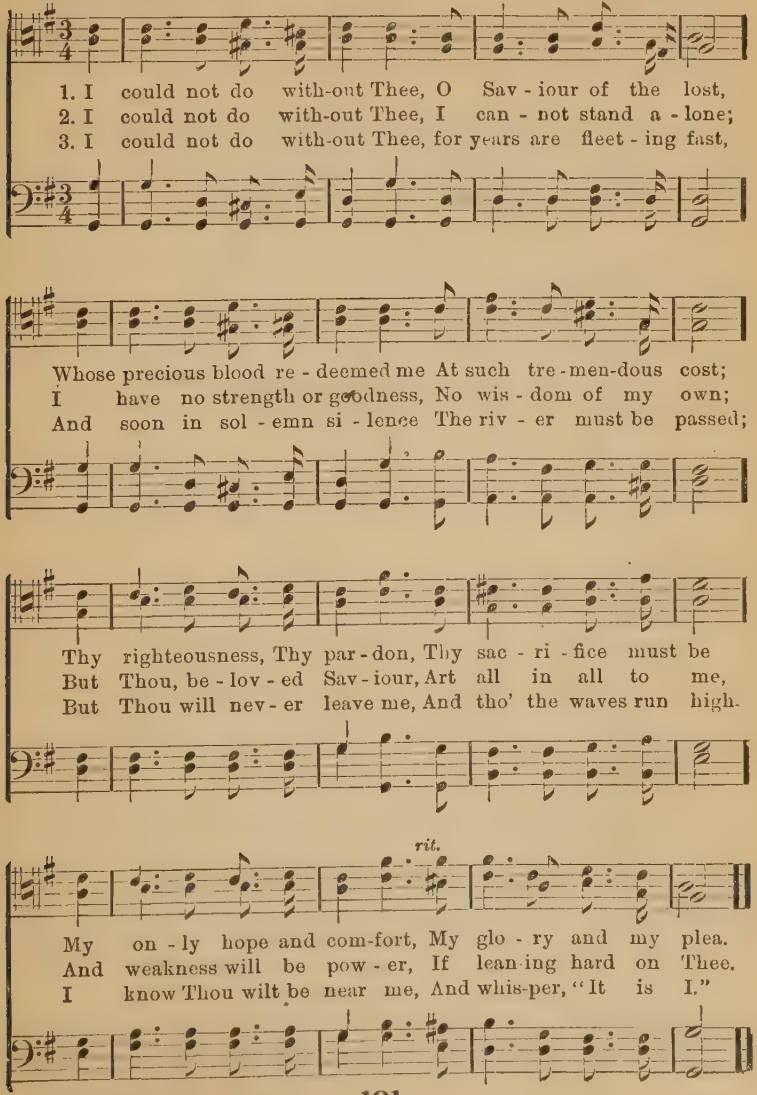
## No. 89. I Could not Do without Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. SIGISMUND THALBERG, arr.


1. I could not do with-out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost,
2. I could not do with-out Thee, I can - not stand a - lone;
3. I could not do with-out Thee, for years are fleet - ing fast,
Whose precious blood re - deemed me At such tre-men-dous cost;
I have no strength or goodness, No wis - dom of my own;
And soon in sol - emn si - lence The riv - er must be passed;
Thy righteousness, Thy par - don, Thy sac - ri - fice must be
But Thou, be - lov - ed Sav - iour, Art all in all to me,
But Thou will nev - er leave me, And tho' the waves run high.
rit.
My on - ly hope and com-fort, My glo - ry and my plea.
And weakness will be pow - er, If lean-ing hard on Thee.
I know Thou wilt be near me, And whis-per, "It is I."

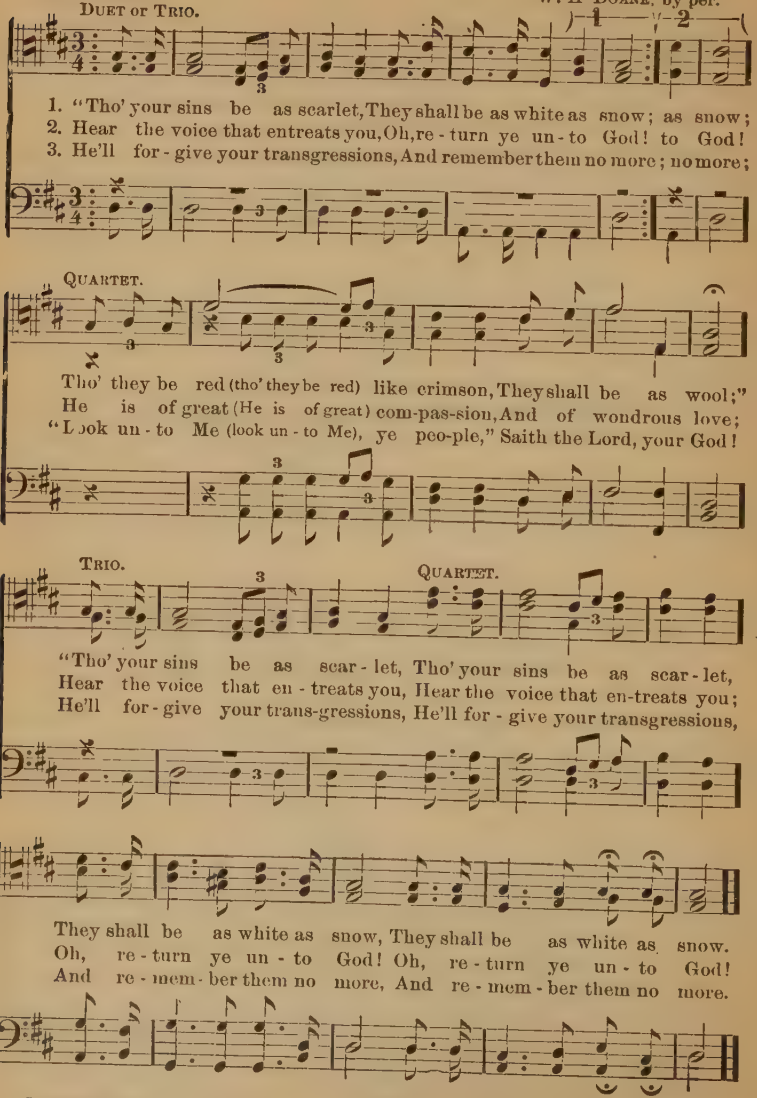
Arr. Copyright, 1883, by Ira D. Sankey.

# No. 90. Though your Sins be as Scarlet.

F. J. CROSBY.

DUET OR TRIO.

W. H DOANE, by per.


1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for - give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;
QUARTET.
Tho' they be red (tho' they be red) like crimson, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great (He is of great) com-pas-sion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un - to Me (look un - to Me), ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord, your God!
TRIO.
QUARTET.
"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en - treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you;
He'll for - give your trans-gressions, He'll for - give your transgressions,
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow.
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

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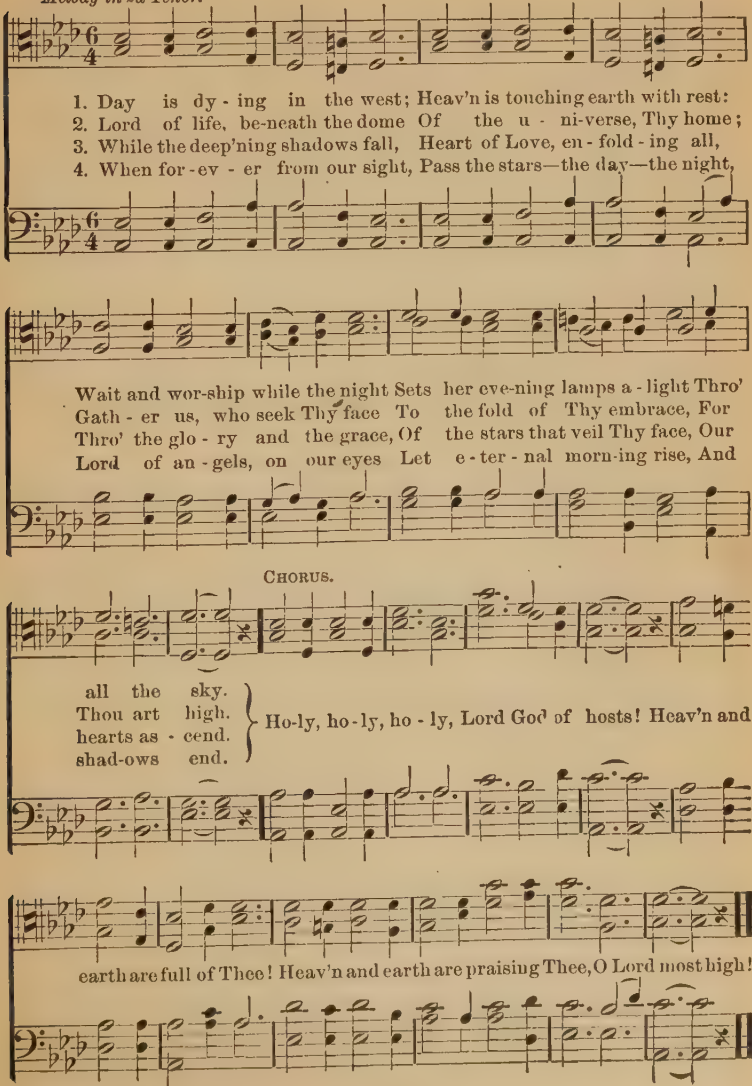
## No. 91. Day is Dying in the West.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN.

*Melody in 2d Tenor.*


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest:
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home;
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en - fold - ing all,
4. When for - ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars—the day—the night,
Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a - light Thro'
Gath - er us, who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For
Thro' the glo - ry and the grace, Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our
Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise, And
CHORUS.
all the sky.
Thou art high.
hearts as - cend.
shad-ows end.
Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts! Heav'n and
earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

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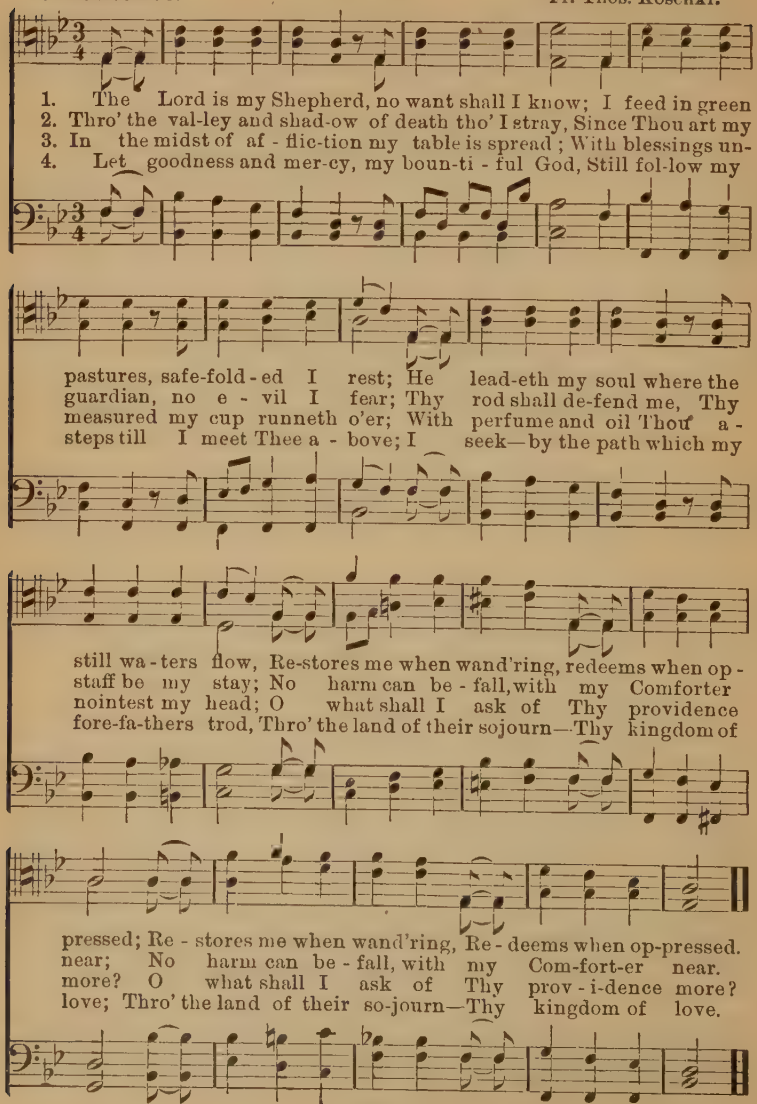
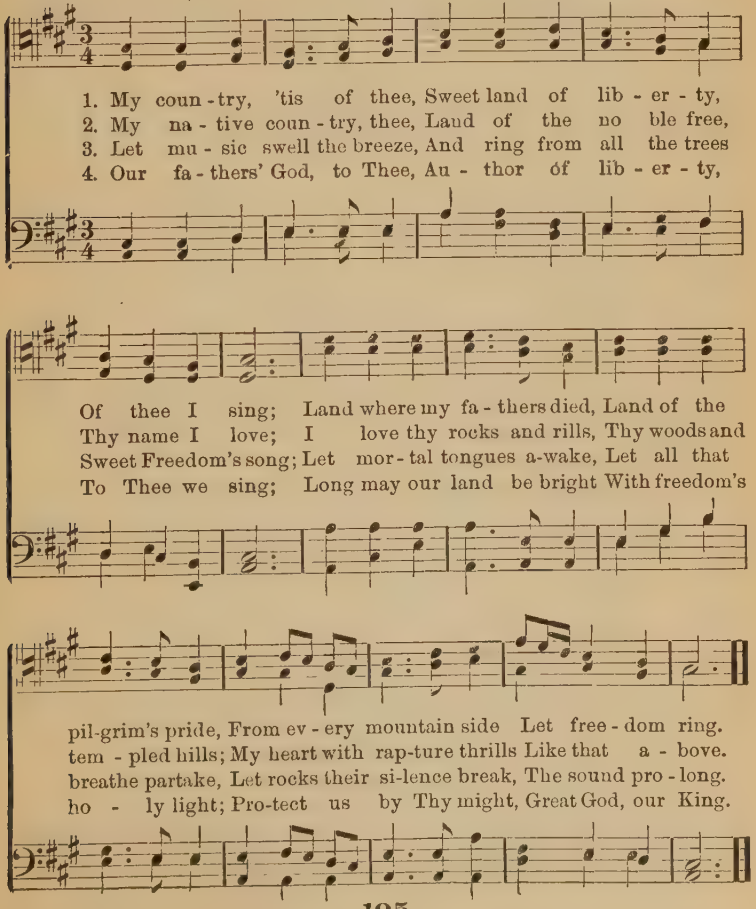
## No. 92. The Lord is My Shepherd.

J. MONTGOMERY. Fr. THOS. KOSCHAT.


1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of af - flic-tion my table is spread; With blessings un-
4. Let goodness and mer-cy, my boun-ti - ful God, Still fol-low my
pastures, safe-fold - ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the
guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy
measured my cup runneth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou a -
steps till I meet Thee a - bove; I seek—by the path which my
still wa - ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when op -
staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my Comforter
nointest my head; O what shall I ask of Thy providence
fore-fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their sojourn—Thy kingdom of
pressed; Re - stores me when wand'ring, Re - deems when op-pressed.
near; No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i-dence more?
love; Thro' the land of their so-journ—Thy kingdom of love.

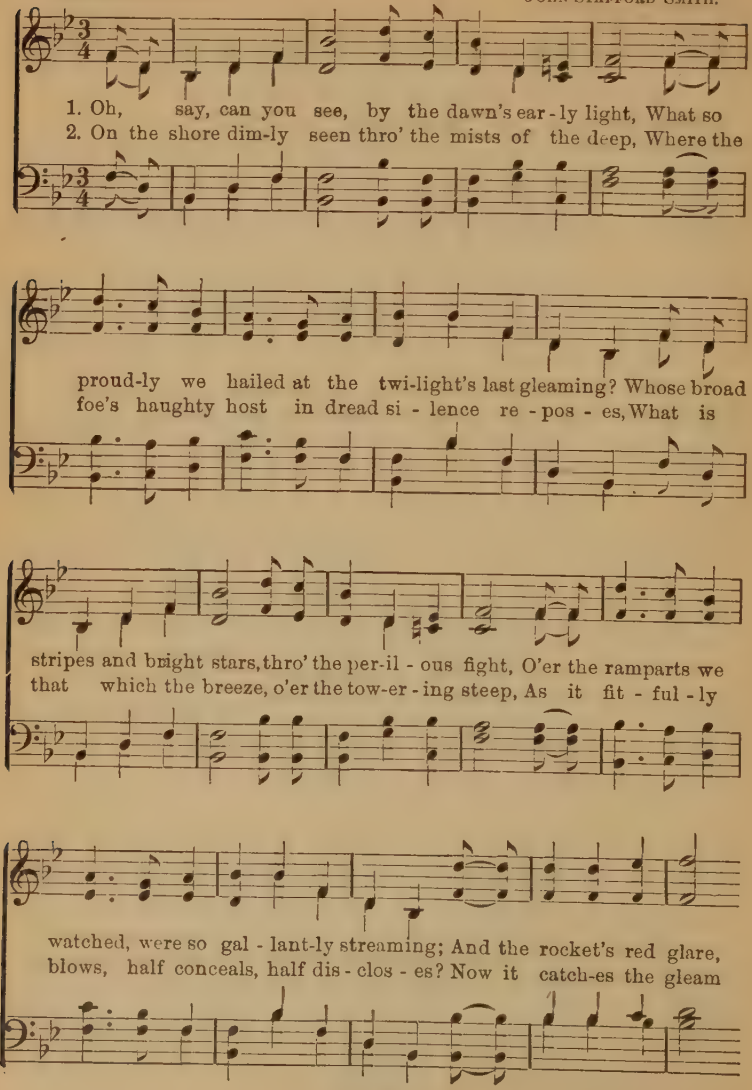
## No. 93. America.

SAMUEL F. SMITH, D.D. Adapted by HENRY CAREY.

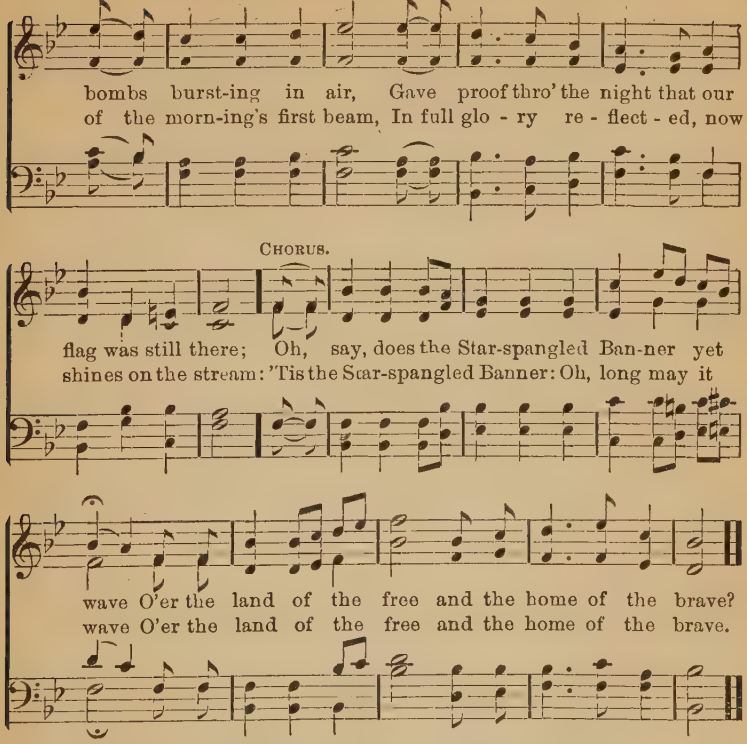

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet Freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's
pil-grim's pride, From ev - ery mountain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

## No. 94. The Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. JOHN STAFFORD SMITH.


1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the
proud-ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleaming? Whose broad
foe's haughty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is
stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we
that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly
watched, were so gal - lant-ly streaming; And the rocket's red glare,
blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam

# The Star-Spangled Banner.—*Concluded.*

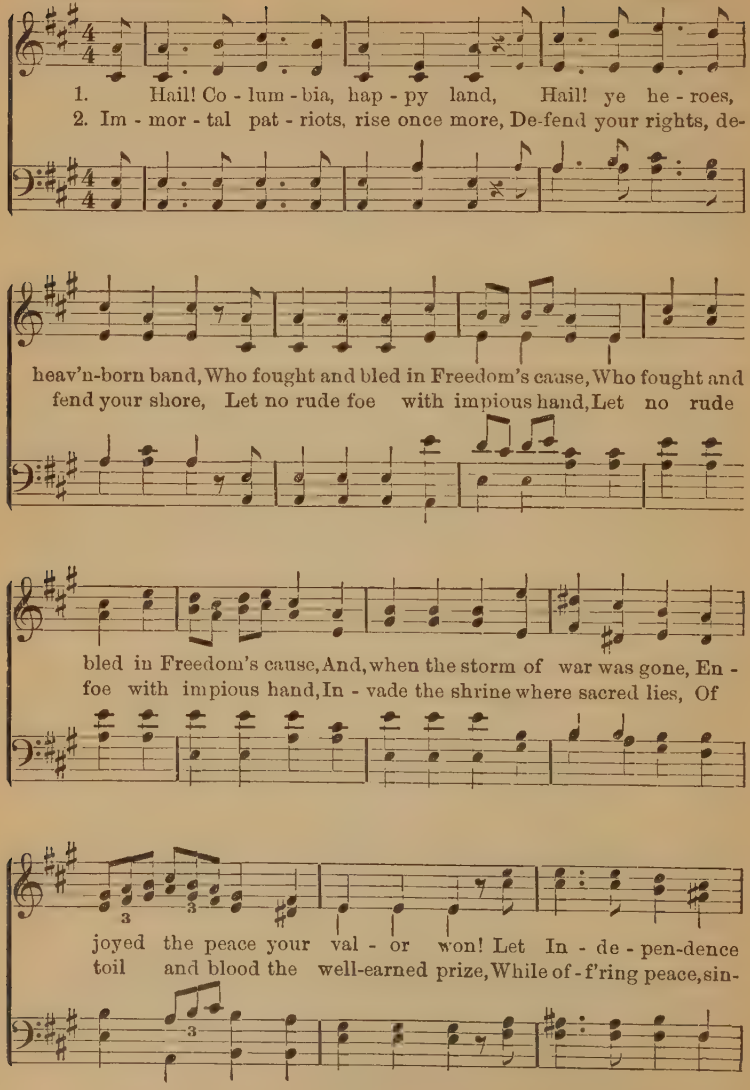

bombs burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our
of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now
CHORUS.
flag was still there; Oh, say, does the Star-spangled Ban-ner yet
shines on the stream: 'Tis the Star-spangled Banner: Oh, long may it
wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

3 And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battles confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

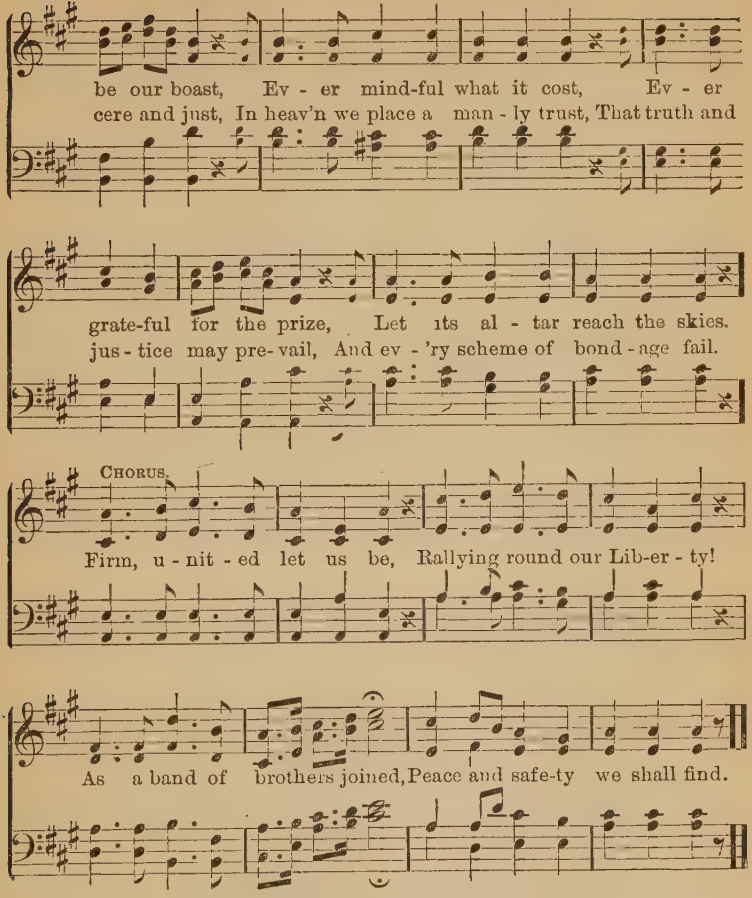
4 Oh, thus be it ever when freeman shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

## No. 95. Hail! Columbia.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON. J. FEYLES.


1. Hail! Co - lum - bia, hap - py land, Hail! ye he - roes,
2. Im - mor - tal pat - riots, rise once more, De-fend your rights, de-
heav'n-born band, Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause, Who fought and
fend your shore, Let no rude foe with impious hand, Let no rude
bled in Freedom's cause, And, when the storm of war was gone, En -
foe with impious hand, In - vade the shrine where sacred lies, Of
joyed the peace your val - or won! Let In - de - pen-dence
toil and blood the well-earned prize, While of - f'ring peace, sin-

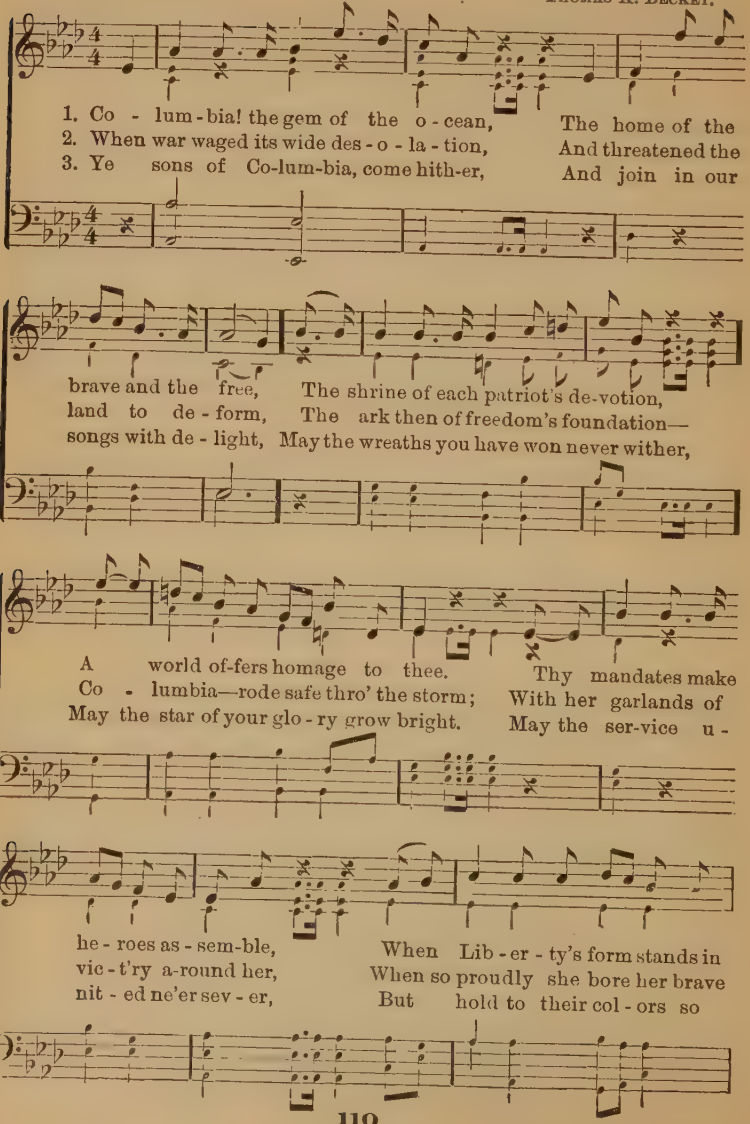
## Hail! Columbia.—*Concluded.*


be our boast, Ev - er mind-ful what it cost, Ev - er
cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That truth and
grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
jus - tice may pre-vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.
Chorus.
Firm, u - nit - ed let us be, Rallying round our Lib-er - ty!
As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safe-ty we shall find.

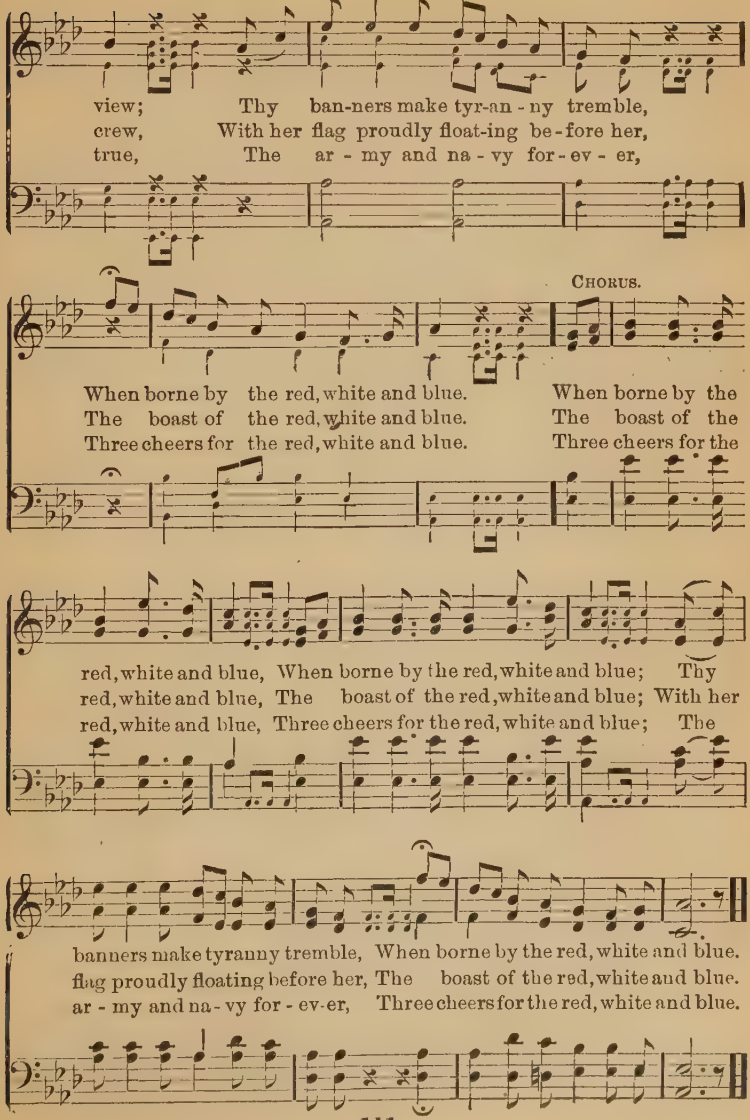
3 Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But, armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind from changes free,
Resolved on death or Liberty!—*Cho.*

## No. 96. Red, White and Blue.

DAVID T. SHAW, alt. THOMAS A. BECKET.

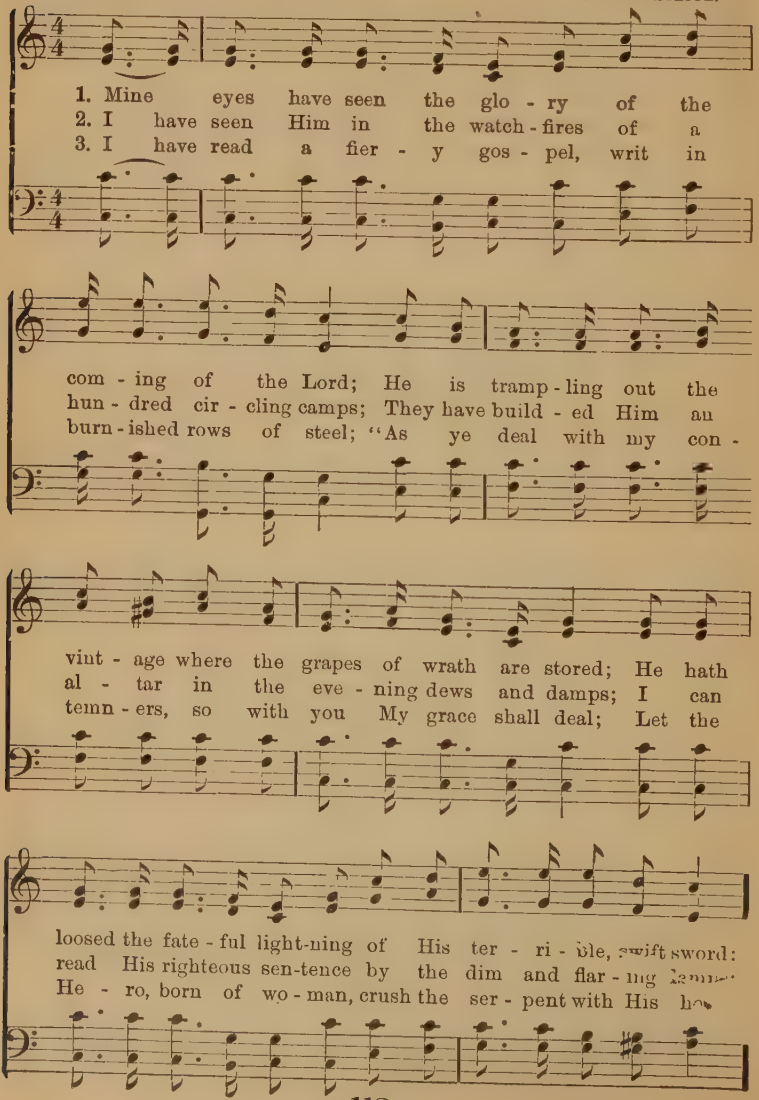

1. Co - lum-bia! the gem of the o - cean, The home of the
2. When war waged its wide des - o - la - tion, And threatened the
3. Ye sons of Co-lum-bia, come hith-er, And join in our
brave and the free, The shrine of each patriot's de-votion,
land to de - form, The ark then of freedom's foundation—
songs with de - light, May the wreaths you have won never wither,
A world of-fers homage to thee. Thy mandates make
Co - lumbia—rode safe thro' the storm; With her garlands of
May the star of your glo - ry grow bright. May the ser-vice u -
he - roes as - sem-ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in
vic - t'ry a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave
nit - ed ne'er sev - er, But hold to their col - ors so

# Red, White and Blue.—*Concluded.*

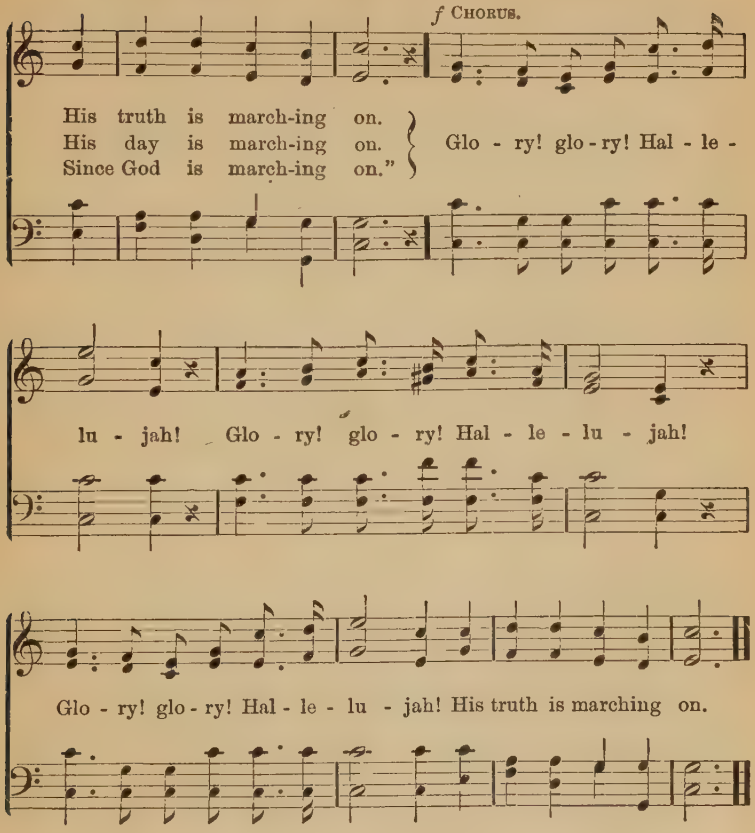

view; Thy ban-ners make tyr-an - ny tremble,
crew, With her flag proudly float-ing be-fore her,
true, The ar - my and na - vy for-ev - er,
CHORUS.
When borne by the red, white and blue. When borne by the
The boast of the red, white and blue. The boast of the
Three cheers for the red, white and blue. Three cheers for the
red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue; Thy
red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue; With her
red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue; The
banners make tyranny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
flag proudly floating before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
ar - my and na - vy for - ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

## No. 97. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE. WILLIAM STEFFE.


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the
2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a
3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel, writ in
com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp - ling out the
hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have build - ed Him an
burn - ished rows of steel; "As ye deal with my con -
vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
temn - ers, so with you My grace shall deal; Let the
loosed the fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble, swift sword:
read His righteous sen-tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps:
He - ro, born of wo - man, crush the ser - pent with His

## Battle Hymn of the Republic.—*Concluded.*

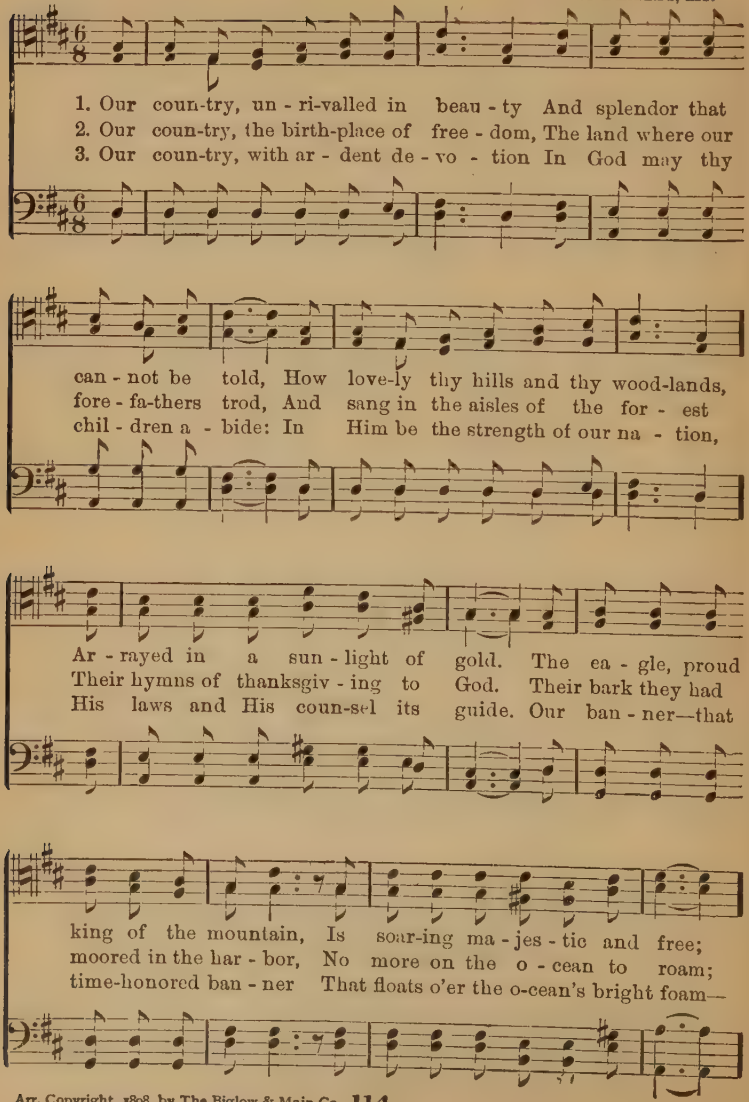

f CHORUS.
His truth is march-ing on.
His day is march-ing on.
Since God is march-ing on."
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le -
lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is marching on.

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.—CHO.

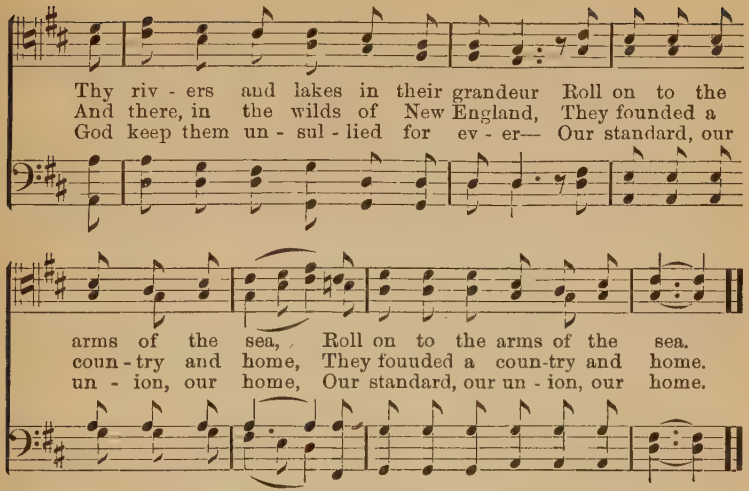
5 In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.—CHO.

## No. 98. Our Country.

FANNY J. CROSBY. PHILIP PHILLIPS, arr.


1. Our coun-try, un - ri-valled in beau - ty And splendor that
2. Our coun-try, the birth-place of free - dom, The land where our
3. Our coun-try, with ar - dent de - vo - tion In God may thy
can - not be told, How love-ly thy hills and thy wood-lands,
fore - fa-thers trod, And sang in the aisles of the for - est
chil - dren a - bide: In Him be the strength of our na - tion,
Ar - rayed in a sun - light of gold. The ea - gle, proud
Their hymns of thanksgiv - ing to God. Their bark they had
His laws and His coun-sel its guide. Our ban - ner—that
king of the mountain, Is soar-ing ma - jes - tic and free;
moored in the har - bor, No more on the o - cean to roam;
time-honored ban - ner That floats o'er the o-cean's bright foam—

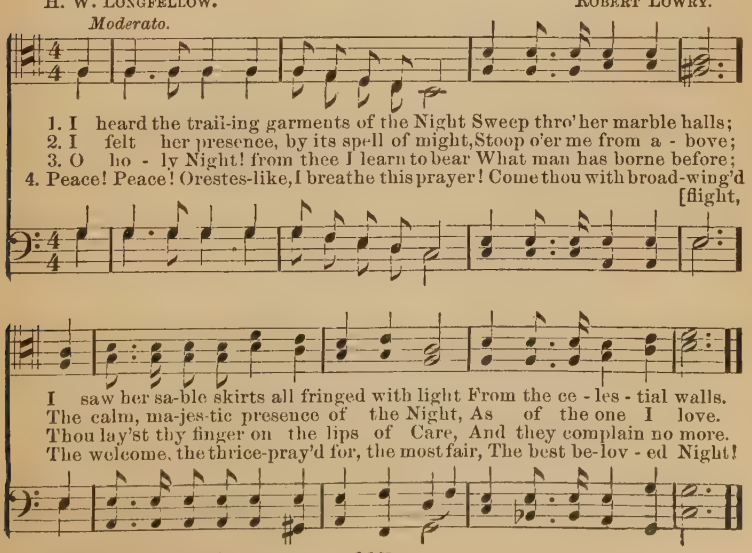
Arr. Copyright, 1898, by The Biglow & Main Co. 


Thy riv - ers and lakes in their grandeur Roll on to the
And there, in the wilds of New England, They founded a
God keep them un - sul - lied for ev - er— Our standard, our
arms of the sea, Roll on to the arms of the sea.
coun - try and home, They founded a coun-try and home.
un - ion, our home, Our standard, our un - ion, our home.

## No. 99. Night.

H. W. LONGFELLOW. ROBERT LOWRY.

*Moderato.*


1. I heard the trail-ing garments of the Night Sweep thro' her marble halls;
2. I felt her presence, by its spell of might, Stoop o'er me from a - bove;
3. O ho - ly Night! from thee I learn to bear What man has borne before;
4. Peace! Peace! Orestes-like, I breathe this prayer! Come thou with broad-wing'd [flight,
I saw her sa-ble skirts all fringed with light From the ce - les - tial walls.
The calm, ma-jes-tic presence of the Night, As of the one I love.
Thou lay'st thy finger on the lips of Care, And they complain no more.
The welcome, the thrice-pray'd for, the most fair, The best be-lov - ed Night!

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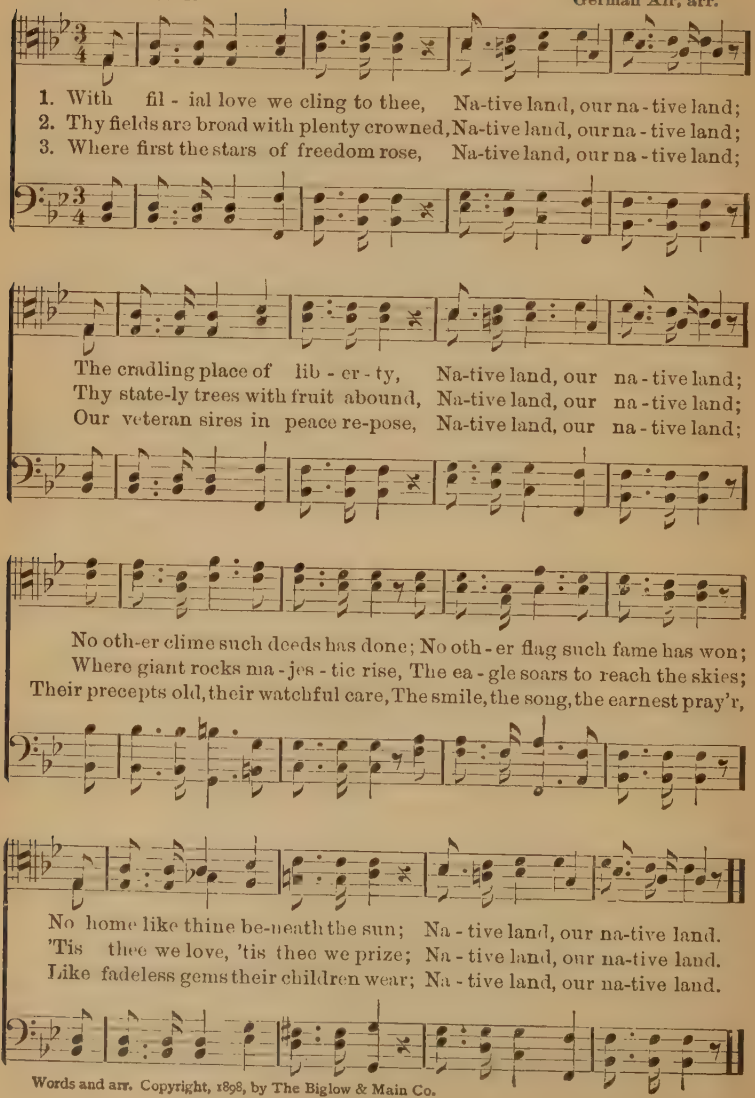
## No. 100. Our Native Land.

FANNY J. CROSBY. German Air, arr.


1. With fil - ial love we cling to thee, Na-tive land, our na - tive land;
2. Thy fields are broad with plenty crowned, Na-tive land, our na - tive land;
3. Where first the stars of freedom rose, Na-tive land, our na - tive land;
The cradling place of lib - er - ty, Na-tive land, our na - tive land;
Thy state-ly trees with fruit abound, Na-tive land, our na - tive land;
Our veteran sires in peace re-pose, Na-tive land, our na - tive land;
No oth-er clime such deeds has done; No oth - er flag such fame has won;
Where giant rocks ma - jes - tic rise, The ea - gle soars to reach the skies;
Their precepts old, their watchful care, The smile, the song, the earnest pray'r,
No home like thine be-neath the sun; Na - tive land, our na-tive land.
'Tis thee we love, 'tis thee we prize; Na - tive land, our na-tive land.
Like fadeless gems their children wear; Na - tive land, our na-tive land.

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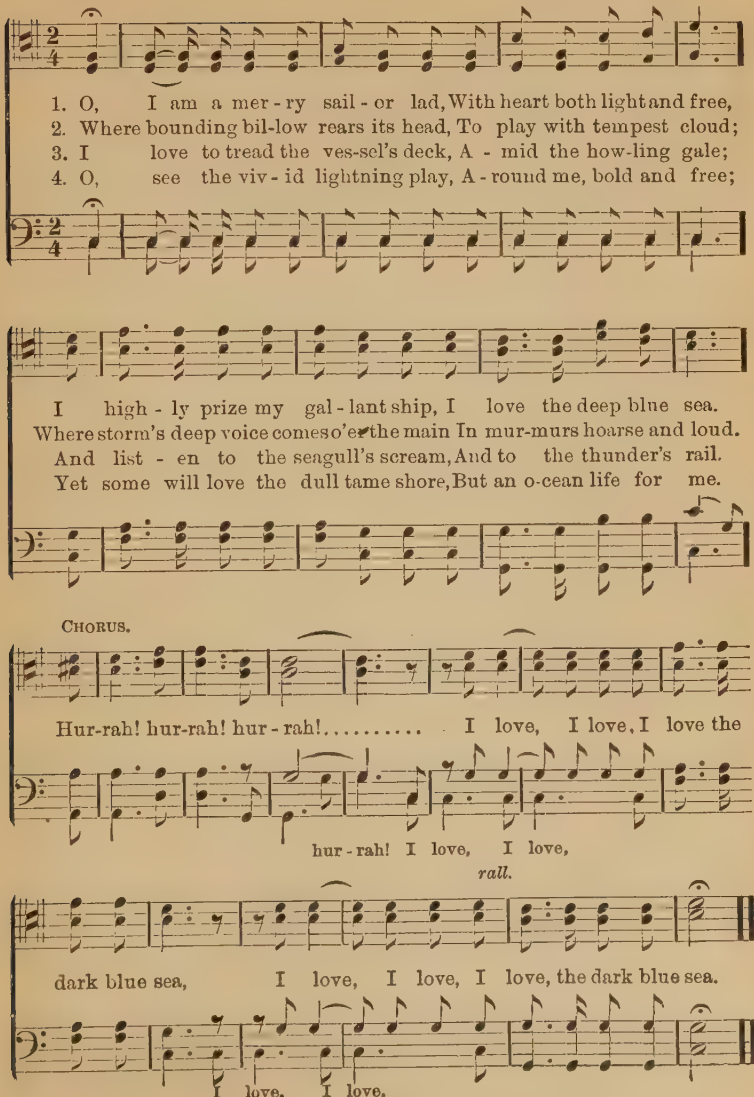
## No. 101. The Merry Sailor Lads.

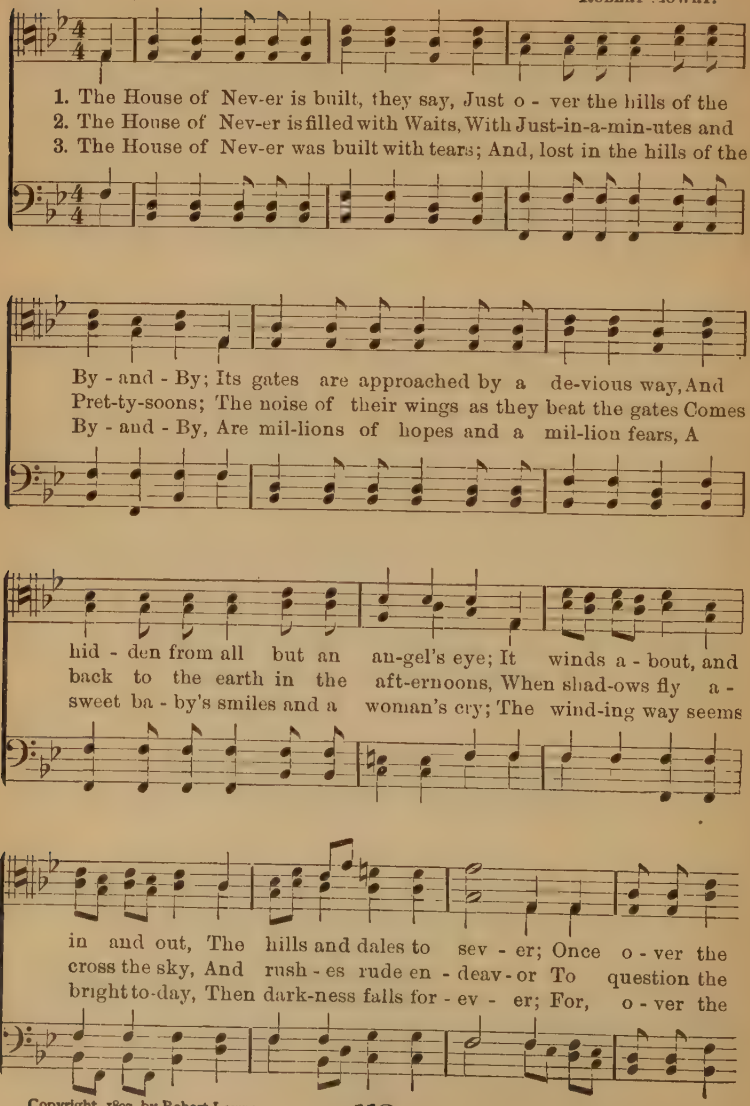
Anon

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.


1. O, I am a mer - ry sail - or lad, With heart both light and free,
2. Where bounding bil-low rears its head, To play with tempest cloud;
3. I love to tread the ves-sel's deck, A - mid the how-ling gale;
4. O, see the viv - id lightning play, A - round me, bold and free;
I high - ly prize my gal - lant ship, I love the deep blue sea.
Where storm's deep voice comes o'er the main In mur-murs hoarse and loud.
And list - en to the seagull's scream, And to the thunder's rail.
Yet some will love the dull tame shore, But an o-cean life for me.
CHORUS.
Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur - rah!..... I love, I love, I love the
hur - rah! I love, I love,
rall.
dark blue sea, I love, I love, I love, the dark blue sea.
I love, I love,

## No. 102. The House of Never.

C. D. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. The House of Nev-er is built, they say, Just o - ver the hills of the
By - and - By; Its gates are approached by a de-vious way, And
hid - den from all but an an-gel's eye; It winds a - bout, and
in and out, The hills and dales to sev - er; Once o - ver the
2. The House of Nev-er is filled with Waits, With Just-in-a-min-utes and
Pret-ty-soons; The noise of their wings as they beat the gates Comes
back to the earth in the aft-ernoons, When shad-ows fly a -
cross the sky, And rush - es rude en - deav - or To question the
3. The House of Nev-er was built with tears; And, lost in the hills of the
By - and - By, Are mil-lions of hopes and a mil-lion fears, A
sweet ba - by's smiles and a woman's cry; The wind-ing way seems
bright to-day, Then dark-ness falls for - ev - er; For, o - ver the

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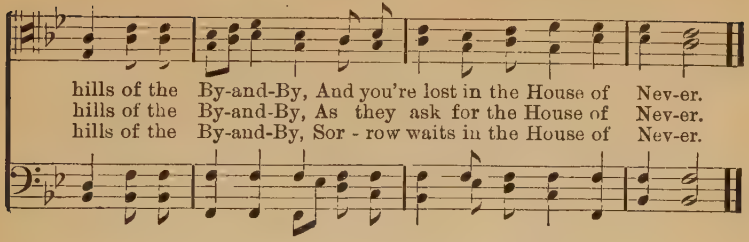
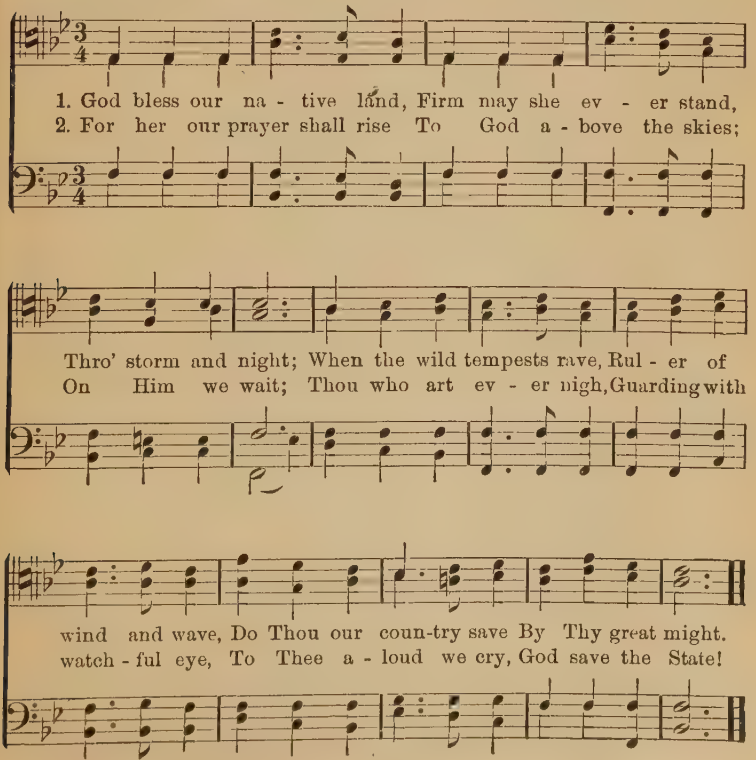

hills of the By-and-By, And you're lost in the House of Nev-er.
hills of the By-and-By, As they ask for the House of Nev-er.
hills of the By-and-By, Sor - row waits in the House of Nev-er.

## No. 103. God Bless Our Native Land.

JOHN S. DWIGHT. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. God bless our na - tive land, Firm may she ev - er stand,
2. For her our prayer shall rise To God a - bove the skies;
Thro' storm and night; When the wild tempests rave, Rul - er of
On Him we wait; Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guarding with
wind and wave, Do Thou our coun-try save By Thy great might.
watch - ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the State!

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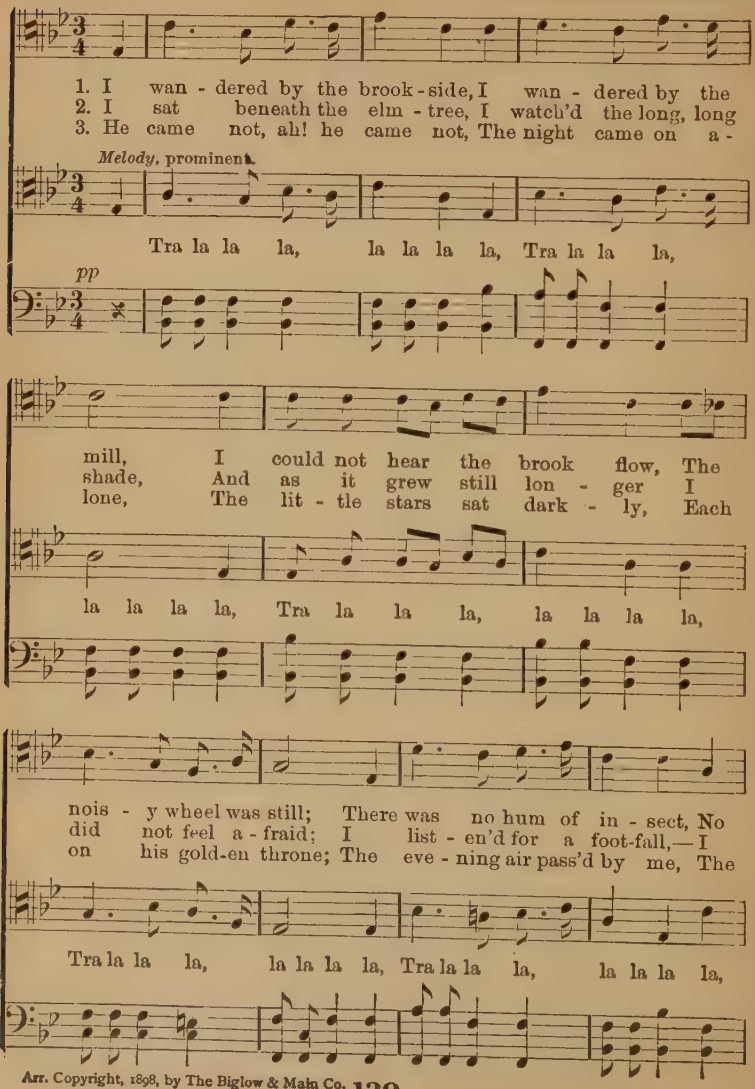
# No. 104. I Wandered by the Brookside.

RICHARD M. MILNES. I. B. WOODBURY, arr. H. P. MAIN.


1. I wan - dered by the brook - side, I wan - dered by the
2. I sat beneath the elm - tree, I watch'd the long, long
3. He came not, ah! he came not, The night came on a -
Melody, prominent.
Tra la la la, la la la la, Tra la la la,
pp
mill, I could not hear the brook flow, The
shade, And as it grew still lon - ger I
lone, The lit - tle stars sat dark - ly, Each
la la la la, Tra la la la, la la la la,
nois - y wheel was still; There was no hum of in - sect, No
did not feel a - fraid; I list - en'd for a foot-fall,— I
on his gold-en throne; The eve - ning air pass'd by me, The
Tra la la la, la la la la, Tra la la la, la la la la,

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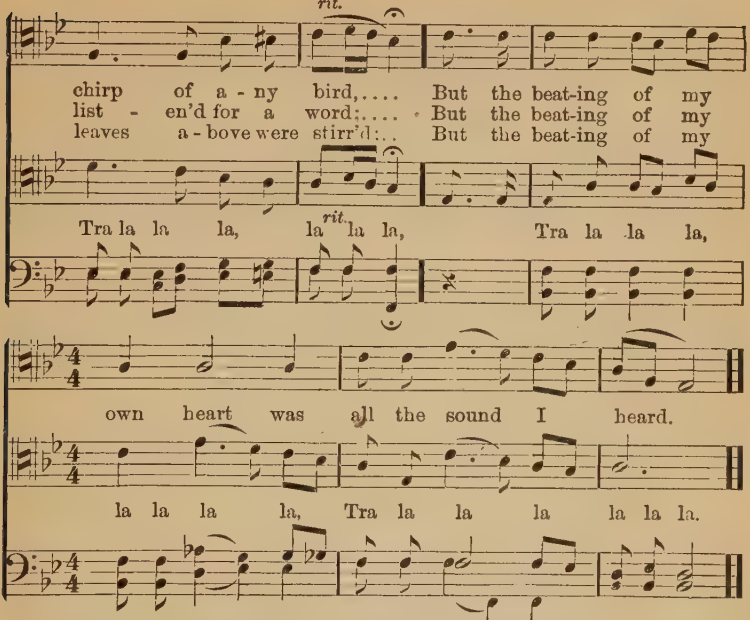
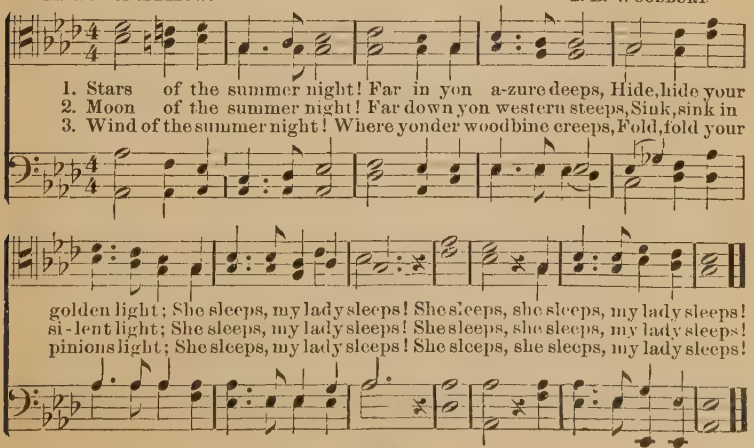

rit.
chirp of a - ny bird,.... But the beat-ing of my
list - en'd for a word;.... But the beat-ing of my
leaves a - bove were stirr'd:.. But the beat-ing of my
Tra la la la, la rit. la la, Tra la la la,
own heart was all the sound I heard.
la la la la, Tra la la la la la la.

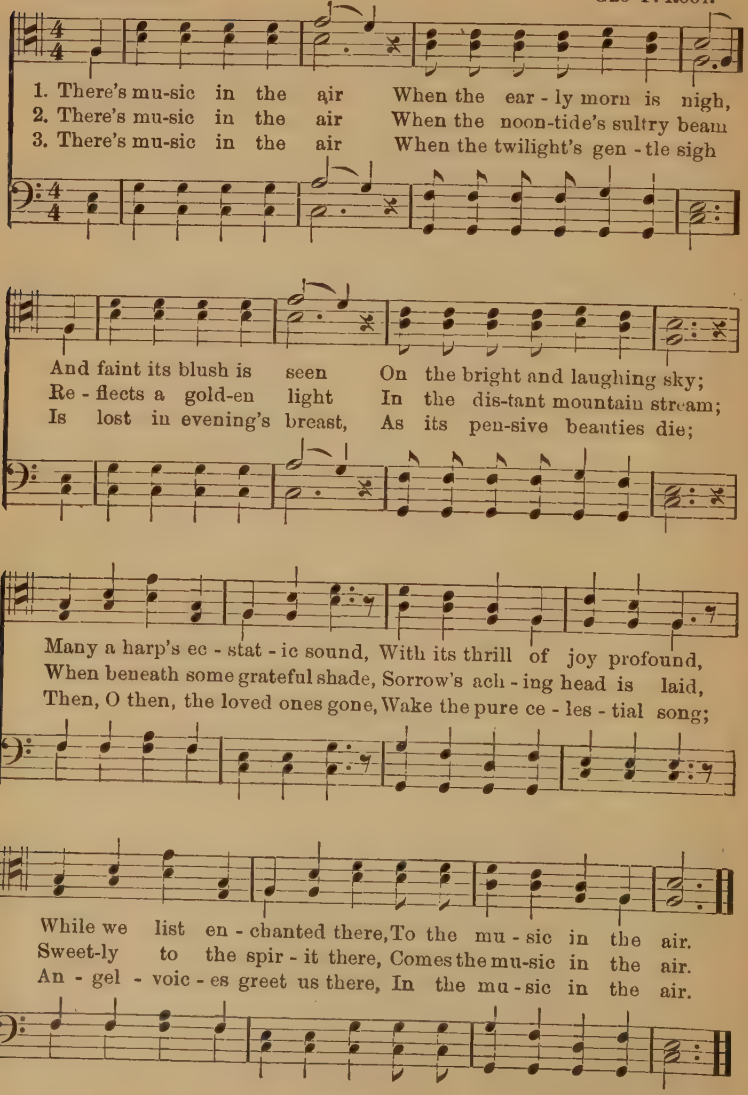
## No. 105. Stars of the Summer Night.

H. W. LONGFELLOW. I. B. WOODBURY


1. Stars of the summer night! Far in yon a-zure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the summer night! Far down yon western steeps, Sink, sink in
3. Wind of the summer night! Where yonder woodbine creeps, Fold, fold your
golden light; She sleeps, my lady sleeps! She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps!
si-lent light; She sleeps, my lady sleeps! She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps!
pinions light; She sleeps, my lady sleeps! She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps!

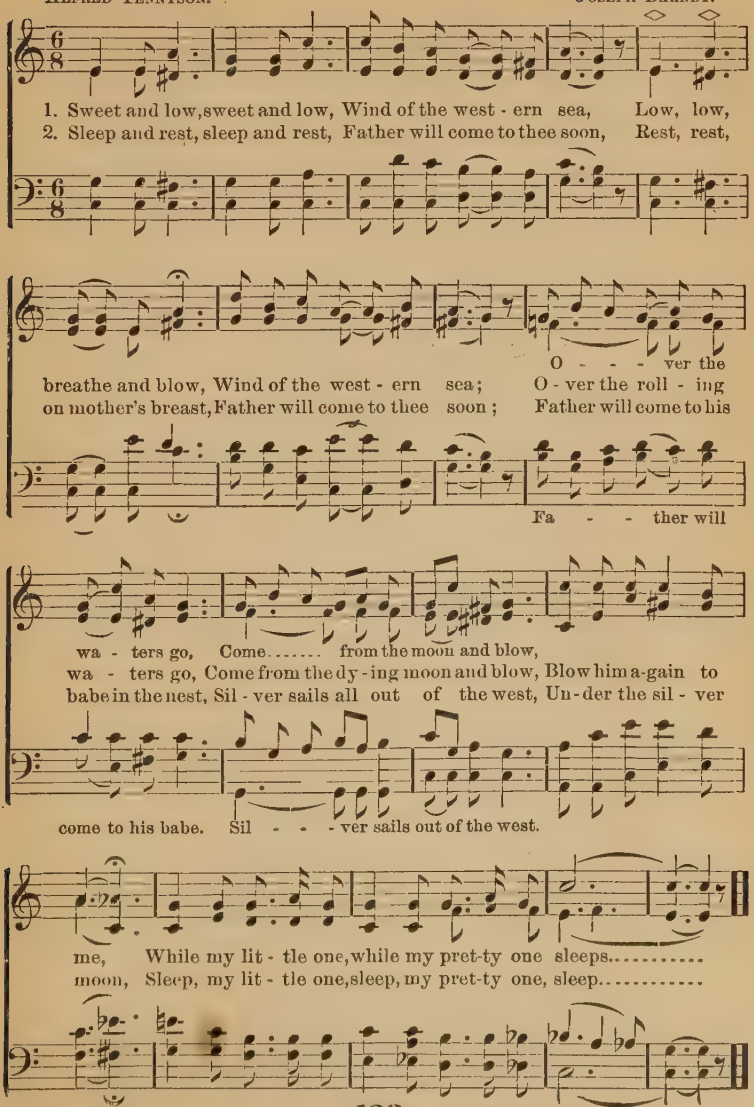
## No. 106. There's Music in the Air.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO F. ROOT.


1. There's mu-sic in the air When the ear - ly morn is nigh,
2. There's mu-sic in the air When the noon-tide's sultry beam
3. There's mu-sic in the air When the twilight's gen - tle sigh
And faint its blush is seen On the bright and laughing sky;
Re - flects a gold-en light In the dis-tant mountain stream;
Is lost in evening's breast, As its pen-sive beauties die;
Many a harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of joy profound,
When beneath some grateful shade, Sorrow's ach - ing head is laid,
Then, O then, the loved ones gone, Wake the pure ce - les - tial song;
While we list en - chanted there, To the mu - sic in the air.
Sweet-ly to the spir - it there, Comes the mu-sic in the air.
An - gel - voic - es greet us there, In the mu - sic in the air.

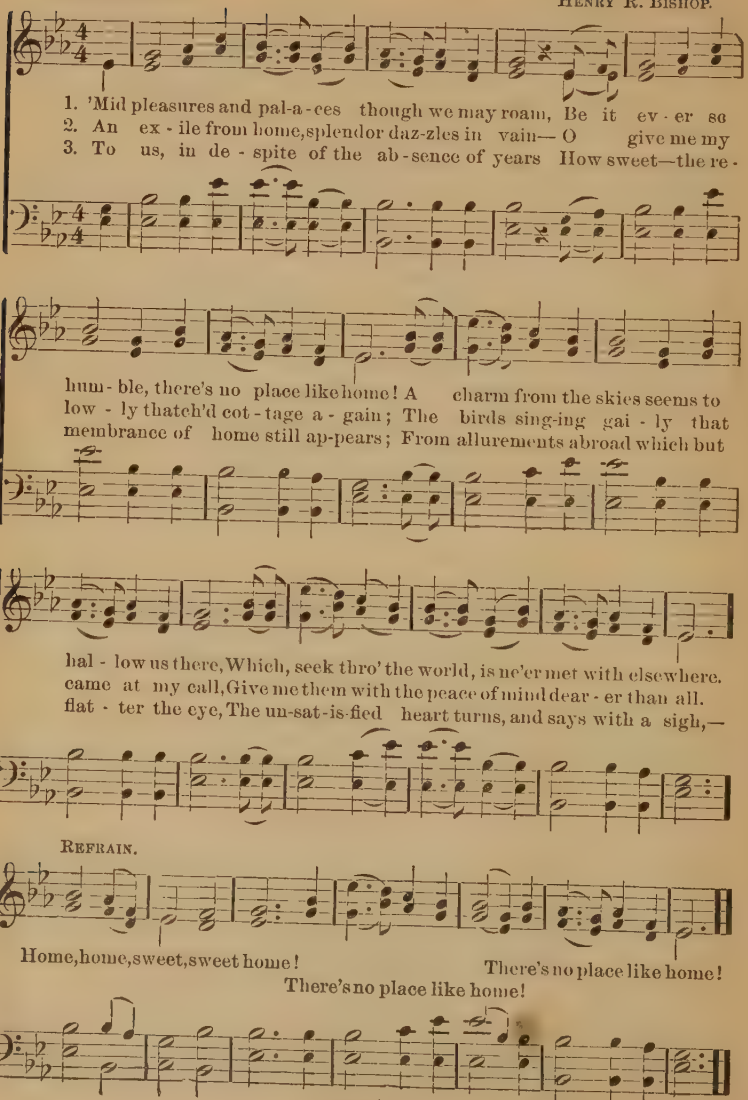
## No. 107. Sweet and Low.

ALFRED TENNYSON. JOSEPH BARNBY.


1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee soon, Rest, rest,
O - - - ver the
breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - ver the roll - ing
on mother's breast, Father will come to thee soon; Father will come to his
Fa - - ther will
wa - ters go, Come..... from the moon and blow,
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a-gain to
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
come to his babe. Sil - - - ver sails out of the west.
me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret-ty one sleeps.....
moon, Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret-ty one, sleep.....

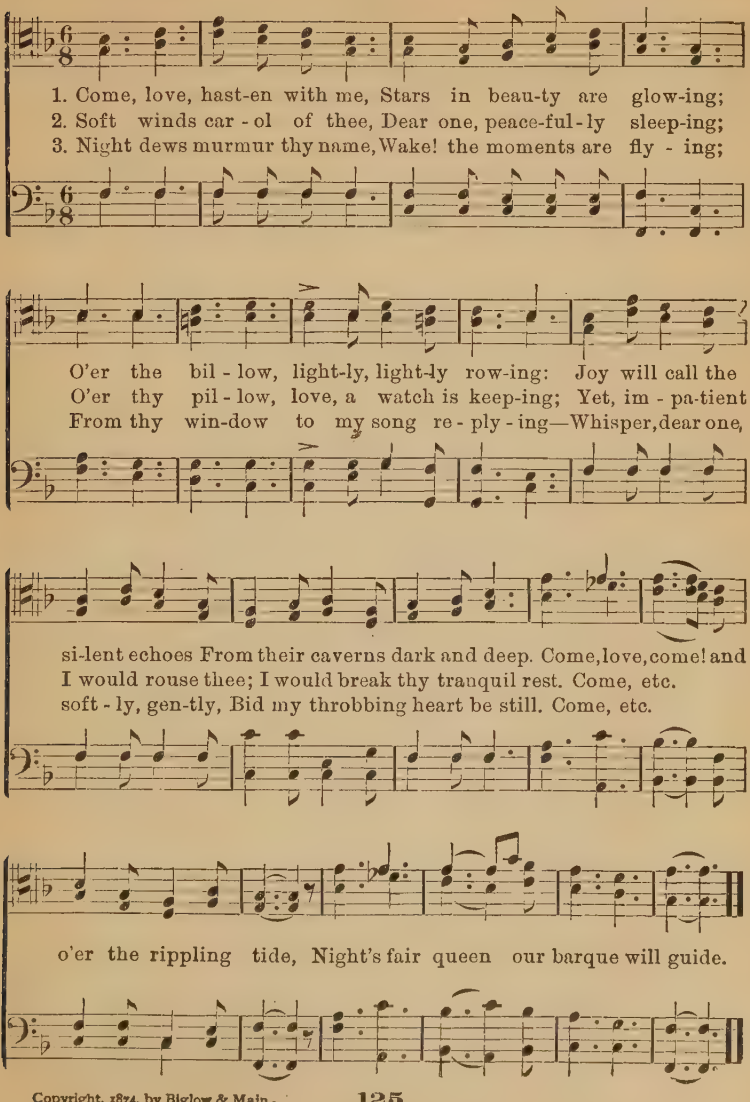
# No. 108. Home, Sweet Home.

JOHN H. PAYNE. HENRY R. BISHOP.


1. 'Mid pleasures and pal-a-ces though we may roam, Be it ev-er so
2. An ex-ile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain— O give me my
3. To us, in de-spite of the ab-sence of years How sweet—the re-
hum-ble, there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to
low-ly thatch'd cot-tage a-gain; The birds sing-ing gai-ly that
membrance of home still ap-pears; From allurements abroad which but
hal-low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
came at my call, Give me them with the peace of mind dear-er than all.
flat-ter the eye, The un-sat-is-fied heart turns, and says with a sigh,—
REFRAIN.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

# No. 109. Come, Love, Hasten with Me.

F. J. CROSBY. [SERENADE.] HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. Come, love, hast-en with me, Stars in beau-ty are glow-ing;
2. Soft winds car - ol of thee, Dear one, peace-ful-ly sleep-ing;
3. Night dews murmur thy name, Wake! the moments are fly - ing;
O'er the bil - low, light-ly, light-ly row-ing: Joy will call the
O'er thy pil - low, love, a watch is keep-ing; Yet, im - pa-tient
From thy win-dow to my song re - ply - ing—Whisper, dear one,
si-lent echoes From their caverns dark and deep. Come, love, come! and
I would rouse thee; I would break thy tranquil rest. Come, etc.
soft - ly, gen-tly, Bid my throbbing heart be still. Come, etc.
o'er the rippling tide, Night's fair queen our barque will guide.

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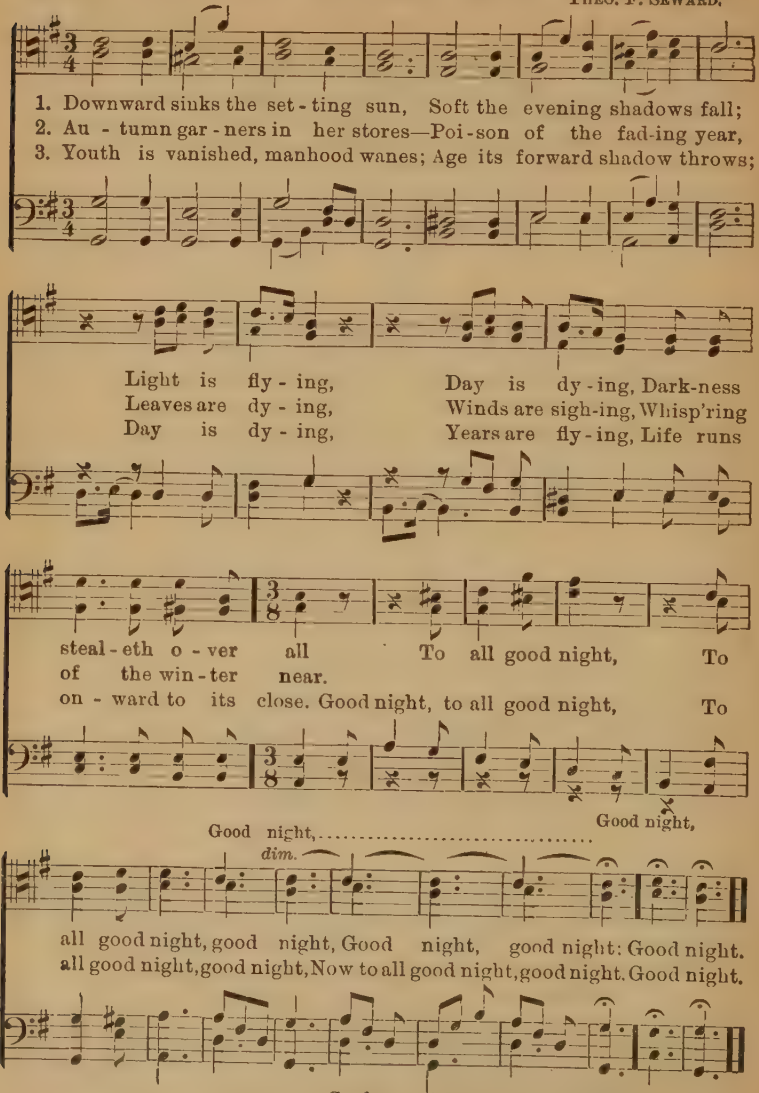
# No. 110. Downward Sinks the Setting Sun.

THEO. F. SEWARD.


1. Downward sinks the set - ting sun, Soft the evening shadows fall;
2. Au - tumn gar - ners in her stores—Poi - son of the fad - ing year,
3. Youth is vanished, manhood wanes; Age its forward shadow throws;
Light is fly - ing, Day is dy - ing, Dark - ness
Leaves are dy - ing, Winds are sigh - ing, Whisp'ring
Day is dy - ing, Years are fly - ing, Life runs
steal - eth o - ver all To all good night, To
of the win - ter near.
on - ward to its close. Good night, to all good night, To
Good night,
Good night,
dim.
all good night, good night, Good night, good night: Good night.
all good night, good night, Now to all good night, good night. Good night.
Good night, good night.

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*Titles in* SMALL CAPITALS—*First lines in* Roman.


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